



TEMPLE SONGS:

SELECTED BY

CHARLES H. YATMAN.

MUSICAL EDITORS:

JNO. R. SWENEY AND WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

PHILADELPHIA
JOHN J. HOOD
1024 ARCH ST.

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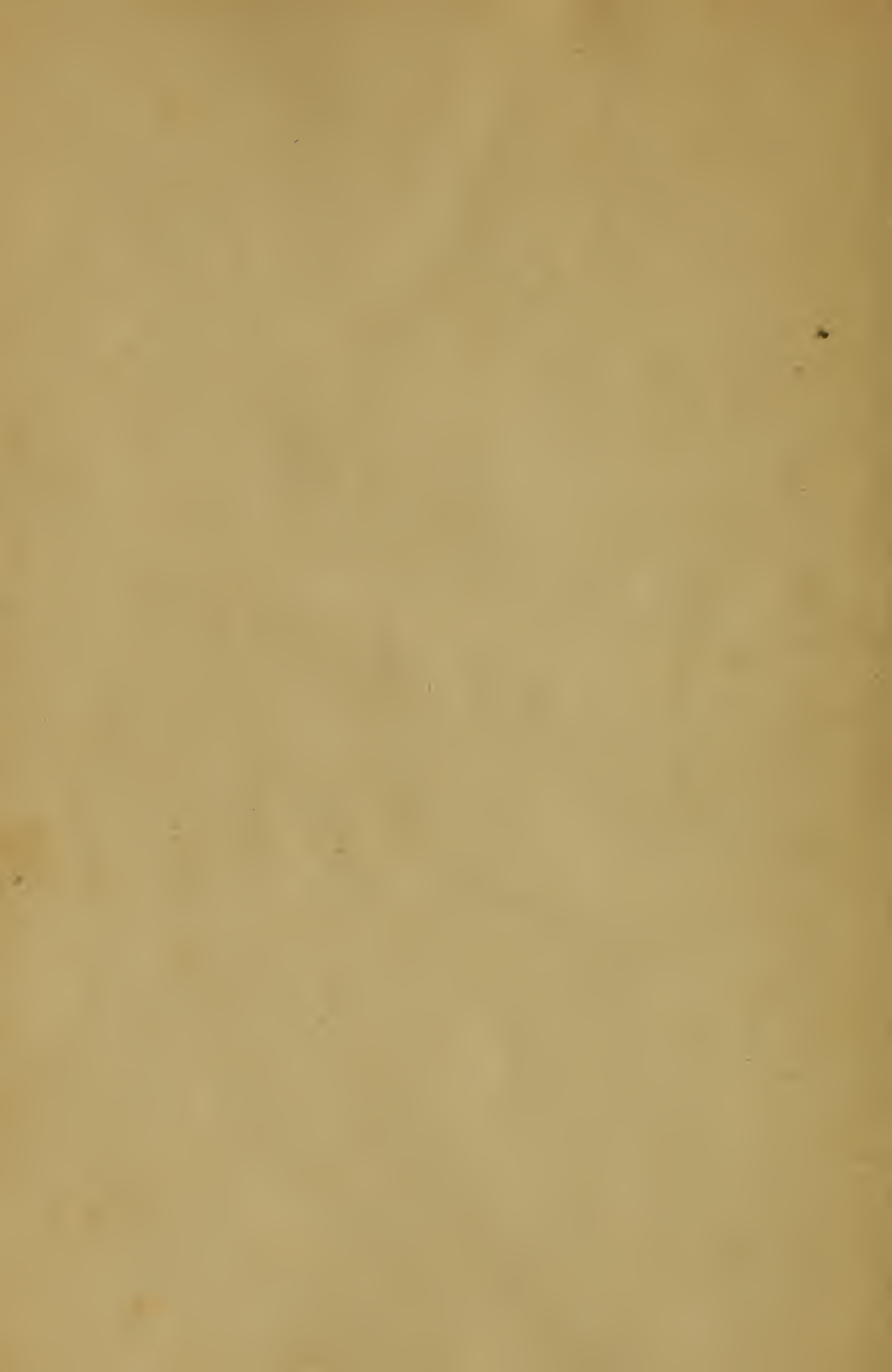


Division

5CC

Section

5866



TEMPLE SONGS

(SEASIDE EDITION.)

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PHILADELPHIA :

Published by JOHN J. HOOD, 1018 Arch St.



Preface to Seaside Edition.

DEAR SINGERS:—

Greeting.

Psalm CXLVI.

By the hymns in former Editions thousands have been helped and saved; may this revision, like the purging of a vine, result in more fruit. Let tens of thousands be blessed, instead of thousands. There is not one poor song in the collection; all have been chosen, not because of Church or Creed, or even Christians, but because of CHRIST; he is above all, blessed for evermore.

It was when *they sang* that the Temple of olden times was filled with the Glory of the Lord; may that experience be repeated in every Temple and Sanctuary where these songs are sung.

It will be so if Colossians III: 16, is made true, for he is the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

Sincerely yours,

C. H. YATMAN.

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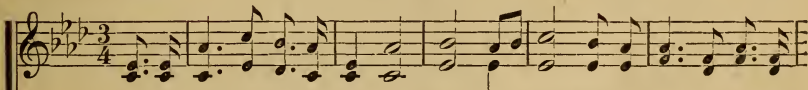
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TEMPLE · SONGS

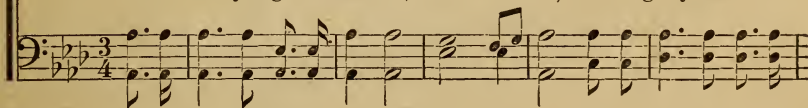
Hide Thou Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

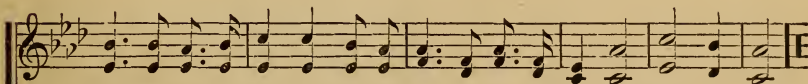
"Thou art my hiding place."—Ps. xxxii. 7. ROBERT LOWRY. By per.



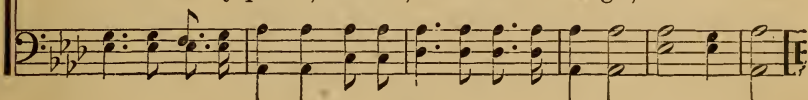
1. In thy cleft, O Rock of a - ges, Hide thou me; When the fitful tempest
2. From the snare of sinful pleasure, Hide thou me; Thou, my soul's eternal
3. In the lonely night of sorrow, Hide thou me; Till in glory dawns the



ra - ges, Hide thou me; Where no mortal arm can sev - er From my
treasure, Hide thou me; When the world its power is wielding, And my
mor - row, Hide thou me; In the sight of Jordan's bil - low, Let thy



heart thy love forev - er, Hide me, O thou Rock of a - ges, Safe in thee.
heart is almost yielding, Hide me, O thou Rock of a - ges, Safe in thee.
bo - som be my pillow; Hide me, O thou Rock of a - ges, Safe in thee.



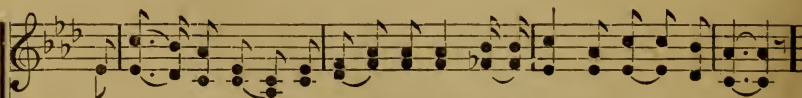
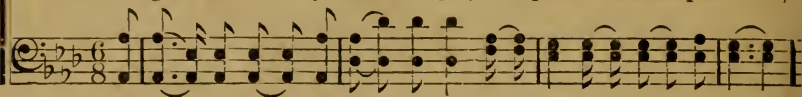
Jesus is Good to Me.

Rev. E. H. STOKES. D. D.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

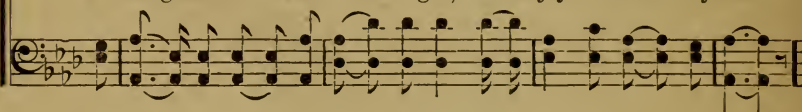


1. I love my Saviour, his heart is good, He has loved me o'er and o'er;
2. He calls, I rise, and he maketh me whole,—How fond his tender embrace!
3. I want to love him with all my heart, Tho' all its powers are small;
4. He's good to me in my sorrow's night, He's good in the tempest's roll;

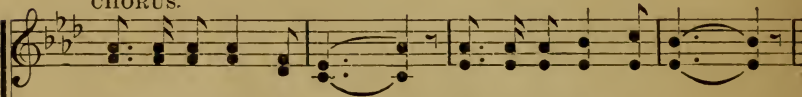


He sought me wand'ring, I'm saved by his blood, And I love him more and more.
He cleanses and keeps me and blesses my soul!—My day the smile of his face.

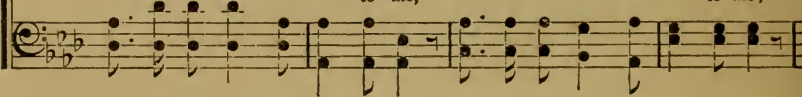
I will not keep from him any part, For he is worthy of all.
He bringeth from darkness into light,—With joy he filleth my soul.



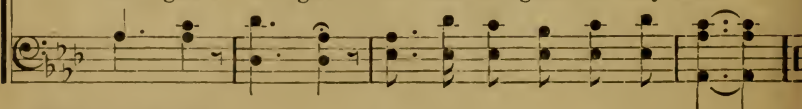
CHORUS.



Je - sus is good to me, . . . Je - sus is good to me; . . .
to me, to me;



So good! so good! Je - sus is good to my soul.

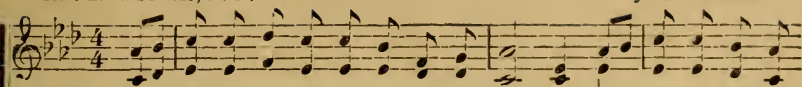


Abiding.

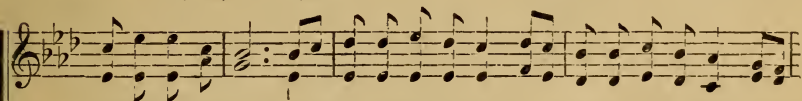
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Rev. E. H. STOKES, D. D.

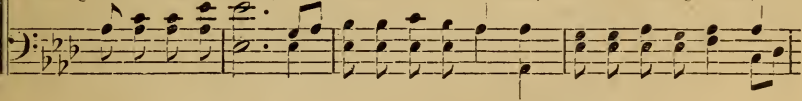
JNO. R. SWENEY.



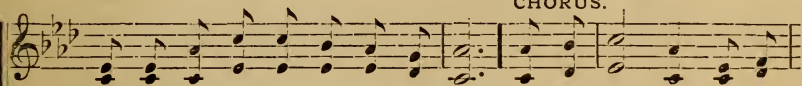
1. My soul for light and love had earnest longings, Oh, how it longed for
2. Oh, how enrich-ing is this sacred treasure! En-riching to this
3. Oh, yes, I rest, how blessed is the rest-ing! I rest to-day. I'm



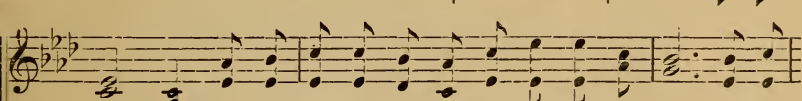
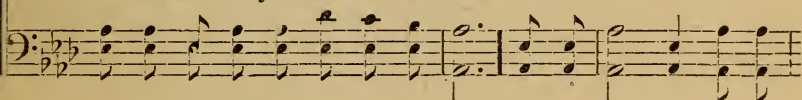
fellowship divine! I sought it here and there, I sought it ev'rywhere, At soul, this soul of mine; There's nothing anywhere Can with this love compare, And resting all the time. "Come," echoes thro' the air, "Come," and the resting share, And



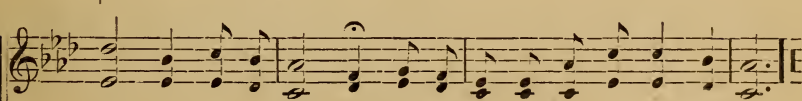
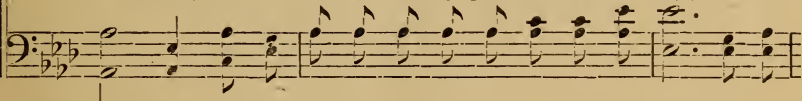
CHORUS.



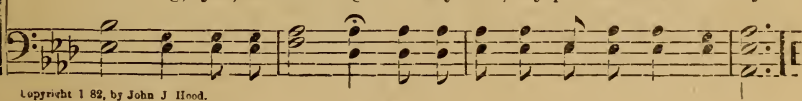
last thro' faith, the ho - ly boon was mine. I'm a - bid - ing, gracious
I henceforth, for- ev - er, Lord, am thine.
Je - sus will be yours as he is mine.



Sa - viour, I'm a - bid - ing in thy precious love to - day; I'm a -



bid - ing, yes, a - bid - ing In thy love, thy precious love. to - day.

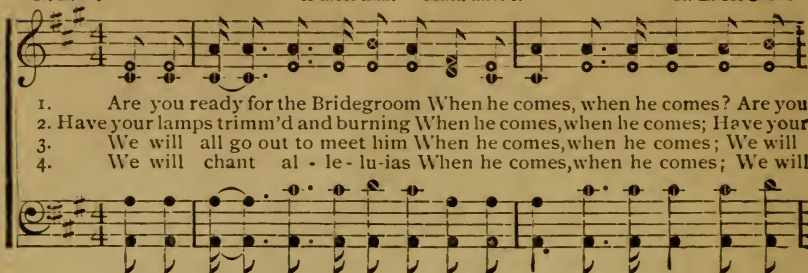


Behold the Bridegroom.

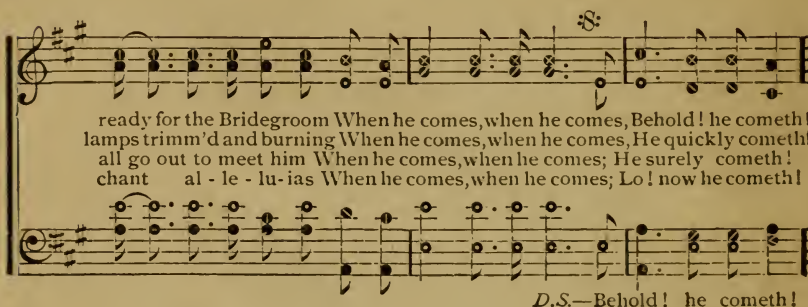
"And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh: go ye out to meet him."—Matt. xxv. 6.

R. E. H.

R. E. HUDSON.

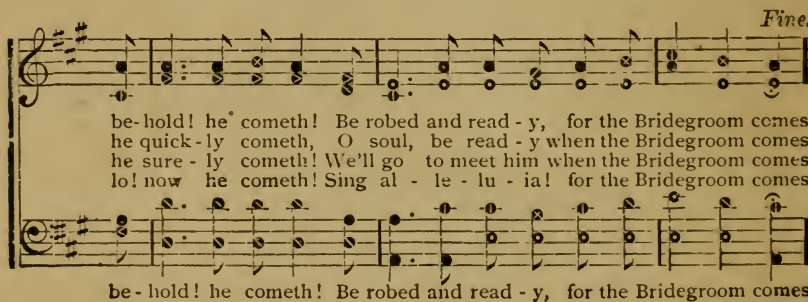


1. Are you ready for the Bridegroom When he comes, when he comes? Are you
 2. Have your lamps trimm'd and burning When he comes, when he comes; Have your
 3. We will all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; We will
 4. We will chant al - le - lu - ias When he comes, when he comes; We will



ready for the Bridegroom When he comes, when he comes, Behold! he cometh!
 lamps trimm'd and burning When he comes, when he comes, He quickly cometh!
 all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; He surely cometh!
 chant al - le - lu - ias When he comes, when he comes; Lo! now he cometh!

D.S.—Behold! he cometh!

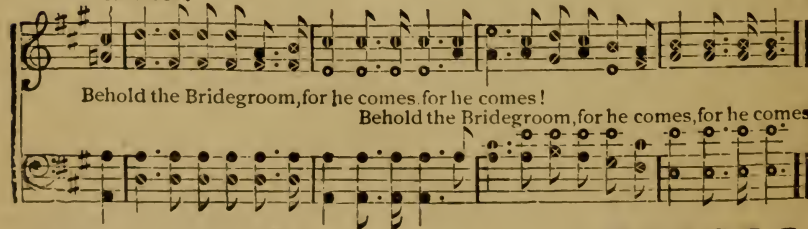


be - hold! he cometh! Be robed and read - y, for the Bridegroom comes.
 he quick - ly cometh, O soul, be read - y when the Bridegroom comes
 he sure - ly cometh! We'll go to meet him when the Bridegroom comes
 lo! now he cometh! Sing al - le - lu - ia! for the Bridegroom comes.

be - hold! he cometh! Be robed and read - y, for the Bridegroom comes.

CHORUS.

D.S.



Behold the Bridegroom, for he comes for he comes!
 Behold the Bridegroom, for he comes, for he comes

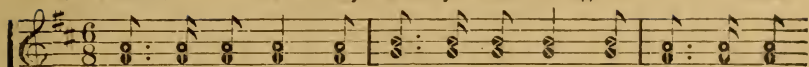
Say, are You Ready?

7

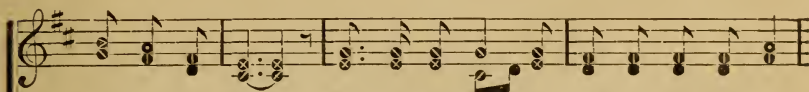
A. S. KIEFFER.

"Therefore be ye also ready."—Matt. xxiv. 44.

T. C. O'KANE.

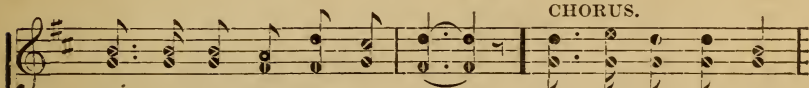


1. Should the death an - gel knock at thy cham - ber, In the still
2. Ma - ny sad spir - its now are de - part - ing In - to the
3. Ma - ny redeemed ones now are as - cend - ing In - to the

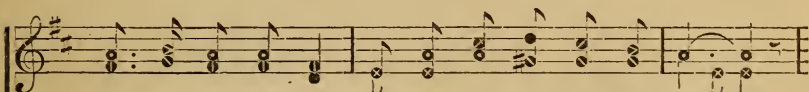


watch of to - night, Say, will your spir - it pass in - to torment,
world of des - pair; Ev - 'ry brief moment brings your doom nearer;
mansions of light; Je - sus is pleading, pa - tiently pleading,

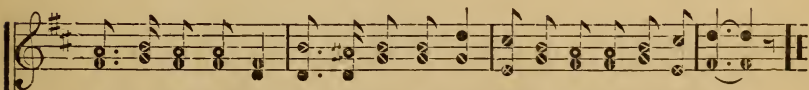
CHORUS.



Or to the land of de - light? Say, are you read - y?
Sin - ner, O sin - ner, be - ware!
O let him save you to - night.



Oh, are you read - y If the death an - gel should call?
should call?



Say, are you read-y? Oh, are you read-y? Mercy stands waiting for all.

Always Abounding.

"Always abounding in the work of the Lord."—1 Cor. xv. 58.

E. A. BARNES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Be earnest, my brothers, in word and in deed, Be active in reaping and
 2. Be ready, my brothers, his call to o-bey, In seeking the erring and
 3. Be zealous, my brothers, the light to extend, And unto all nations the

sow- ing the seed; And thus in the vineyard, with Je- sus to lead, Be
 show- ing the way; And thus as his servants, remem- ber, we pray, Be
 gos- pel to send; And thus, till the harvest in glo- ry shall end, Be

REFRAIN.

always abounding in the work of the Lord. Be always abounding in the

work of the Lord, Be always abounding in the work of the Lord; Be earnest, be

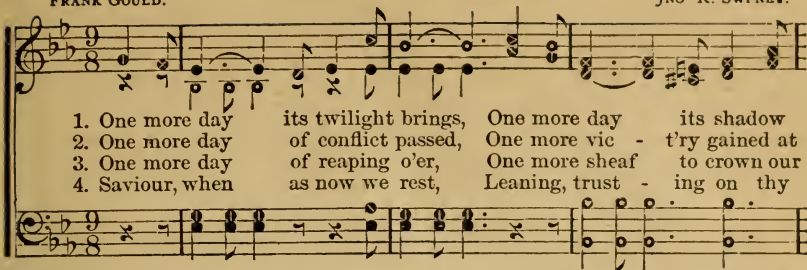
active, re- lying on his word, Be always abounding in the work of the Lord.

One more Day.

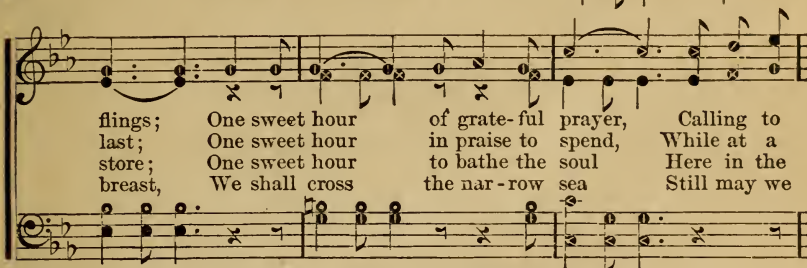
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FRANK GOULD.

JNO R. SWENEY.

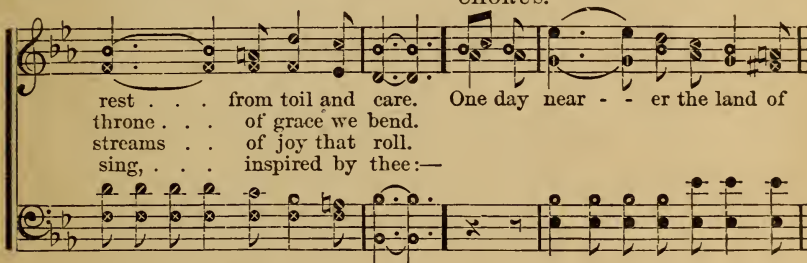


1. One more day its twilight brings, One more day its shadow
 2. One more day of conflict passed, One more vic - t'ry gained at
 3. One more day of reaping o'er, One more sheaf to crown our
 4. Saviour, when as now we rest, Leaning, trust - ing on thy

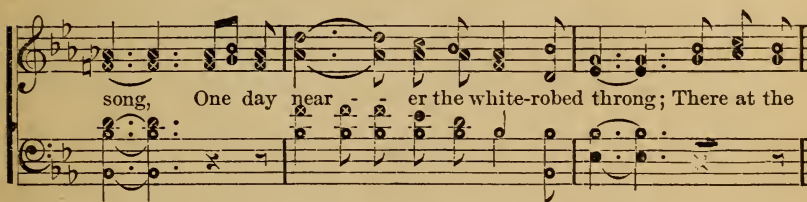


flings; One sweet hour of grate-ful prayer, Calling to
 last; One sweet hour in praise to spend, While at a
 store; One sweet hour to bathe the soul Here in the
 breast, We shall cross the nar-row sea Still may we

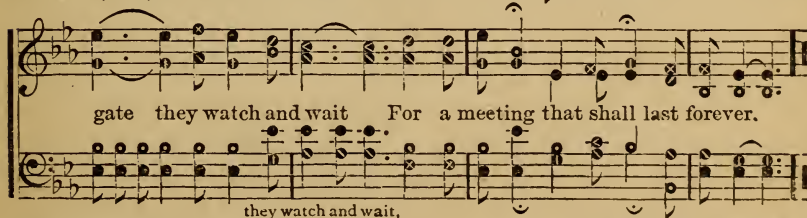
CHORUS.



rest . . . from toil and care. One day near - - er the land of
 throne . . . of grace we bend.
 streams . . . of joy that roll.
 sing, . . . inspired by thee:—



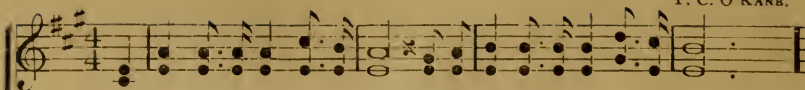
song, One day near - er the white-robed throng; There at the



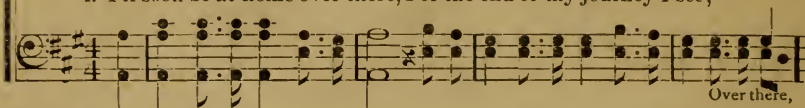
gate they watch and wait For a meeting that shall last forever.
 they watch and wait,

Over There.

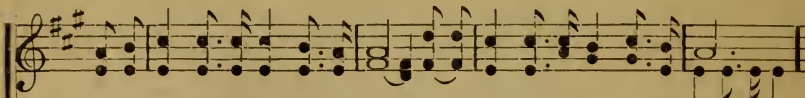
T. C. O'KANE.



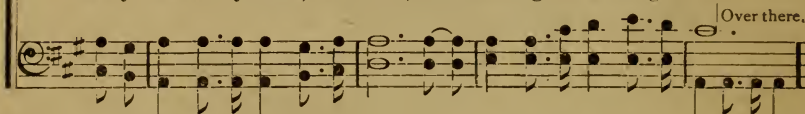
1. O, think of a home over there, By the side of the river of light,
2. O, think of the friends over there, Who before us the journey have trod,
3. My Saviour is now over there, There my kindred and friends are at rest;
4. I'll soon be at home over there, For the end of my journey I see;



Over there,



Where the saints all immortal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white.
 Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the palace of God.
 Then away from my sorrow and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest.
 Many dear to my heart, over there, Are watching and waiting for me.



Over there,



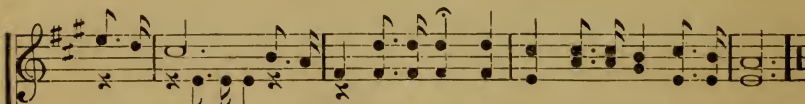
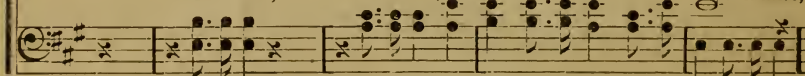
REFRAIN.

O-ver there,	o-ver there,	O, think of a home over there,
O-ver there,	o-ver there,	O, think of the friends over there,
O-ver there,	o-ver there,	My Saviour is now o-ver there,
O-ver there,	o-ver there,	I'll soon be at home over there,

Over there,

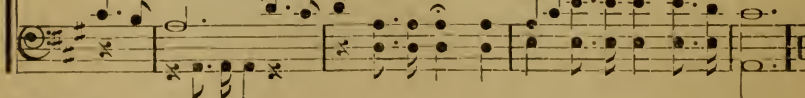
over there,

over there,



O-ver there,	over there, over there, O, think of a home over there.
O-ver there,	over there, over there, O, think of the friends over there.
O-ver there,	over there, over there, My Saviour is now over there.
O-ver there,	over there, over there, I'll soon be at home over there.

over there,



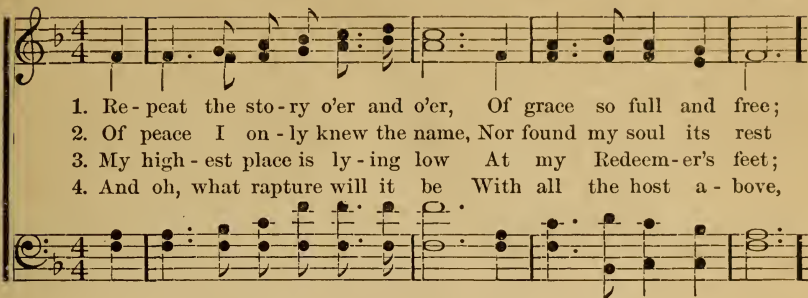
The Half was Never Told.

11

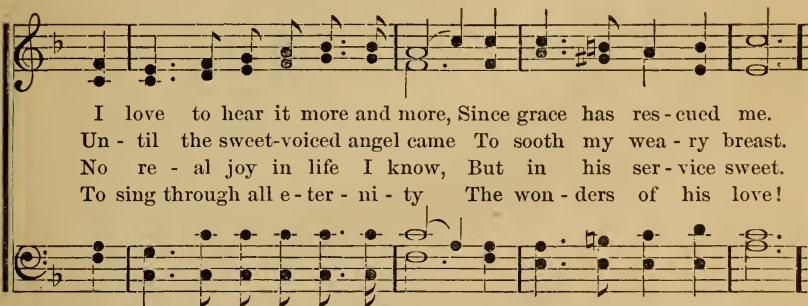
P. P. B.

"Behold, the half was not told."—Kings x. 7.

P. P. BLISS.

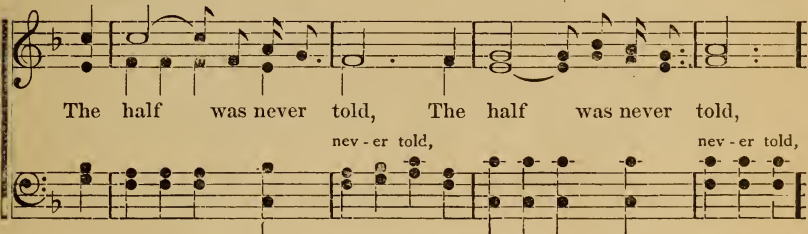


1. Re-peat the sto-ry o'er and o'er, Of grace so full and free;
 2. Of peace I on-ly knew the name, Nor found my soul its rest
 3. My high-est place is ly-ing low At my Redeem-er's feet;
 4. And oh, what rapture will it be With all the host a-bove,

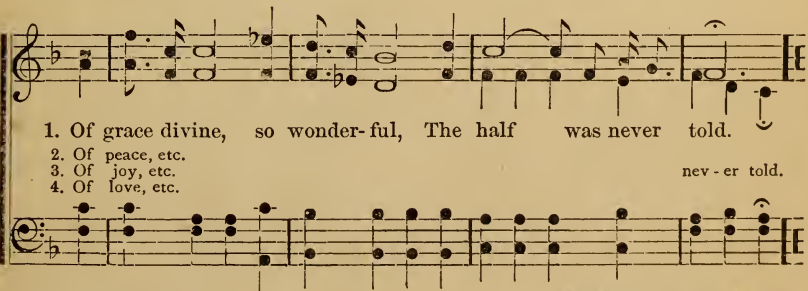


I love to hear it more and more, Since grace has res-cued me.
 Un-til the sweet-voiced angel came To sooth my wea-ry breast.
 No re-al joy in life I know, But in his ser-vice sweet.
 To sing through all e-ter-ni-ty The won-ders of his love!

CHORUS.

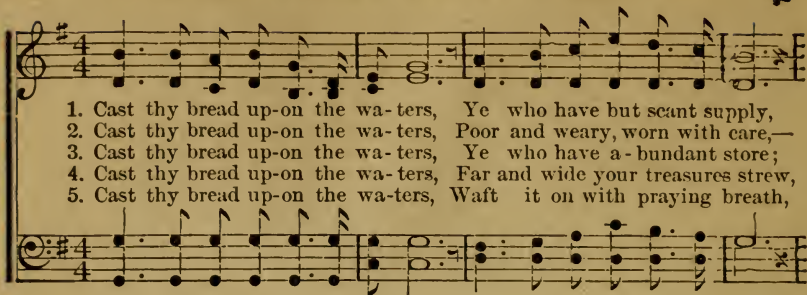


The half was never told, The half was never told,
 nev-er told, nev-er told,

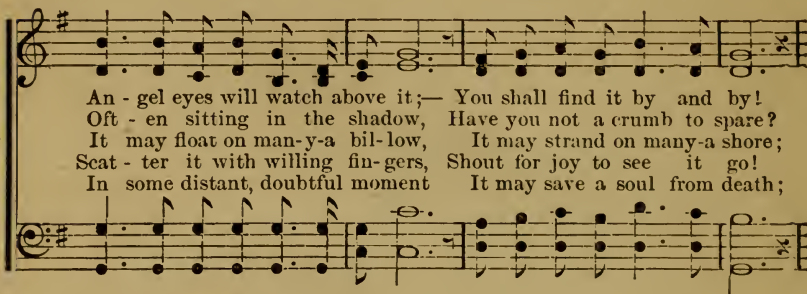


1. Of grace divine, so wonder-ful, The half was never told.
 2. Of peace, etc.
 3. Of joy, etc.
 4. Of love, etc.

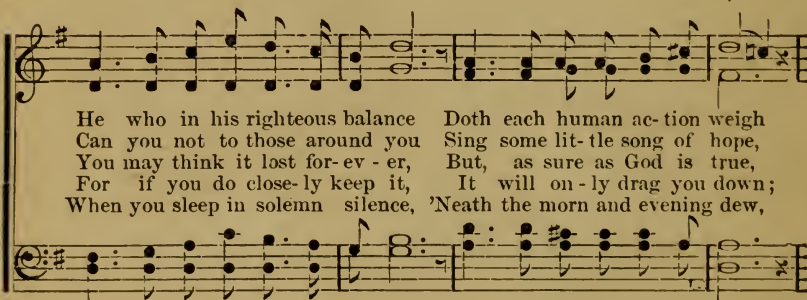
nev-er told.



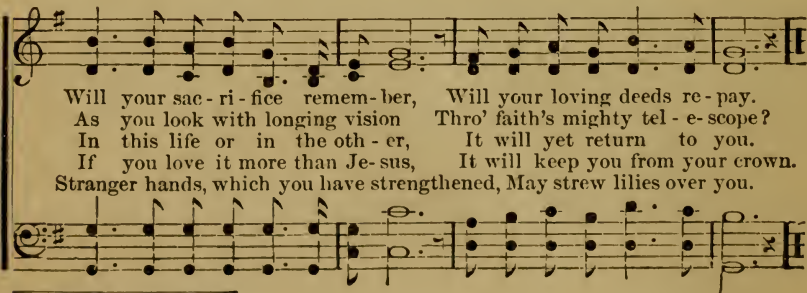
1. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Ye who have but scant supply,
 2. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Poor and weary, worn with care,—
 3. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Ye who have a-bundant store;
 4. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Far and wide your treasures strew,
 5. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Waft it on with praying breath,



An - gel eyes will watch above it;— You shall find it by and by!
 Oft - en sitting in the shadow, Have you not a crumb to spare?
 It may float on man-y-a bil-low, It may strand on many-a shore;
 Scat - ter it with willing fin-gers, Shout for joy to see it go!
 In some distant, doubtful moment It may save a soul from death;



He who in his righteous balance Doth each human ac-tion weigh
 Can you not to those around you Sing some lit-tle song of hope,
 You may think it lost for-ev-er, But, as sure as God is true,
 For if you do close-ly keep it, It will on-ly drag you down;
 When you sleep in solemn silence, 'Neath the morn and evening dew,



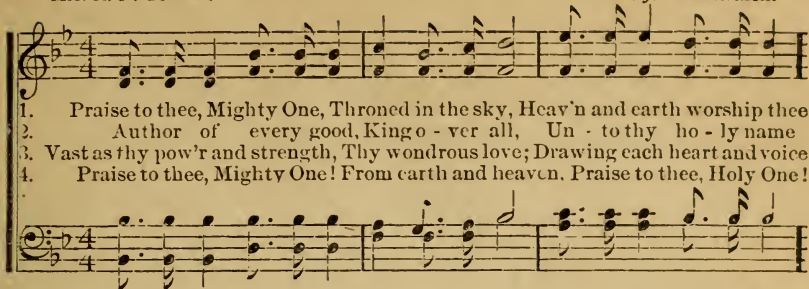
Will your sac-ri-fice remem-ber, Will your loving deeds re-pay.
 As you look with longing vision Thro' faith's mighty tel-e-scope?
 In this life or in the oth-er, It will yet return to you.
 If you love it more than Je-sus, It will keep you from your crown.
 Stranger hands, which you have strengthened, May strew lilies over you.

Praise to Thee, Mighty One.

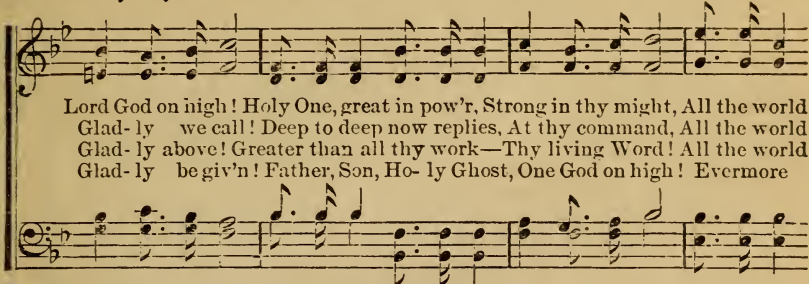
13

Mrs. R. N. TURNER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Praise to thee, Mighty One, Throned in the sky, Heav'n and earth worship thee
 2. Author of every good, Kingo - ver all, Un - to thy ho - ly name
 3. Vast as thy pow'r and strength, Thy wondrous love; Drawing each heart and voice
 4. Praise to thee, Mighty One! From earth and heav'n. Praise to thee, Holy One!

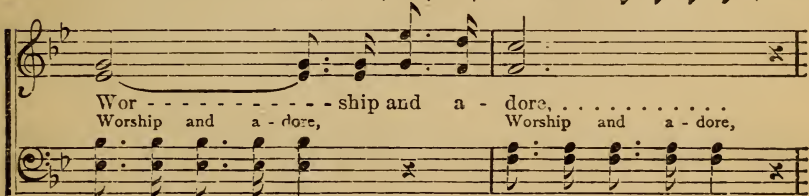


Lord God on high! Holy One, great in pow'r, Strong in thy might, All the world
 Glad - ly we call! Deep to deep now replies, At thy command, All the world
 Glad - ly above! Greater than all thy work—Thy living Word! All the world
 Glad - ly be giv'n! Father, Son, Ho - ly Ghost, One God on high! Evermore

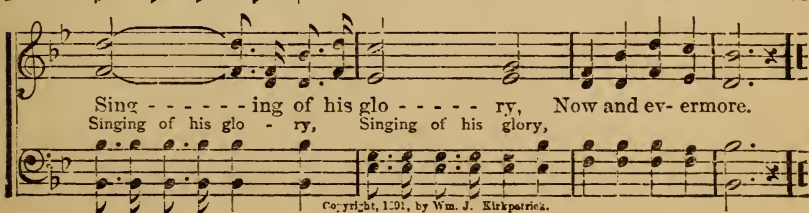
CHORUS.



made by thee, Darkness and light. Praise, . . . O praise the Migh - ty One,
 made by thee, Ocean and land.
 saved by thee, Through Christ the Lord.
 evermore, Earth sea and sky. Praise, O Praise, Praise the Mighty One,



Wor - - - - ship and a - dore, dore,
 Worship and a - dore, Worship and a - dore,



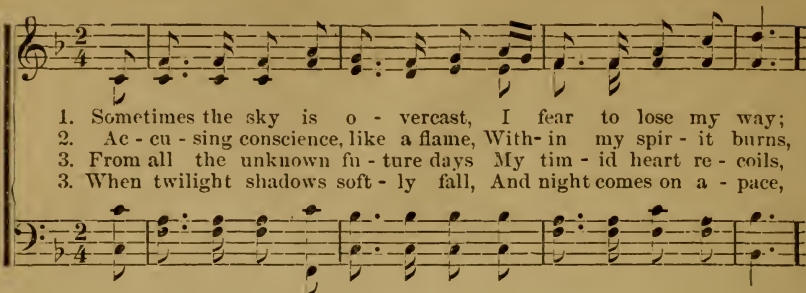
Sing - - - - ing of his glo - - - - ry, Now and ev - ermore.
 Singing of his glo - ry, Singing of his glory,

What Time I am Afraid.

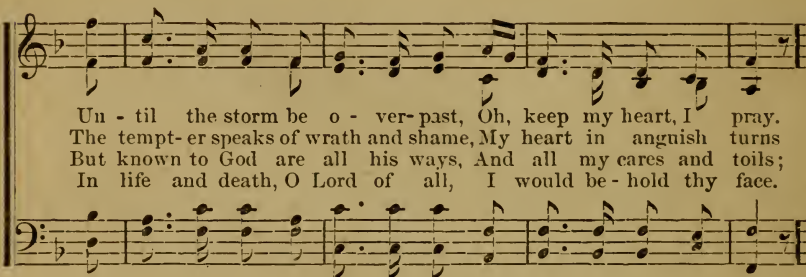
"What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee."—Ps. xxxvi: 3

Miss J. H. JOHNSTON.

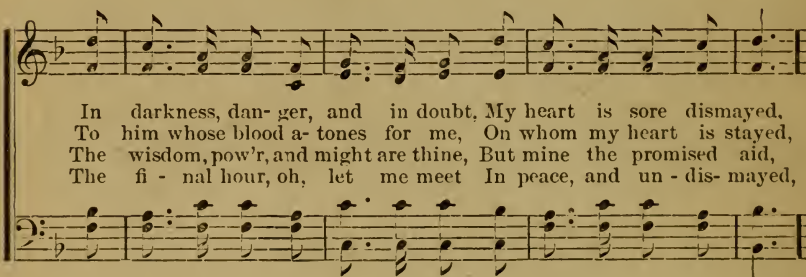
"Scotch." Arr. by P. BILHORN.



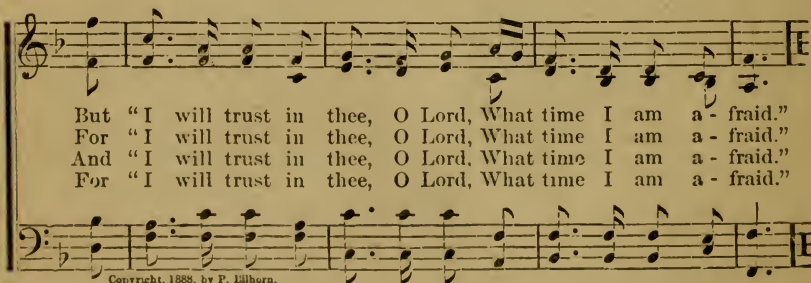
1. Sometimes the sky is o - vercast, I fear to lose my way;
 2. Ac - cu - sing conscience, like a flame, With - in my spir - it burns,
 3. From all the unknown fu - ture days My tim - id heart re - coils,
 3. When twilight shadows soft - ly fall, And night comes on a - pace,



Un - til the storm be o - ver - past, Oh, keep my heart, I pray.
 The tempt - er speaks of wrath and shame, My heart in anguish turns
 But known to God are all his ways, And all my cares and toils;
 In life and death, O Lord of all, I would be - hold thy face.



In darkness, dan - ger, and in doubt, My heart is sore dismayed,
 To him whose blood a - tones for me, On whom my heart is stayed,
 The wis - dom, pow'r, and might are thine, But mine the promised aid,
 The fi - nal hour, oh, let me meet In peace, and un - dis - mayed,



But "I will trust in thee, O Lord, What time I am a - fraid."
 For "I will trust in thee, O Lord, What time I am a - fraid."
 And "I will trust in thee, O Lord, What time I am a - fraid."
 For "I will trust in thee, O Lord, What time I am a - fraid."

At the Golden Landing.

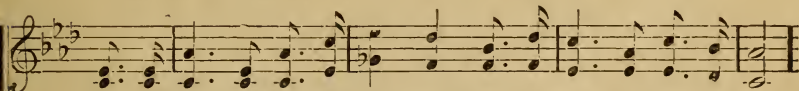
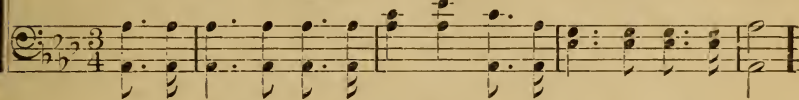
15

EDGAR PAGE.

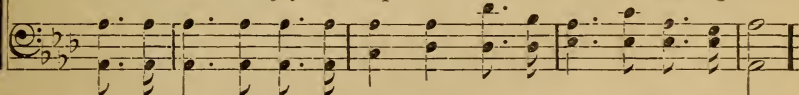
JNO. R. SWENET.



1. Friends of yore have flown to heaven, Springing from the house of clay ;
2. Oft - en at the shades of evening, When I sit me down to rest,
3. And I seem to see their fac - es, Beaming with ce - les - tial love,
4. And I think I hear them speaking, As they oft - en spake to me,
5. Broth - er, sis - ter, faithful sol - dier, If our mingling here so sweet,



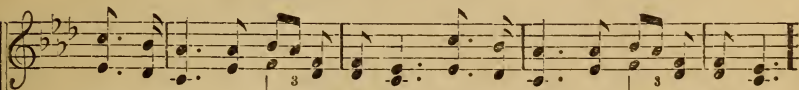
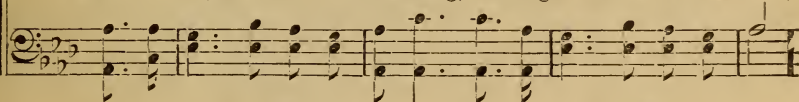
Glad to gain their joy - ful free - dom, Borne by an - gel bands a - way.
One by one I count them o - ver, They who are in glo - ry blest.
Shin - ing as their blessed Mas - ter, White-robed, with the saints above.
While I seem to hear them say - ing, "Pil - grim, heaven is waiting thee."
What shall be our joy - ous rap - ture When we at the landing meet!



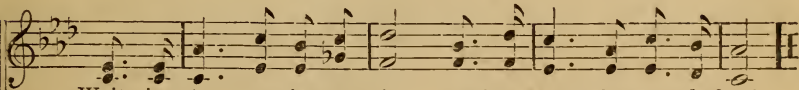
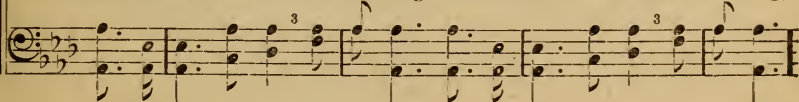
CHORUS.



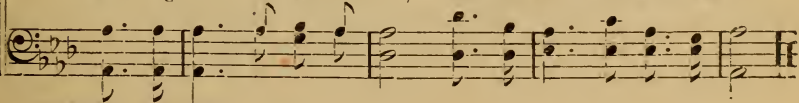
While on Pisgah's mount I'm standing, Looking t'ward the vernal shore,



There I seem to see them banding, Just beside the Golden Landing,

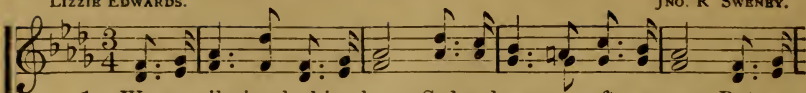


Wait - ing to receive me o'er, Precious ones who went before!

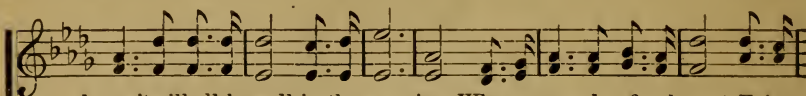
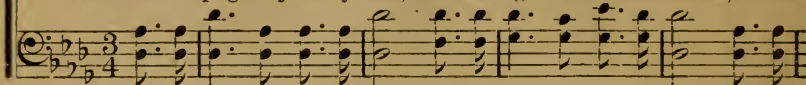


LIZZIE EDWARDS.

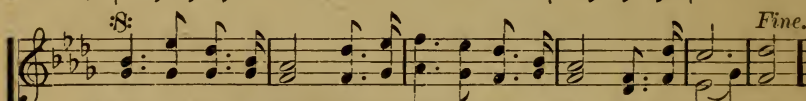
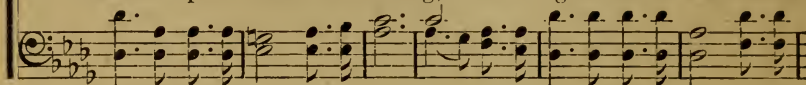
JNO. R SWENEY.



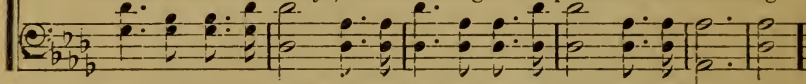
1. We are pilgrims looking home, Sad and wea-ry oft we roam, But we
2. O these tender broken ties, How they dim our aching eyes, But like
3. When our fettered souls are free, Far beyond the narrow sea, And we
4. Thro' our pilgrim journey here, Tho' the night is sometimes drear, Let us



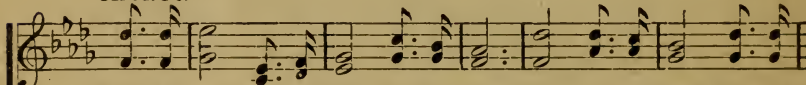
know'twill all be well in the morning; When, our anchor firmly cast, Ev'ry
jewels they will shine in the morning; When our victor palms we bear, And our
hear the Saviour's voice in the morning; When our golden sheaves we bring To the
watch and persevere till the morning; Then our highest tribute raise For the

*Fine.*

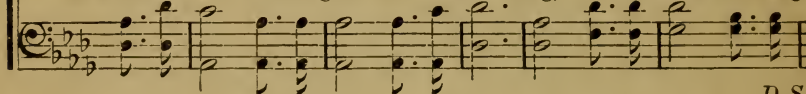
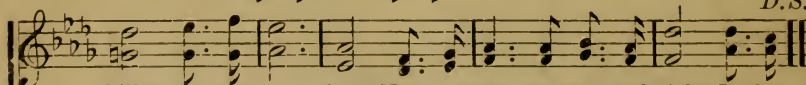
storm-y wave is past, And we gather safe at last in the morn-ing.
robes immor-tal wear, We shall know each other there, in the morn-ing.
feet of Christ our King, What a chorus we shall sing in the morn-ing.
love that crowns our days, And to Jesus give the praise in the morn-ing.



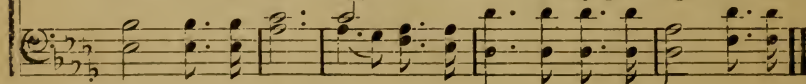
D. S.—sun - ny region bright, When we hail the blessed light of the morn-ing.
CHORUS.



When we all meet a-gain in the morn - ing, On the sweet blooming

*D. S.*

hills in the morn - ing; Nev - er more to say good night In that



Cast thy Burden on the Lord.

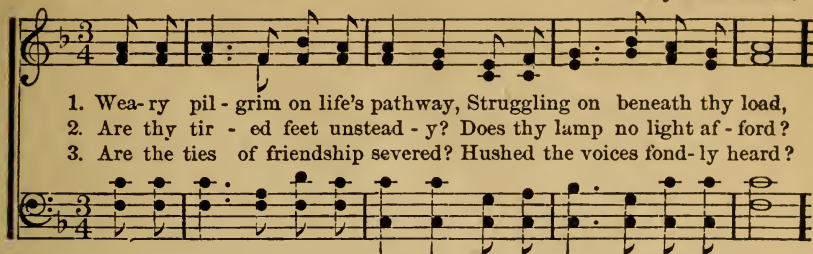
17

W. J. K.

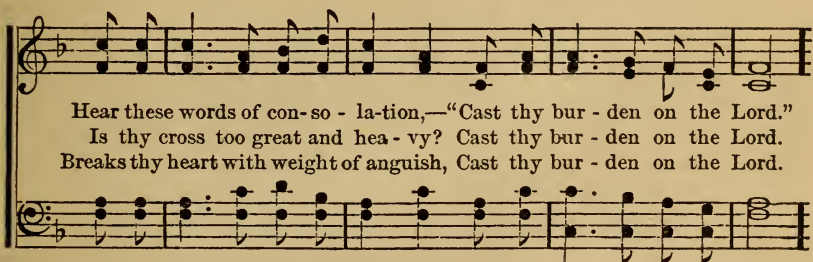
"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."

1 Peter v. 7.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Wea-ry pil - grim on life's pathway, Struggling on beneath thy load,
 2. Are thy tir - ed feet unstead - y? Does thy lamp no light af - ford?
 3. Are the ties of friendship severed? Hushed the voices fond - ly heard?

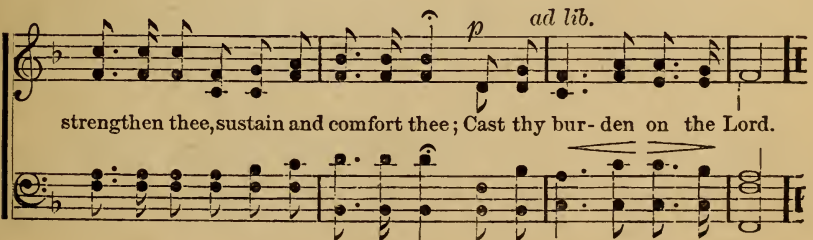


Hear these words of con-so - la-tion,—“Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.”
 Is thy cross too great and hea - vy? Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.
 Breaks thy heart with weight of anguish, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.

CHORUS.



f Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, And he will



p *ad lib.* strengthen thee, sustain and comfort thee; Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.

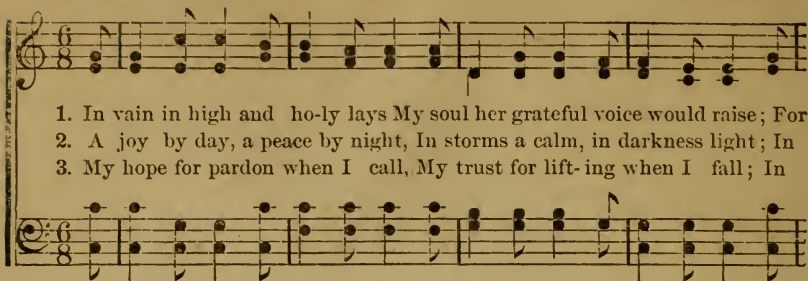
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>4 Does thy heart with faintness falter?
 Does thy mind forget his word?
 Does thy strength succumb to weak-
 Cast thy burden on the Lord. [ness?</p> | <p>5 He will hold thee up from falling,
 He will guide thy steps aright;
 He will strengthen each endeavor;
 He will keep thee by his might.</p> |
|---|--|

Wonderful Love of Jesus.

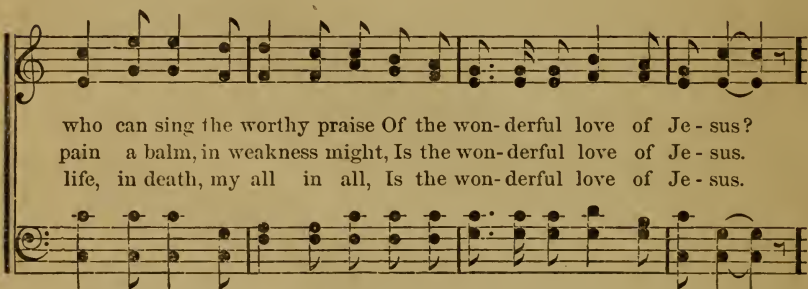
E. D. MUND.

"The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."
Eph. iii. 19.

E. S. LORENZ.

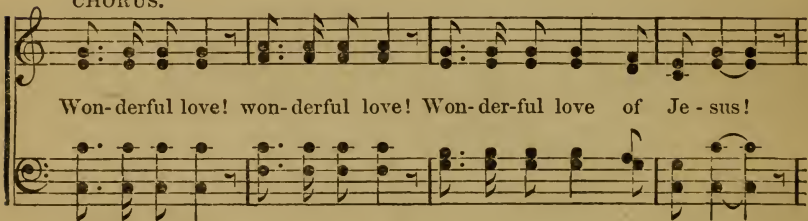


1. In vain in high and ho-ly lays My soul her grateful voice would raise; For
2. A joy by day, a peace by night, In storms a calm, in darkness light; In
3. My hope for pardon when I call, My trust for lift-ing when I fall; In

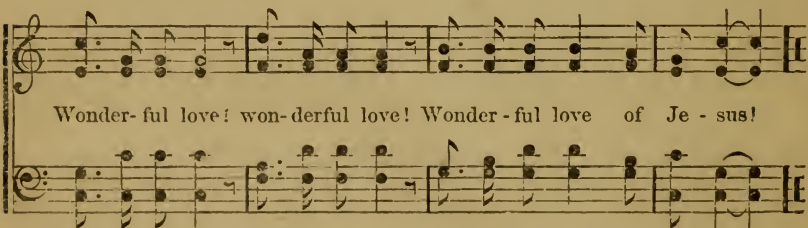


who can sing the worthy praise Of the won-derful love of Je - sus?
pain a balm, in weakness might, Is the won-derful love of Je - sus.
life, in death, my all in all, Is the won-derful love of Je - sus.

CHORUS.



Won-derful love! won-derful love! Won-der-ful love of Je - sus!



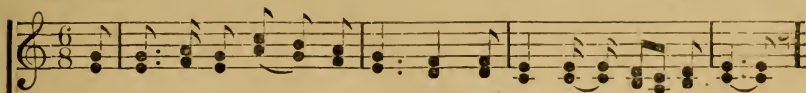
Wonder-ful love! won-derful love! Wonder-ful love of Je - sus!

Never Alone.

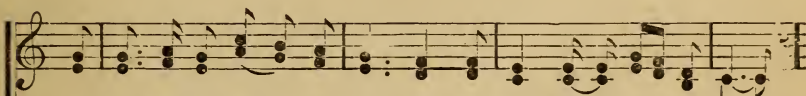
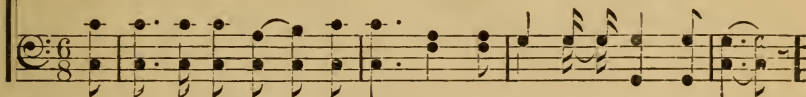
19

COMPOSER W. RAYMOND.

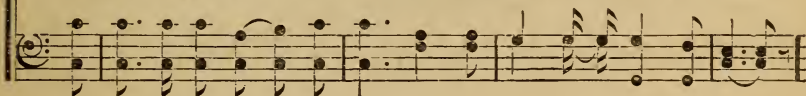
FERD SLACHER.



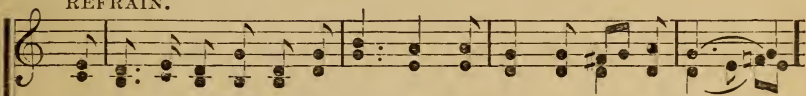
1. Far out on the des - o - late bil - low The sail - or sails the sea,
2. Far down in the earth's dark bo - som The min - er mines the ore;
3. Forth in - to the dread - ful bat - tle The steadfast sol - dier goes,
4. Lord, grant, as we sail life's o - cean, Or delve in its mines of woe,



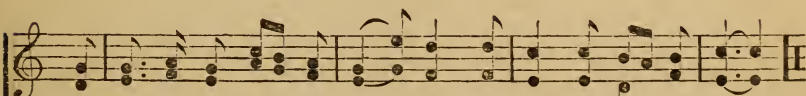
A-lone with the night and the tempest, Where countless dan - gers be;
 Death lurks in the dark be - hind him, And hides in the rock be - fore;
 No friend, when he lies a - dy - ing, His eyes to kiss and close;
 Or fight in the ter - ri - ble con - flict, This com - fort all to know.



REFRAIN.



Yet nev - er a-lone is the Christian Who lives by faith and prayer;
 4th v.—That never a-lone, etc.



For God is a Friend un - fail - ing, And God is ev - 'ry - where.



I Want to be a Worker.

I. B.

"The laborers are few."—Matt. ix. 27.

J. BALTZELL.

1. I want to be a worker for the Lord, I want to love and trust his holy
 2. I want to be a worker ev-'ry day, I want to lead the erring in the
 3. I want to be a worker strong and brave, I want to trust in Jesus' pow'r to
 4. I want to be a worker; help me, Lord, To lead the lost and erring to thy

word; I want to sing and pray, and be bu-sy ev-'ry day In the
 way That leads to heav'n above, where all is peace and love In the
 save; All who will tru-ly come, shall find a hap-py home In the
 word That points to joy on high, where pleasures never die In the

CHORUS.

1. vineyard of the Lord. I will work, I will pray, In the
 2, 3, 4. kingdom of the Lord. I will work and pray, I will work and pray,

vineyard, in the vineyard of the Lord; of the Lord; I will work, I will

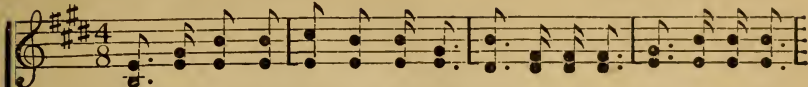
pray, I will la-bor ev-'ry day In the vineyard of the Lord.

Help Just a Little.

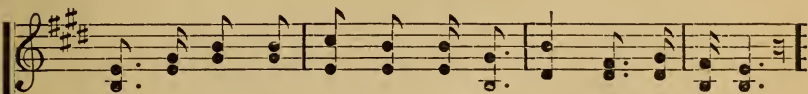
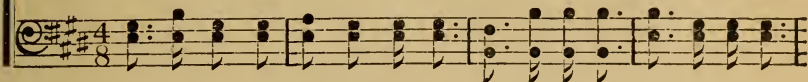
21

Music from "The Wells of Salvation," }
new words by Rev. W. A. SPENCER. }

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



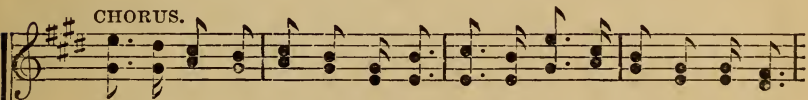
1. Brother for Christ's kingdom sighing, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;
2. Is thy cup made sad by tri-al? Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;
3. Though no wealth to thee is giv-en, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;



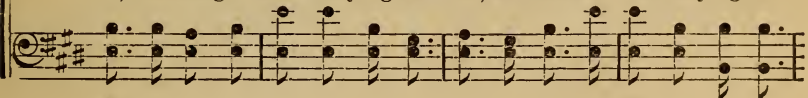
Help to save the mil-lions dy-ing, Help just a lit-tle.
Sweet-en it with self-de-ni-al, Help just a lit-tle.
Sac-ri-fice is gold in heav-en, Help just a lit-tle.



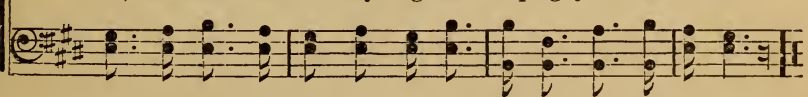
CHORUS.



Oh, the wrongs that we may righten! Oh, the hearts that we may lighten!



Oh, the skies that we may brighten! Helping just a lit-tle.



4 Let us live for one another,
Help a little, help a little;
Help to lift each fallen brother,
Help just a little.

5 Tho' thy life is pressed with sorrow,
Help a little, help a little;
Bravely look t'ward God's to-morrow,
Help just a little.

Sound the Battle Cry.

W. F. S.

WM. F. SHERWIN. By per.

Vigorously, in march time.

1. Sound the bat - tle cry, See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high
 2. Strong to meet the foe, March-ing on we go, While our cause we know
 3. Oh! thou God of all, Hear us when we call, Help us, one and all,

For the Lord; Gird your ar - mor on, Stand firm ev - 'ry one,
 Must pre - vail; Shield and ban - ner bright, Glam - ing in the light,
 By thy grace; When the bat - tle's done, And the vic - t'ry won,

CHORUS.

Rest your cause up - on his ho - ly word. Rouse, then, sol - diers!
 Bat - tling for the right, we ne'er can fail.
 May we wear the crown be - fore thy face.

2d CHO.—Rouse, then, freemen,

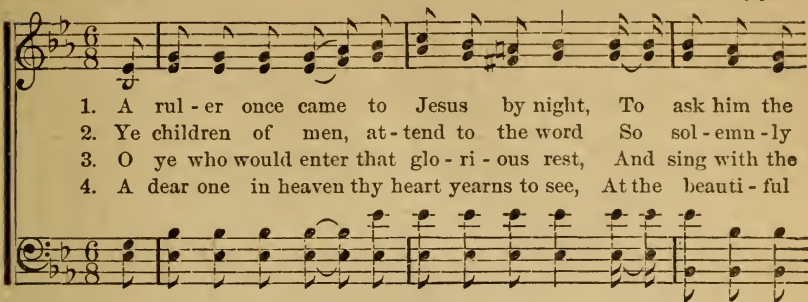
ral - ly round the banner! Ready, stead-y, pass the word a-long; Onward,
 come from hill and valley; Fathers, brothers, earnest, brave, and strong! Onward,

forward, shout a-loud, Ho-san - na! Christ is Captain of the migh - ty throng.
 forward, all u - nit - ed ral - ly, "Death to Alcohol!" your bat - tle song.

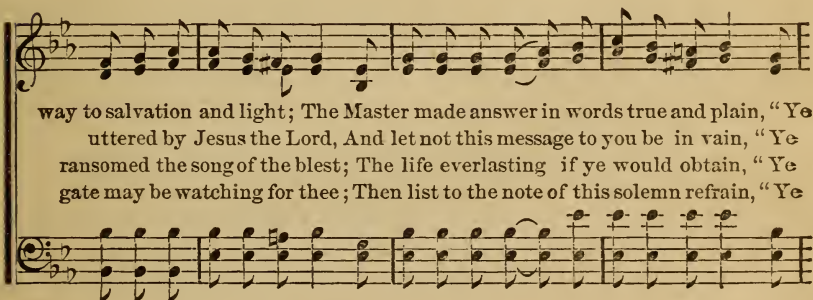
Ye Must be Born Again.

23

"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."—John iii. 3. GEO. C. STEBBINS. By per. W. T. SLEEPER.

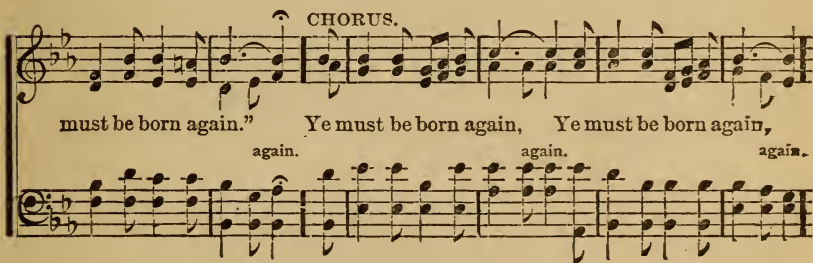


1. A rul - er once came to Jesus by night, To ask him the
 2. Ye children of men, at - tend to the word So sol - emn - ly
 3. O ye who would enter that glo - ri - ous rest, And sing with the
 4. A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to see, At the beau - ti - ful

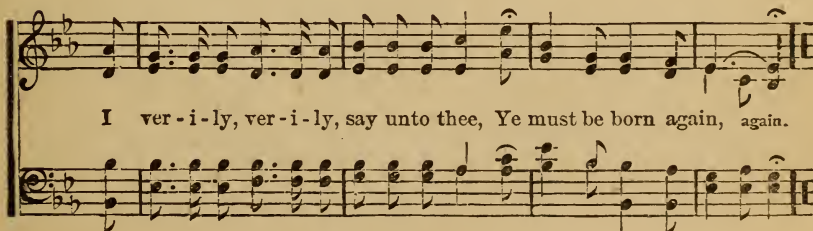


way to salvation and light; The Master made answer in words true and plain, "Ye
 uttered by Jesus the Lord, And let not this message to you be in vain, "Ye
 ransomed the song of the blest; The life everlasting if ye would obtain, "Ye
 gate may be watching for thee; Then list to the note of this solemn refrain, "Ye

CHORUS.



must be born again." Ye must be born again, Ye must be born again,
 again. again. again.



I ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly, say unto thee, Ye must be born again, again.

The New Song.

FLORA L. BEST.

JWO. R. SWENBY.

Moderato.

1. There are songs of joy that I loved to sing, When my heart was as blithe as a
 2. There are strains of home that are dear as life, And I list to them oft 'mid the

bird . . in spring; But the song I have learned is so full of cheer, That the
 din . . of strife; But I know of a home that is wondrous fair, And I

CHORUS. *Vivace.*

dawn shines out in the darkness drear. O, the new, new song! O, the
 sing the psalm they are singing there. O, the new, new song!

new, new song, I can sing it now With the
 O, the new, new song, I can sing just now With the

ran - som'd throng: . . Pow-er and do - min-ion to him that shall
 ransom'd, the ransom'd throng: . .

reign; Glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain.
that shall reign;

- 3 Can my lips be mute, or my heart be sad, When the gracious Master hath made me glad?
When he points where the many mansions And sweetly says, 'There is one for thee'?
- 4 I shall catch the gleam of its jasper wall When I come to the gloom of the evenfall,
For I know that the shadows, dreary and dim,
Have a path of light that will lead to him.

From "Gems of Praise," by per.

Fill Me Now.

REV. E. H. STOKES, D.D.

JNO. R. SWENKY.

1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it; Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
2. Thou can'st fill me, gracious Spir - it, Tho' I can - not tell thee how;
3. I am weakness, full of weakness; At thy sa - cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and comfort; bless and save me; Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow!

S:

Fine.

Fill me with thy hal - low'd presence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
But I need thee, great - ly need thee, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
Blest, di - vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with power, and fill me now.
Thou art comfort - ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.

D.S. Fill me with thy hal-low'd presence,—Come, oh, come and fill me now.

CHORUS.

D.S.

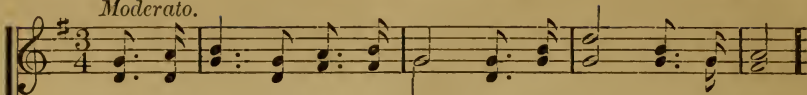
Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus, come, and fill me now;

Some Sweet Day.

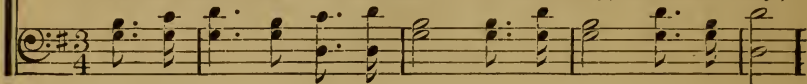
ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

"The hour is coming."—John v. 28.

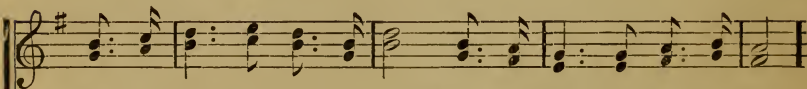
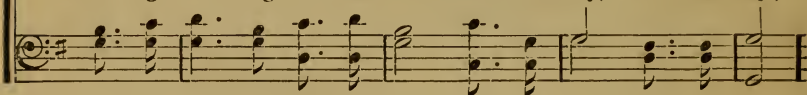
D. B. TOWNER. By per.

Moderato.

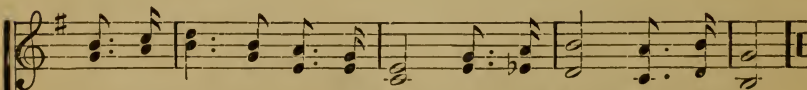
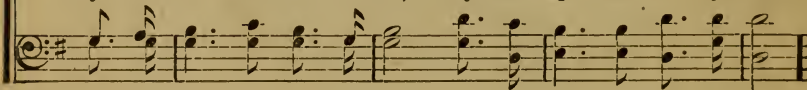
1. We shall reach the riv - er side Some sweet day, some sweet day;
2. We shall pass in - side the gate Some sweet day, some sweet day;
3. We shall meet our loved and own Some sweet day, some sweet day;



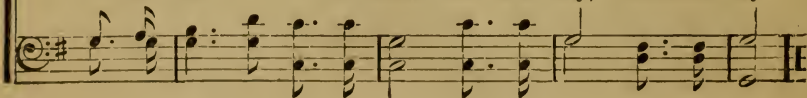
We shall cross the storm - y tide Some sweet day, some sweet day;
 Peace and plen - ty for us wait Some sweet day, some sweet day;
 Gath'ring round the great white throne Some sweet day, some sweet day;



We shall press the sands of gold, While be - fore our eyes un - fold
 We shall hear the wondrous strain, Glo - ry to the Lamb that's slain,
 By the tree of life so fair, Joy and rap - ture ev - 'rywhere,



Heav - en's splendors, yet un - told, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 Christ was dead, but lives a - gain, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 O the bliss of o - ver there! Some sweet day, some sweet day.



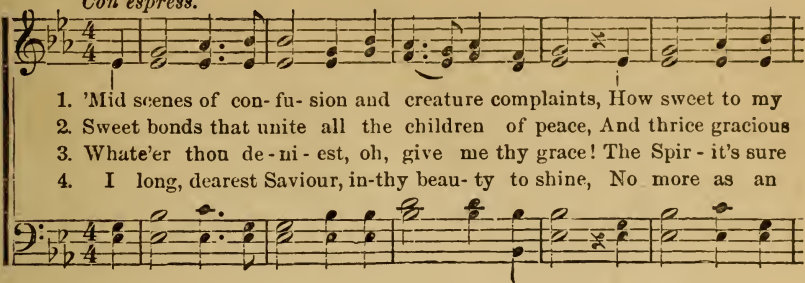
Sweet Home.

27

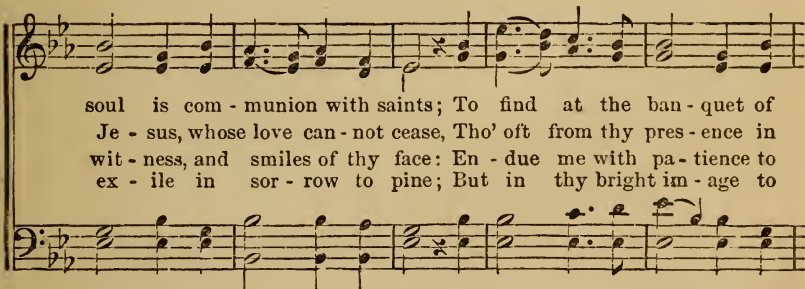
H. R. BISHOP.

Arranged.

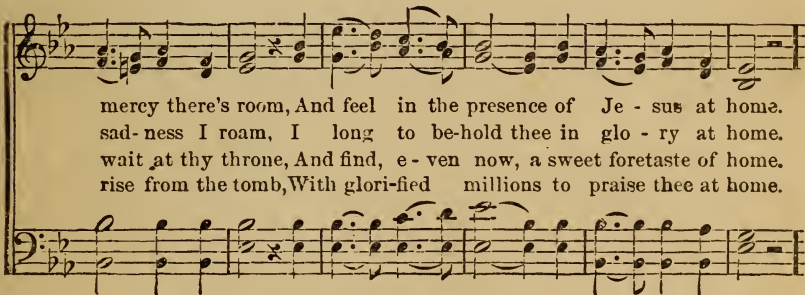
Con espress.



1. 'Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and creature complaints, How sweet to my
 2. Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace, And thrice gracious
 3. Whate'er thou de-ni-est, oh, give me thy grace! The Spir-it's sure
 4. I long, dearest Saviour, in-thy beau-ty to shine, No more as an

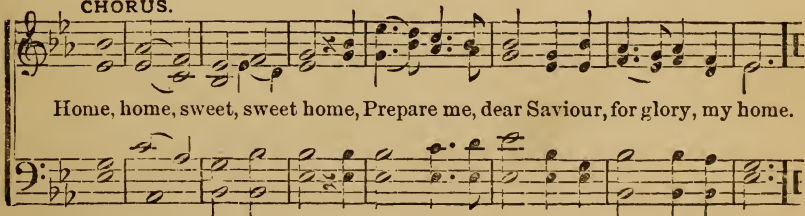


soul is com-munion with saints; To find at the ban-quet of
 Je-sus, whose love can-not cease, Tho' oft from thy pres-ence in
 wit-ness, and smiles of thy face: En-due me with pa-tience to
 ex-ile in sor-row to pine; But in thy bright im-age to



mercy there's room, And feel in the presence of Je-sus at home.
 sad-ness I roam, I long to be-hold thee in glo-ry at home.
 wait at thy throne, And find, e-ven now, a sweet foretaste of home.
 rise from the tomb, With glori-fied millions to praise thee at home.

CHORUS.



Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

Tell it to Jesus.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

Matt. xiv. 12.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Are you wea - ry, are you heavy-heart - ed? Tell it to Je - sus,
 2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden? Tell it to Je - sus,
 3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor - row? Tell it to Je - sus,
 4. Are you trou - bled at the thought of dy - ing? Tell it to Je - sus,

Tell it to Je - sus; Are you griev - ing o - ver joys de - part - ed?
 Tell it to Je - sus; Have you sins that to man's eye are hid - den?
 Tell it to Je - sus; Are you anx - ious what shall be to - mor - row?
 Tell it to Je - sus; For Christ's coming Kingdom are you sigh - ing?

CHORUS.

Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus,

He is a friend that's well known; You have no oth - er

such a friend or broth - er, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

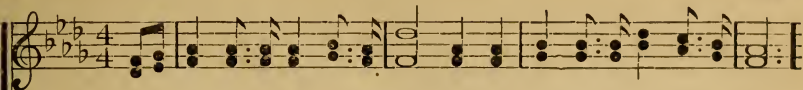
The Saver.

29

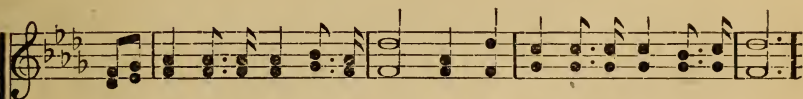
FRANK M. DAVIS.

John iii 17.

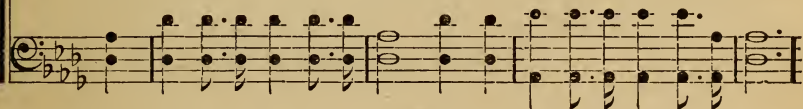
E. C. AVIS.



1. Sing glo-ry to God in the highest, For wonderful things he hath done ;
2. Oh ! perfect redemption to sinners, The purchase of Jesus' own blood,
3. Rejoice, then, rejoice, all ye peo-ple, The wondrous transaction is done !



He so loved the world that he gave us His on-ly be-gotten dear Son.
The vil-est offend-er is pardoned, Is saved thro' the promise of God.
The life-gate is o-pen, come, ent-er, Thro' Jesus, the Cru-cified One.



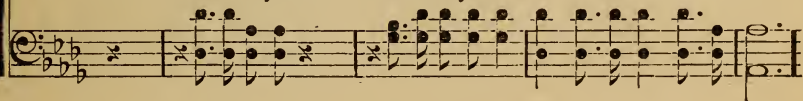
CHORUS.



Hal-le-lu - jah ! hal-le-lu - jah ! He saves thro' the death of his Son ;

Hal-le-lu-jah !

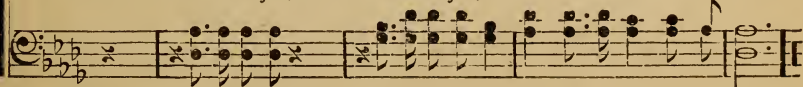
hal-le-lu-jah !



Hal-le-lu - jah ! hal-le-lu - jah ! He saves thro' the Crucified One.

Hal-le-lu-jah !

hal-le-lu-jah !



Blessed Assurance.

F. J. CROSBY.

"He is faithful that hath promised."—Heb. x. 23.

Mrs Jos. F. KNAPP.

1. Blessed as - surance, Jesus is mine! Oh, what a foretaste of
 2. Perfect sub-mis-sion, perfect de - light, Visions of rap - ture
 3. Perfect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Saviour am

glory di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God, Born of his
 burst on my sight, Angels descend - ing, bring from a - bove Echoes of
 happy and blest, Watching and waiting, looking a - bove, Filled with his

CHORUS.

Spir - it, washed in his blood. This is my sto - ry, this is my
 mer - cy, whispers of love.
 goodness, lost in his love.

song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my

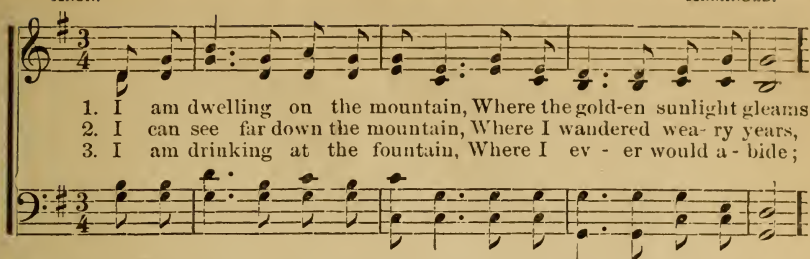
sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long.

Is not this the Land of Beulah.

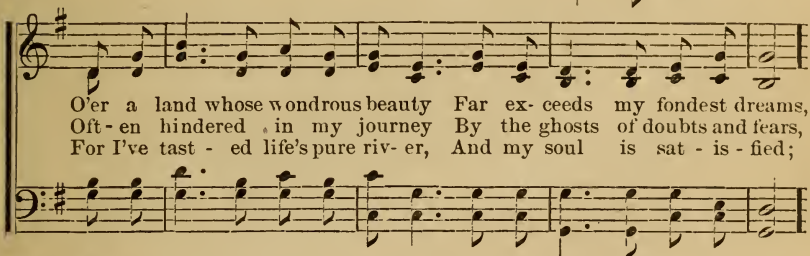
31

ANON.

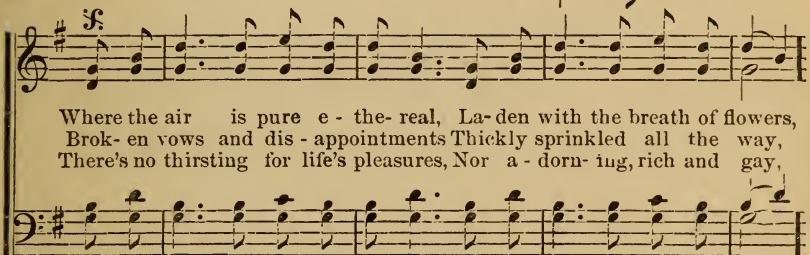
ARRANGED.



1. I am dwelling on the mountain, Where the gold-en sunlight gleams
 2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wandered wea-ry years,
 3. I am drinking at the fountain, Where I ev-er would a-bide;



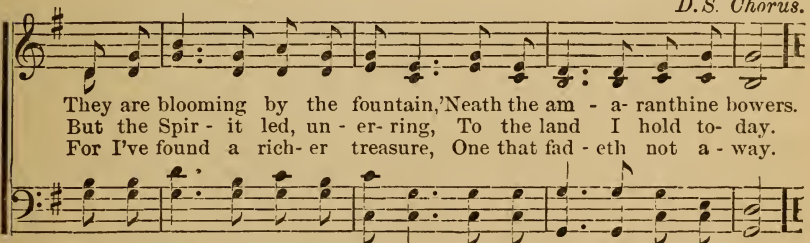
O'er a land whose wondrous beauty Far ex-ceeds my fondest dreams,
 Oft-en hindered in my journey By the ghosts of doubts and fears,
 For I've tast-ed life's pure riv-er, And my soul is sat-is-fied;



Where the air is pure e-the-real, La-den with the breath of flowers,
 Brok-en vows and dis-appointments Thickly sprinkled all the way,
 There's no thirsting for life's pleasures, Nor a-dorn-ing, rich and gay,

CHO.—Is not this the land of Beulah, Blessed, bless-ed land of light,

D.S. Chorus.



They are blooming by the fountain, 'Neath the am-a-ranthine bowers.
 But the Spir-it led, un-er-ring, To the land I hold to-day.
 For I've found a rich-er treasure, One that fad-eth not a-way.

Where the flow-ers bloom for-ev-er, And the sun is always bright.

4 Tell me not of heavy crosses,
 Nor the burdens hard to bear,
 For I've found this great salvation
 Makes each burden light appear;
 And I love to follow Jesus,
 Gladly counting all but dross,
 Worldly honors all forsaking
 For the glory of the Cross.

5 Oh, the Cross has wondrous glory!
 Oft I've proved this to be true;
 When I'm in the way so narrow
 I can see a pathway through;
 And how sweetly Jesus whispers:
 Take the Cross, thou need'st not fear,
 For I've tried this way before thee,
 And the glory lingers near.

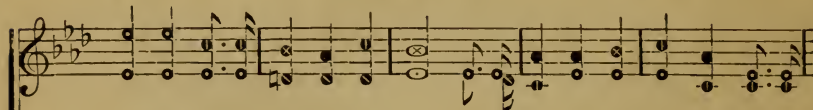
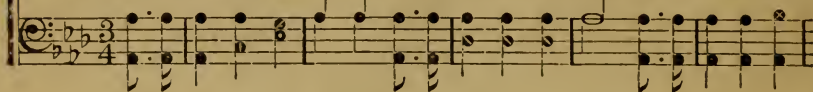
Is my Name Written There?

M. A. K.

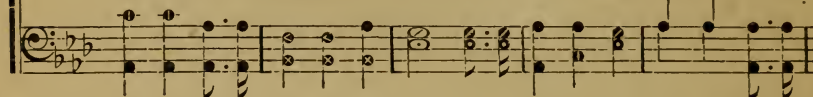
FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. Lord, I care not for riches, Neither silver nor gold; I would make sure of
2. Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea, But thy blood, O my
3. Oh! that beauti - ful cit - y, With its mansions of light, With its glorified



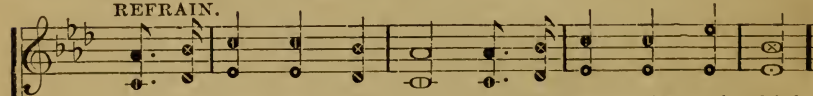
heaven, I would en - ter the fold; In the book of thy kingdom, With its Saviour! is suf - fi - cient for me; For thy promise is written, In bright be - ings, In pure garments of white; Where no evil thing cometh, To de -



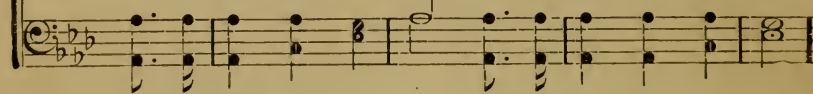
pag - es so fair, Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour, Is my name written there? let - ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow." spoil what is fair; Where the angels are watching, —Is my name written there?



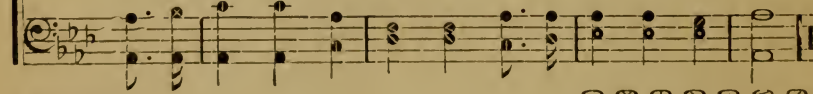
REFRAIN.



Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and . fair?



In the book of thy king - dom, Is my name written there?



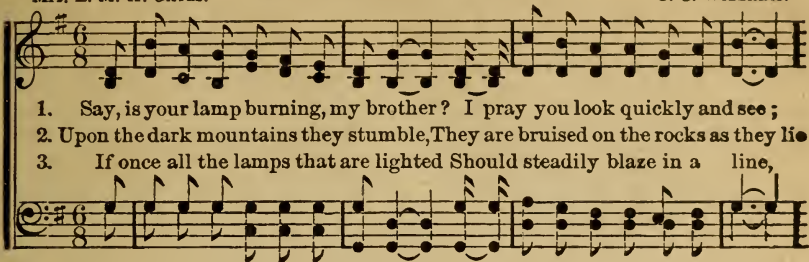
Is Your Lamp Burning.

33

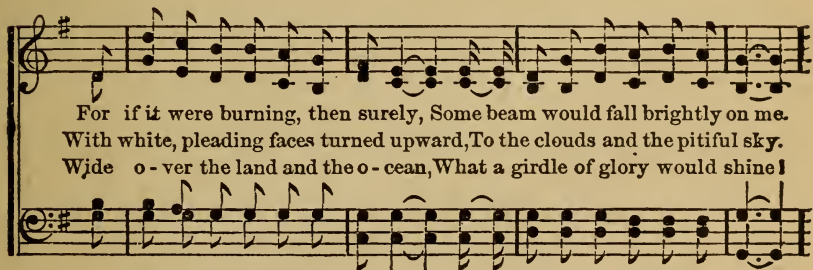
"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Matt. v. 16.

Mrs. E. M. H. GATES.

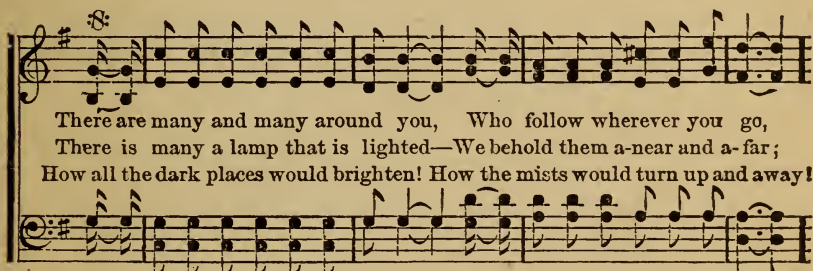
C. C. WILLIAMS.



1. Say, is your lamp burning, my brother? I pray you look quickly and see;
 2. Upon the dark mountains they stumble, They are bruised on the rocks as they lie
 3. If once all the lamps that are lighted Should steadily blaze in a line,

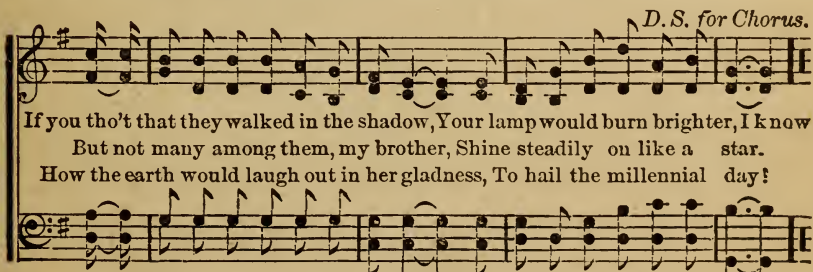


For if it were burning, then surely, Some beam would fall brightly on me.
 With white, pleading faces turned upward, To the clouds and the pitiful sky.
 Wide o - ver the land and the o - cean, What a girdle of glory would shine!



There are many and many around you, Who follow wherever you go,
 There is many a lamp that is lighted—We behold them a-near and a-far;
 How all the dark places would brighten! How the mists would turn up and away!

D.S. Say, is your lamp burning, my brother? I pray you look quickly and see;



D.S. for Chorus.
 If you tho't that they walked in the shadow, Your lamp would burn brighter, I know
 But not many among them, my brother, Shine steadily on like a star.
 How the earth would laugh out in her gladness, To hail the millennial day!

For if it were burning, then surely, Some beam would fall brightly on me!

Stepping in the Light.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Trying to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Trying to follow our
 2. Pressing more closely to him who is leading, When we are tempted to
 3. Walking in footsteps of gen - tle forbearance, Footsteps of faithfulness,
 4. Trying to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Upward, still upward we'll

Saviour and King; Shaping our lives by his blessed ex - am - ple,
 turn from the way; Trusting the arm that is strong to defend us,
 mer - cy, and love, Looking to him for the grace free - ly promised,
 fol - low our Guide, When we shall see him, "the King in his beauty,"

CHORUS.

Happy, how happy, the songs that we bring. How beautiful to walk in the
 Happy, how happy, our praises each day.
 Happy, how happy, our journey above.
 Happy, how happy, our place at his side.

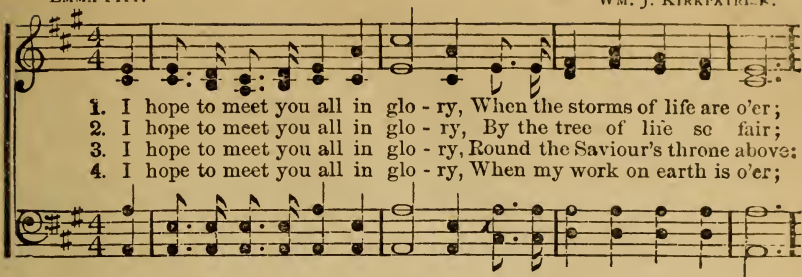
steps of the Saviour, Stepping in the light, Stepping in the light; How

beautiful to walk in the steps of the Saviour. Led in paths of light.

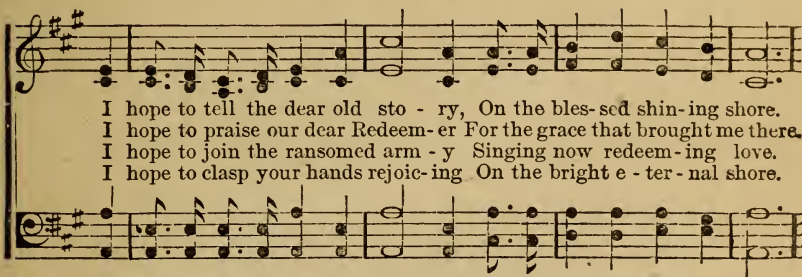
I Hope to Meet You All in Glory. 35

EMMA PITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

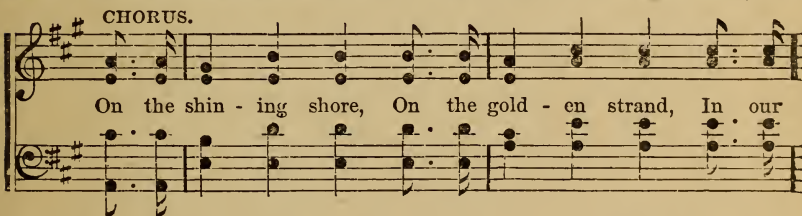


1. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, When the storms of life are o'er;
2. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, By the tree of life so fair;
3. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, Round the Saviour's throne above;
4. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, When my work on earth is o'er;

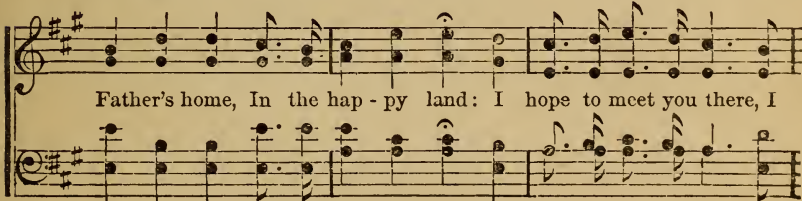


I hope to tell the dear old sto - ry, On the bles - sed shin - ing shore.
 I hope to praise our dear Redeem - er For the grace that brought me there.
 I hope to join the ransomed arm - y Singing now redeem - ing love.
 I hope to clasp your hands rejoic - ing On the bright e - ter - nal shore.

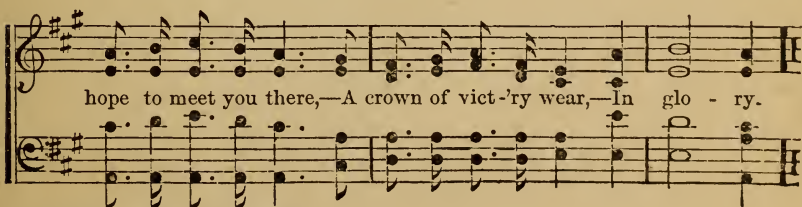
CHORUS.



On the shin - ing shore, On the gold - en strand, In our



Father's home, In the hap - py land: I hope to meet you there, I



hope to meet you there,—A crown of vict'-ry wear,—In glo - ry.

1. Blessed be the fountain of blood, To a world of sinners revealed;
 2. Thorny was the crown that he wore, And the cross his bod-y o'ercame;
 3. Father, I have wandered from thee; Of-ten has my heart gone astray;

Bless-ed be the dear Son of God, On-ly by his stripes we are healed;
 Grievous were the sorrows he bore, But he suffered not thus in vain;
 Crimson do my sins seem to me, Wa-ter cannot wash them a-way;

Tho' I've wandered far from his fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe;
 May I to that fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here below;
 Je-sus to that fountain of thine, Leaning on thy promise I'll go;

Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow.
 Wash me in the blood that was shed, And I shall be whiter than snow.
 Cleanse me with thy washing divine, And I shall be whiter than snow.

CHORUS.

Whit - - - er than snow; Whit - - - er than snow.
 Whiter than the snow: Whiter than the snow; Whiter than the snow: Whiter than the snow, the snow:

Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow.
of the Lamb, the snow.

Give me Jesus.

Arr. by W. J. K.

1. When I'm hap-py, hear me sing, When I'm happy, hear me sing, When I'm
2. When in sor-row, hear me pray, When in sorrow, hear me pray, When in
3. When I'm dy-ing, hear me cry, When I'm dying, hear me cry, When I'm
4. When I'm ris-ing, hear me shout, When I'm rising, hear me shout, When I'm
5. When in heav-en, we will sing, When in heav-en, we will sing, When in

CHORUS.

hap-py, hear me sing, Give me Je - sus, Give me Je - sus, Give me
sorrow, hear me pray, Give me Je - sus,
dying, hear me cry, Give me Je - sus,
rising, hear me shout, Give me Je - sus,
heaven, we will sing, Blessed Je - sus, Bles-sed Je - sus, Bles-sed

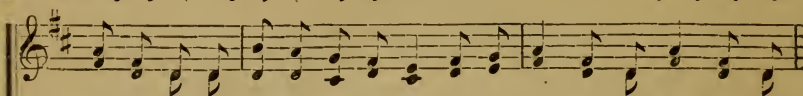
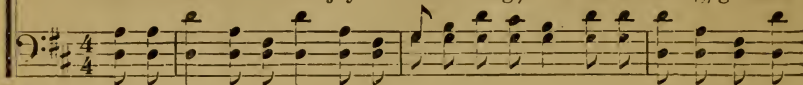
Je - sus; You may have all the world: Give me Je - sus.
Je - sus, By thy grace we are saved, Bles-sed Je - sus.

E. E. HEWITT.

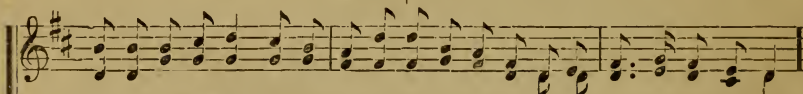
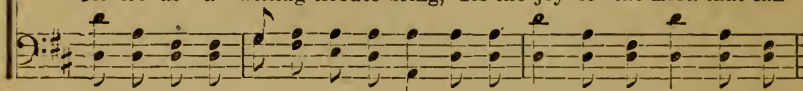
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. "Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King;" Let the mountains and the
2. "Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King;" Let them praise his name in
3. "Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King;" There are blessing at his
4. "Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King;" And their loving, grateful

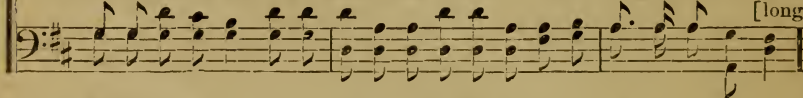


valleys with their glad hosannas ring; 'Tis a joy that this world cannot
anthems, and with exul - tation sing; With the robes of sal - va - tion the
coming, like the gentle showers of spring; There's abundance of peace and re-
service as a willing tribute bring, 'Tis the joy of the Lord that can

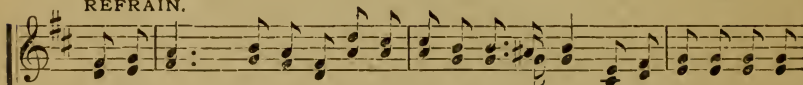


give nor take away; 'Tis a fore-gleam of the glory of the land of perfect day.
Lord will beautify Those who come to him for pardon, who to him for refuge fly.
demption full and free;

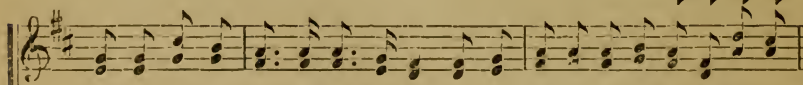
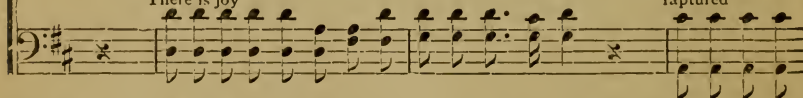
There's deliv'rance for the captive, and kind hearing of each plea,
make his people strong—Strong to live and work for Jesus, unto whom all lives be-
[long.]



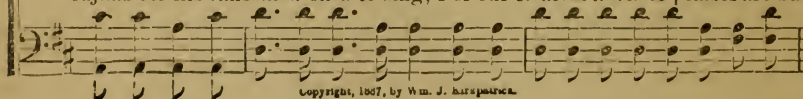
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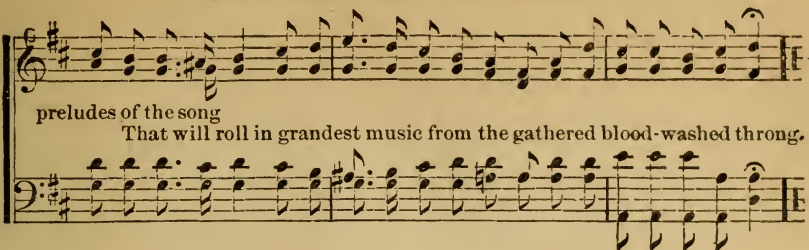


There is joy in Zion for the children of the King, There are raptured hal-
There is joy lels There are raptured



lujahs for his ransomed ones to sing; For our clearest notes of praises are but



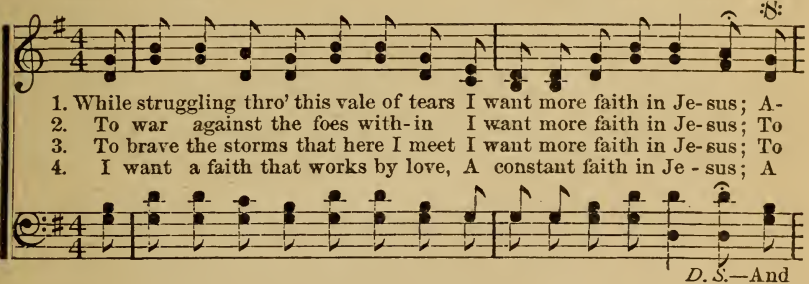


preludes of the song
That will roll in grandest music from the gathered blood-washed throng.

More Faith in Jesus.

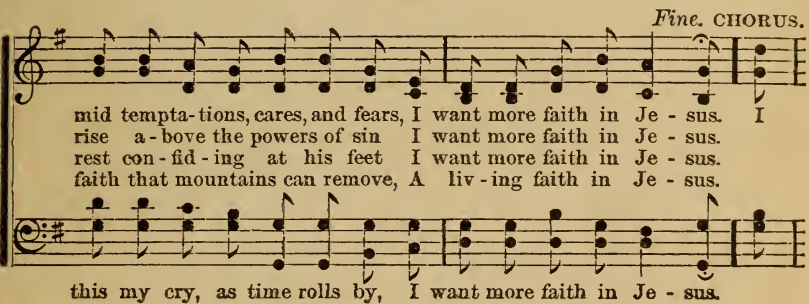
HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



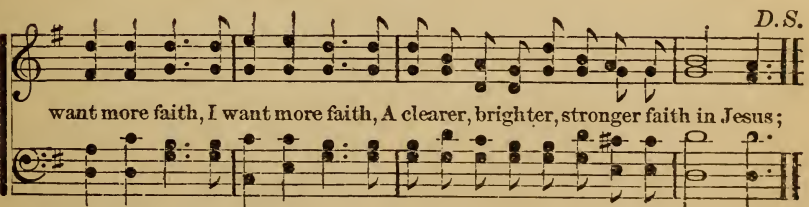
1. While struggling thro' this vale of tears I want more faith in Je-sus; A-
2. To war against the foes with-in I want more faith in Je-sus; To
3. To brave the storms that here I meet I want more faith in Je-sus; To
4. I want a faith that works by love, A constant faith in Je - sus; A

D. S.—And



Fine. CHORUS.
mid tempta-tions, cares, and fears, I want more faith in Je - sus. I
rise a - bove the powers of sin I want more faith in Je - sus.
rest con - fid - ing at his feet I want more faith in Je - sus.
faith that mountains can remove, A liv - ing faith in Je - sus.

this my cry, as time rolls by, I want more faith in Je - sus.

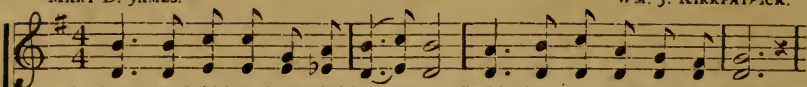


D. S.
want more faith, I want more faith, A clearer, brighter, stronger faith in Jesus;

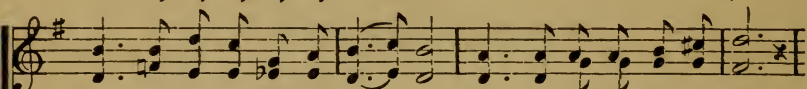
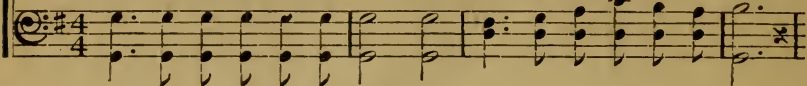
Are You Drifting?

MARY D. JAMES.

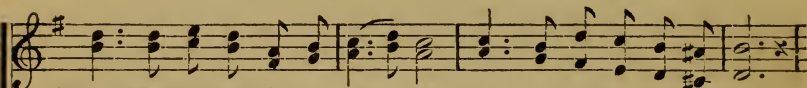
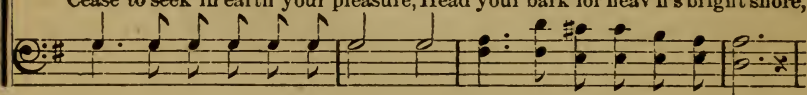
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



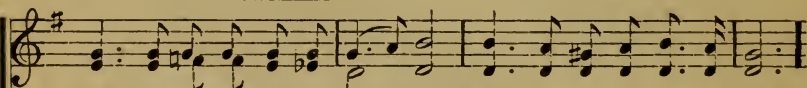
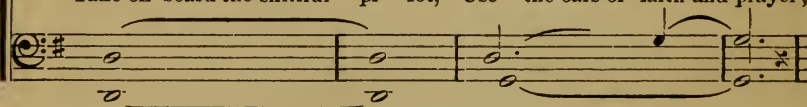
1. Are you drifting down life's current, Drift-ing on a dang'rous tide?
2. Down the stream of worldly pleasure Drift-ing, drifting ev - er- more
3. Heed, oh, heed the kind moni - tion! Give your aimless wand'rings o'er;



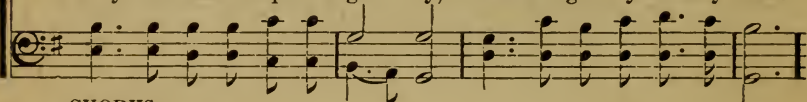
Near the rapids' fearful per - il All unconscious do ye glide?
 T'ward the great unfathomed o - cean, Bound for yon e - ter-nal shore?
 Cease to seek in earth your pleasure, Head your bark for heav'n's bright shore,



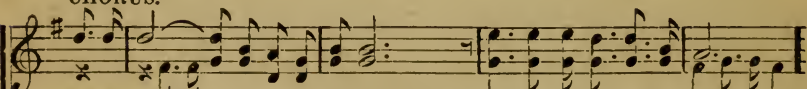
Down the stream of sin and fol - ly,—Heed-ing not the danger near,
 Drift - ing, drifting,—going,—whither? Aim - less, purposeless;—how vain!
 Take on board the skillful pi - lot, Use the oars of faith and prayer;



Drift - ing on in self-com-pla - cence, Feel - ing no remorse or fear?
 To the dark and dread forev - er! What, oh, what have ye to gain?
 Then you'll make the port of glo - ry, God will guide you safely there.

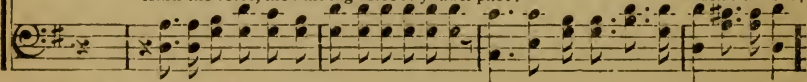


CHORUS.



Hark the voice . . of yonder pilot: Cease your drifting, seize the oar;

Hark the voice, the warning voice of yonder pilot: seize the oar;



Make the blest, celestial harbor, Steer your bark for Canaan's shore.
Make the blest, celestial harbor, make the harbor,

Light after Darkness.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

DUET.

1. Light af - ter dark - ness, Gain af - ter loss, Strength af - ter
2. Sheaves af - ter sow - ing, Sun af - ter rain, Sight af - ter
3. Near af - ter dis - tant, Gleam af - ter gloom, Love af - ter

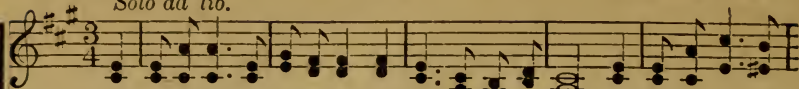
weak - ness, Crown af - ter cross, Sweet af - ter bit - ter,
mys - tery, Peace af - ter pain, Joy af - ter sor - row,
loneliness, Life af - ter tomb; Af - ter long a - go - ny,

Song af - ter fears, Home af - ter wan - der - ing, Praise af - ter tears.
Calm af - ter blast, Rest af - ter wea - riness, — Sweet rest at last.
Rap - ture of bliss; Right was the path - way Leading to this!

FANNY J. CROSBY.

John iii. 16.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

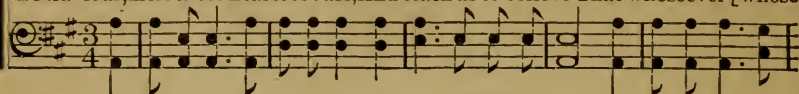
Solo ad lib.

1. God loved the world so tenderly His only Son he gave, That all who on his

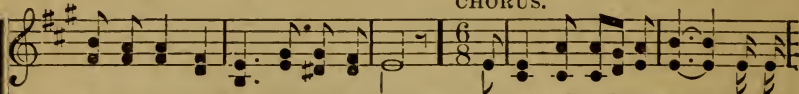
2. Oh, love that only God can feel, And only he can show! Its height and depth, its

3. Why perish, then, ye ransom'd ones? Why slight the gracious call? Why turn from him

4. O Saviour, melt these hearts of ours, And teach us to believe That whosoever [whose

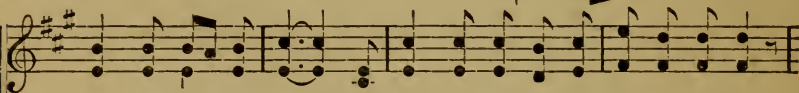
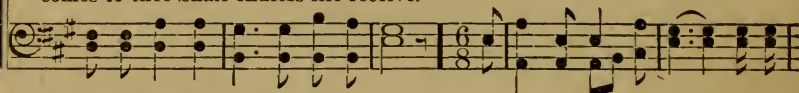


CHORUS.

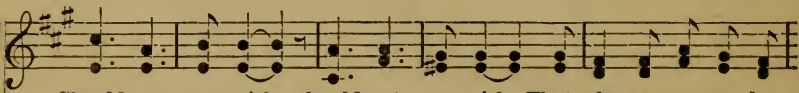
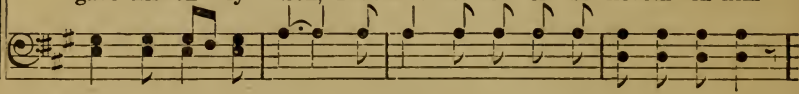
name believe Its wondrous pow'r will save. For God so loved the world that he
length and breadth Nor heav'n nor earth can know!

words proclaim E-ter-nal life to all?

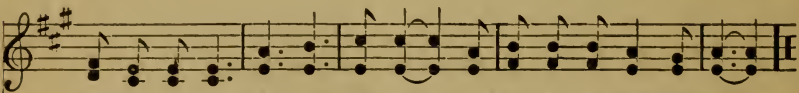
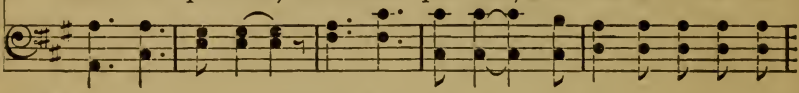
comes to thee Shall endless life receive.



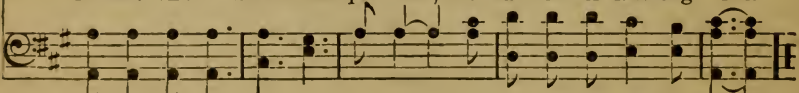
gave his on - ly Son, That who - so - ev - er be - lieveth in him



Should not per - ish, should not per - ish; That who - so - ev - er be -



lieveth in him Should not per - ish, but have ev - er - last - ing life.

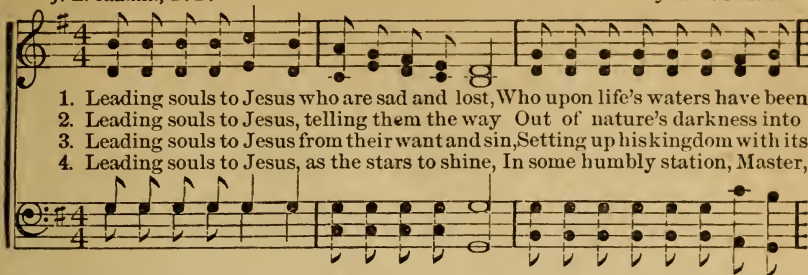


Leading Souls to Jesus.

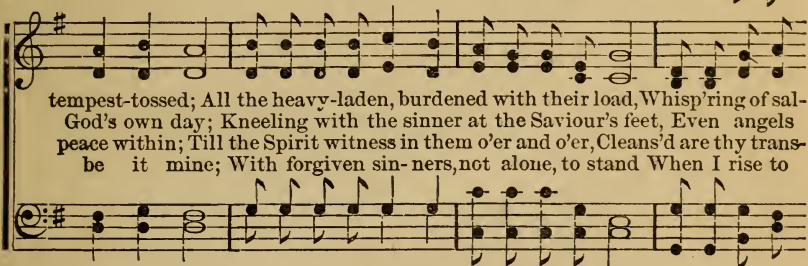
43

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

JNO. R. SWENTY.

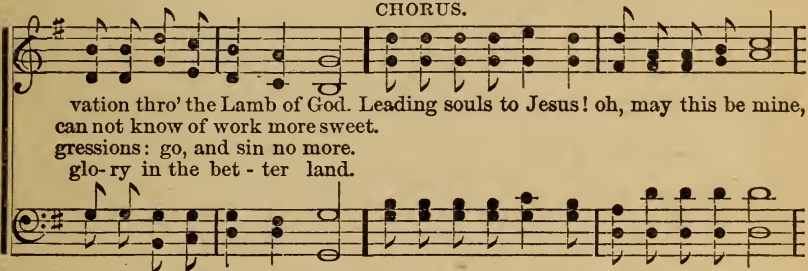


1. Leading souls to Jesus who are sad and lost, Who upon life's waters have been
 2. Leading souls to Jesus, telling them the way Out of nature's darkness into
 3. Leading souls to Jesus from their want and sin, Setting up his kingdom with its
 4. Leading souls to Jesus, as the stars to shine, In some humbly station, Master,

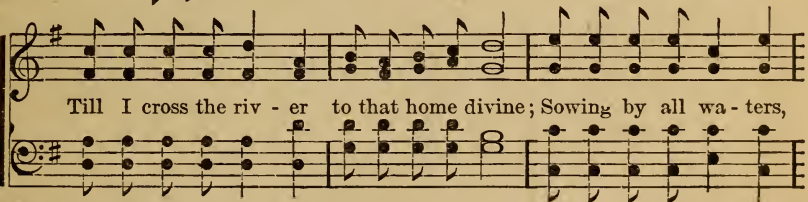


tempest-tossed; All the heavy-laden, burdened with their load, Whisp'ring of sal-
 God's own day; Kneeling with the sinner at the Saviour's feet, Even angels
 peace within; Till the Spirit witness in them o'er and o'er, Cleans'd are thy trans-
 be it mine; With forgiven sin-ners, not alone, to stand When I rise to

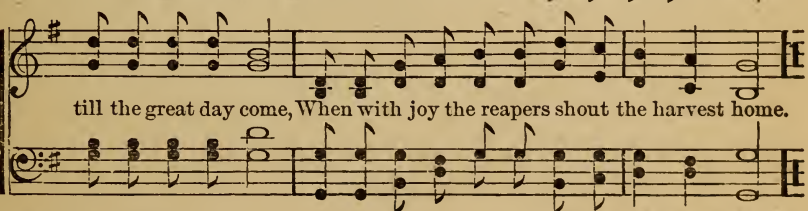
CHORUS.



vation thro' the Lamb of God. Leading souls to Jesus! oh, may this be mine,
 can not know of work more sweet.
 gressions: go, and sin no more.
 glo-ry in the bet - ter land.



Till I cross the riv - er to that home divine; Sowing by all wa - ters,

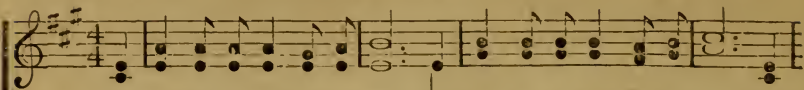


till the great day come, When with joy the reapers shout the harvest home.

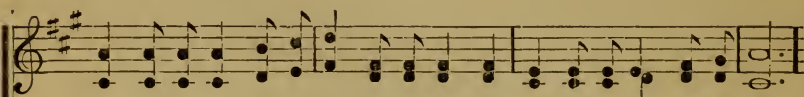
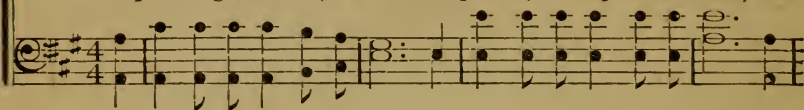
O Prodigal, Don't Stay Away.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. "I will arise and go unto my Father."—Luke xv. 18.

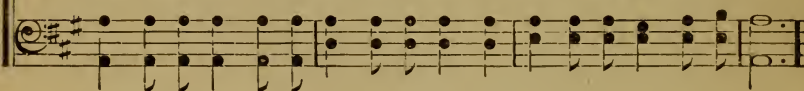
J. W. BISCHOPP.



1. O prod-i-gal, don't stay away! The Fa-ther is wait-ing to-day; There's
2. O prodigal brother, come home! Why longer in wretchedness roam? You're
3. O prodigal, what will you do? Love's ta-ble is wait-ing for you; For-
4. O prod-i-gal brother, a - rise! For pardon, look up to the skies; No



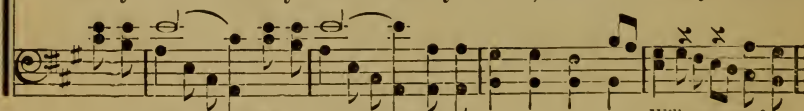
room and to spare, There is raiment to wear, O prod-igal, don't stay a-way.
 lone-ly and lost, You are driven and toss'd, O prod-igal brother, come home.
 givenness so sweet, Sure, your coming will greet, O prodigal, what will you do?
 longer then stray From thy Father away, O prod-i-gal brother, a - rise.



CHORUS.



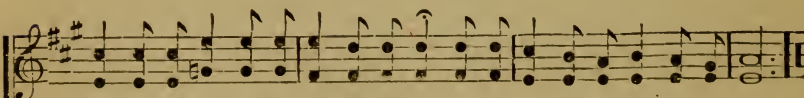
Will you come? Will you come? Will you come, come home to-day? There is



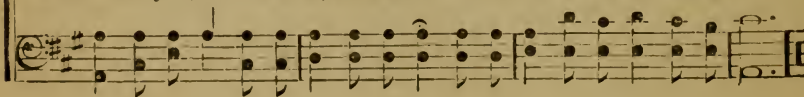
Will you come?

Will you come?

Will you come?



welcome for you, There's a kiss, kind and true, Then, O prodigal, don't stay away.



Marching On.

45

JENNIE GARNETT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. With our col-ors waving bright in the blaze of gos-pel light We are
 2. Oft the tempter we shall meet, but we will not fear de-feat, Though his
 3. We have gird-ed on the sword and the ar-mor of the Lord, We have
 4. Soon we'll reach the pearly gate, where the blessed army wait, Soon their

marshall'd on the world's great field; great field; We are ready for the strife and the
 arrows at our ranks may fly; may fly; Thro'a Saviour's mighty love more than
 ta-ken up the cross he bore; he bore; Oh, the trophies we shall win, oh, the
 welcome, welcome song may ring; may ring; When we lay our armor down and re-

bat-tle work of life, Ev - er trusting in the Lord our shield.
 conquerors we shall prove, Shouting, Glo-ry be to God on high.
 vic-tory o - ver sin, When the bat-tle and the strife are o'er!
 ceive a star-ry crown, Shouting, Glo-ry be to God our King

CHORUS.

Glo-ry to God! we are marching, marching on, Marching to a home above;

Glo - ry to God! we are marching, marching on, Happy in a Saviour's love.

Glory to Jesus, He Saves.

P. B.

P. BILHORN.

1. Glo - ry to Je - sus who died on the tree, Paid the great price that my
 2. Once in my heart there was sin and despair, Now the dear Saviour him-
 3. Come, then, ye wea-ry, who long to be free, Come to the Saviour, he

soul might be free; Now I can sing hal - le - lu - jah to God,
 self dwelleth there, And from his pres-ence comes peace to my soul,
 wait - eth for thee; Then with the ransomed this song you can sing,

CHORUS.

Glo - ry! he saves, he saves. Glo - ry! he saves, glo - ry! he saves,

Saves a poor sin - ner like me; Glo - ry! he saves,

glo - ry! he saves, Saves a poor sin - ner like me. like me.

'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

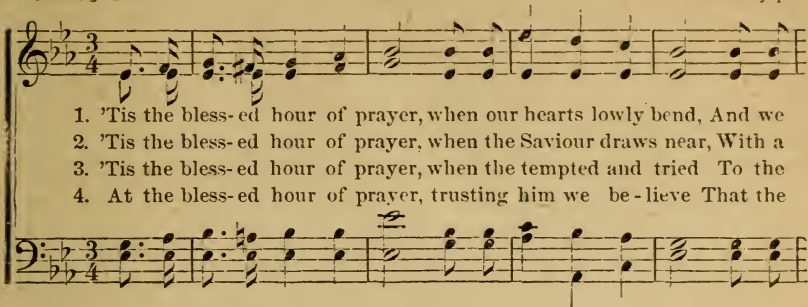
47

FANNY J. CROSBY.

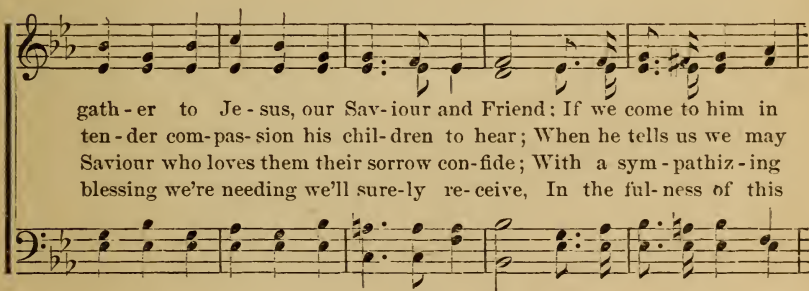
"— went into the temple at the hour of prayer."

Acts iii. 1

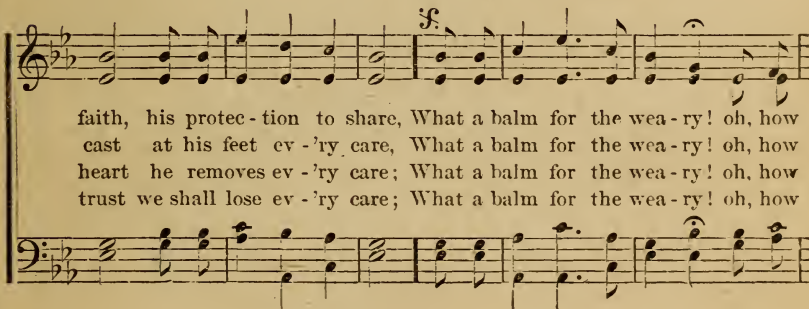
W. H. DOANE. By per



1. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when our hearts lowly bend, And we
 2. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the Saviour draws near, With a
 3. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the tempted and tried To the
 4. At the bless-ed hour of prayer, trusting him we be-lieve That the



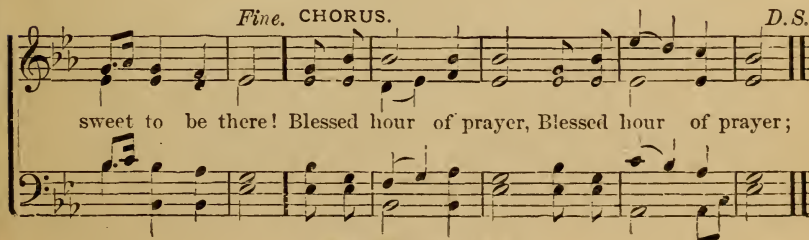
gath-er to Je-sus, our Sav-iour and Friend: If we come to him in
 ten-der com-pas-sion his chil-dren to hear; When he tells us we may
 Saviour who loves them their sorrow con-fide; With a sym-pathiz-ing
 blessing we're needing we'll sure-ly re-ceive, In the ful-ness of this



faith, his protec-tion to share, What a balm for the wea-ry! oh, how
 cast at his feet ev-'ry care, What a balm for the wea-ry! oh, how
 heart he removes ev-'ry care; What a balm for the wea-ry! oh, how
 trust we shall lose ev-'ry care; What a balm for the wea-ry! oh, how

Fine. CHORUS.

D.S.



sweet to be there! Blessed hour of prayer, Blessed hour of prayer;

1. Speak to me, Je - sus, I'm far from thy fold ; Far from kind friends, that so
 2. Speak to me, Je - sus, in tones that so oft, in sickness and sorrow, so
 3. Speak to me, Je - sus, oh, tell of thy power, Mighty to save, when my
 4. Speak to me, Je - sus, thy Spir - it im - part, To strengthen, to comfort, and

oft - en have told That sto - ry so simple, so kind and so free, Oh,
 ten - der and soft, Did gently ad - monish in Beth - a - ny's home, Oh,
 wand'ring are o'er ; I seek now for pardon, in pen - i - tence wait, Oh,
 cheer my weak heart ; Thy voice I have heard, and thy blood is applied ; Oh,

D. S.—get not thy blood, that from sin makes so free ; Oh,

Fine. CHORUS.

speak to me, Je - sus, I'll lis - ten to thee. Speak . . to me
 speak to me, Je - sus, to thee I will come,
 speak to me, Je - sus, be - fore 'tis too late.
 help me, dear Saviour to live at thy side. Speak to me, speak to me,

speak to me, Je - sus, I will come to thee.
 (3d verse.)—I now come to thee.
 (4th verse.)—I have come to thee.

Je - sus, speak . . from a - bove, Tell . . of thy
 speak to me, speak from a - bove, Tell of thy hands,

hands, of thy side, and thy love; For -
 tell of thy side, tell of thy hands, of thy side, and thy love ;

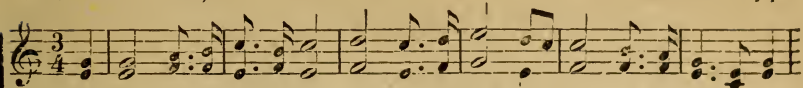
Oh, Sing of His Mighty Love.

49

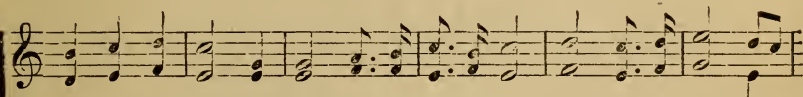
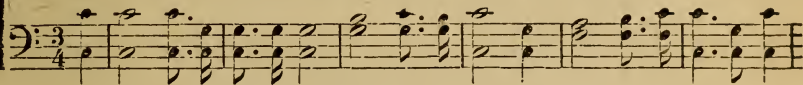
REV. FRANK BOTTOME, D. D.

"Mighty to save."—Isa. xliii. 1.

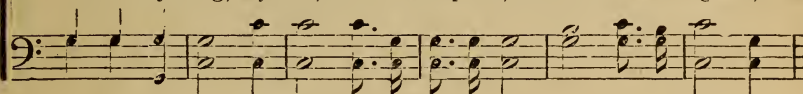
WM. B. BRADBURY. By per.



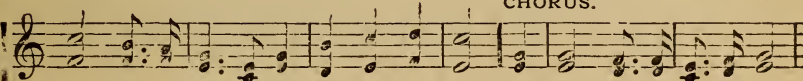
1. Oh, bliss of the pu-ri-fied, bliss of the free, I plunge in the crimson tide
2. Oh, bliss of the pu-ri-fied, Je - sus is mine, No long-er in dread conden-
3. Oh, bliss of the purified, bliss of the pure! No wound hath the soul that his
4. O Je - sus the crucified! thee will I sing, My blessed Redeemer, my



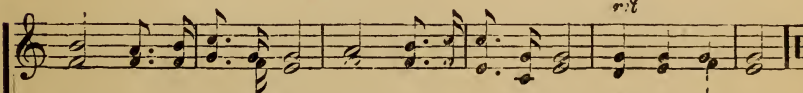
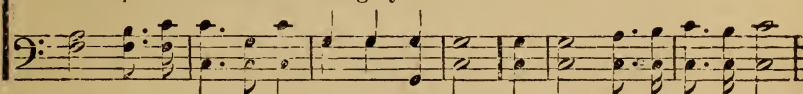
opened for me; O'er sin and uncleanness ex - ult - ing I stand, And na - tion I pine; In conscious sal - vation I sing of his grace, Who blood cannot cure, No sor - row bowed head but may sweetly find rest, No God and my King; My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave, And



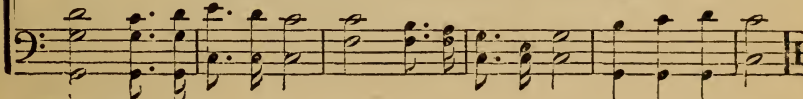
CHORUS.



point to the print of the nails in his hand. Oh, sing of his mighty love.
lift - eth up - on me the light of his face.
tears but may dry them on - Jesus' breast.
triumph in death in the "Mighty to save."

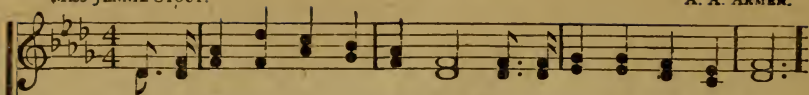


Sing of his mighty love, sing of his mighty love, Mighty to save.

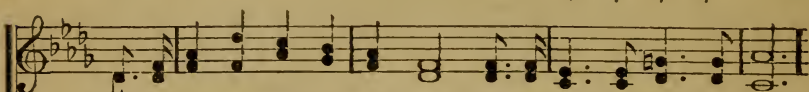


Miss JENNIE STOUT.

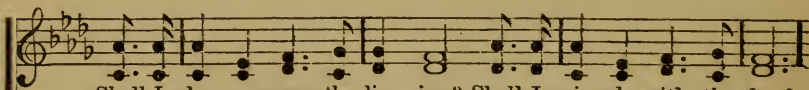
A. A. ARMEN.



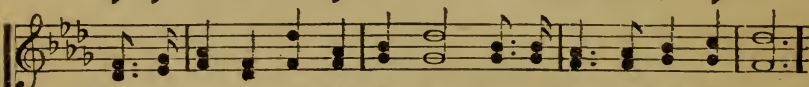
1. Oh, I oft - en sit and pon - der, When the sun is sink - ing low,
 2. Shall I be at work for Je - sus, Whilst he leads me by the hand,
 3. But perhaps my work for Je - sus Soon in fu - ture may be done,



Where shall yonder fu - ture find me: Does but God in heav - en know?
 And to those a - round be say - ing, Come and join his hap - py band?
 All my earthly tri - als end - ed, And my crown in heav - en won;

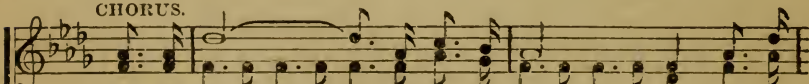


Shall I be a - mong the liv - ing? Shall I min - gle with the free?
 Come, for all things now are rea - dy, Come, his faithful foll - 'wer be;
 Then for - ev - er with the ran - somed Thro' e - ter - ni - ty I'd be



Where - so - e'er my path be lead - ing, Saviour, keep my heart with thee.
 Oh, where'er my path be lead - ing, Saviour, keep my heart with thee.
 Chanting hymns to him who bought me With his blood shed on the tree.

CHORUS.



Oh, the fu - - - - ture lies be - fore me, And I
 Oh, the fu - ture lies be - fore me, And I know not where I'll be, Oh, the

know . . . not where I'll be, But where'er - - my path be
future lies before me, And I know not where I'll be, But where'er my path be leading, Saviour,
lead - - ing, Saviour, keep . . . my heart with thee.
keep my heart with thee, But where'er my path be leading, Saviour, keep my heart with thee.

I'll Live for Him.

C. R. DUNBAR.

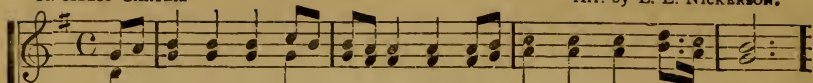
1. My life, my love I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now believe thou dost receive, For thou hast died that I might live;
3. Oh, thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—I'll live for him who died for me, How happy then my life shall be!

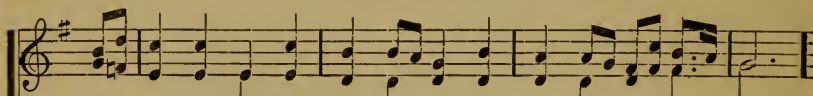
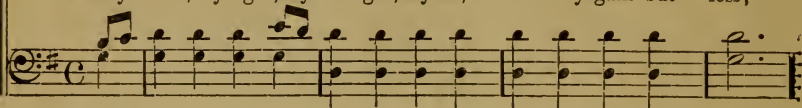
Oh, may I ev - er faith-ful be, My Saviour and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Saviour and my God!
I con - secrate my life to thee, My Saviour and my God!
I'll live for him who died for me, My Saviour and my God!

At the Cross.

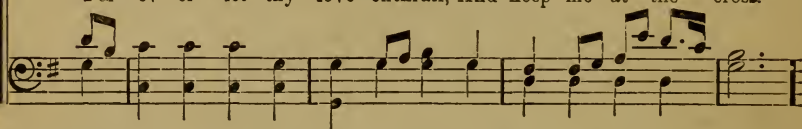
Arr. by E. E. NICKERSON.



1. O Je-sus, Lord, thy dy-ing love Hath pierced my con-trite heart;
2. A - mid the night of sin and death Thy light hath filled my soul;
3. I kiss thy feet, I clasp thy hand, I touch thy bleed-ing side;
4. My Lord, my light, my strength, my all, I count my gain but loss;



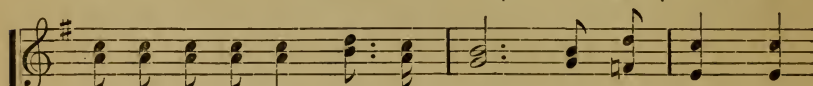
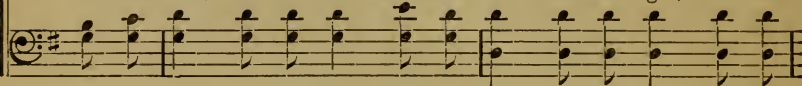
Now take my life, and let me prove How dear to me thou art.
 To me thy lov-ing voice now saith, Thy faith hath made thee whole.
 O let me here for - ev - er stand, Where thou wast cru-ci - fied.
 For - ev - er let thy love enthral, And keep me at the cross.



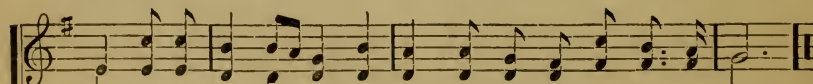
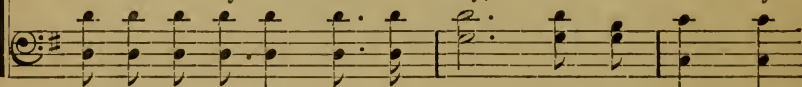
CHORUS.



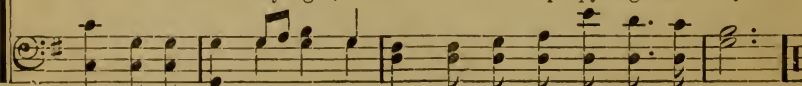
At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the



bur-den of my heart roll'd a - way, It was there by



faith I receiv'd my sight, And now I am hap - py night and day!



Follow On!

53

W. O. CUSHING.

ROBERT LOWRY. By per.

1. Down in the valley with my Saviour I would go, Where the flowers are
 2. Down in the valley with my Saviour I would go, Where the storms are
 3. Down in the valley, or up - on the mountain steep, Close beside my

blooming and the sweet wa-ters flow; Ev'rywhere he leads me I would
 sweeping and the dark wa-ters flow; With his hand to lead me I will
 Saviour would my soul ev - er keep; He will lead me safely, in the

fol-low, fol-low on, Walking in his footsteps till the crown he won.
 nev - er, nev - er fear, Dangers cannot fright me if my Lord is near.
 path that he has trod, Up to where they gather on the hills of God.

REFRAIN.

Follow! follow! I would follow Jesus! Anywhere, ev'rywhere, I would follow on!

Follow! follow! I would follow Jesus! Ev'rywhere he leads me I will follow on!

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. In the shadow of his wings There is rest, sweet rest; There is rest from care and
 2. In the shadow of his wings There is peace, sweet peace, Peace that passeth under-
 3. In the shadow of his wings There is joy, glad joy, There is joy to tell the

la - bor, There is rest for friend and neighbor, In the shadow of his wings,
 standing, Peace, sweet peace that knows no ending, In the shadow of his wings,
 sto - ry, Joy ex - ceeding, full of glo - ry; In the shadow of his wings,

There is rest, sweet rest, In the shadow of his wings There is rest, sweet rest,
 There is peace, sweet peace, In the shadow of his wings There is peace, sweet peace,
 There is joy, glad joy, In the shadow of his wings, There is joy, glad joy,

CHORUS.

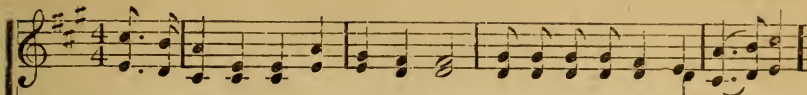
There is rest, There is peace, There is joy In the shadow of his wings;
 sweet rest, sweet peace, glad joy,

There is rest, there is peace, There is joy In the shadow of his wings.
 sweet rest, sweet peace, glad joy,

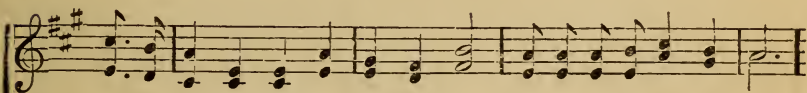
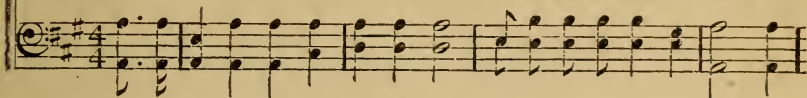
Drinking at the Living Fountain. 55

The "Lanan."

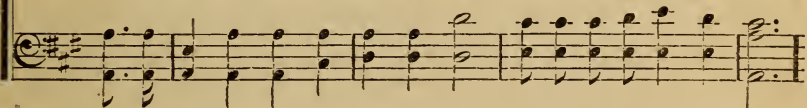
P. BILHORN.



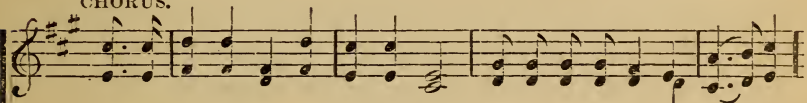
1. I have found a balm for all my woe, Jesus is the living fountain;
2. When I came to Je - sus in my sin, Bending at the living fountain;
3. As I heard his voice so kind and sweet, Sounding at the living fountain;
4. To the fountain come, O come to-day, Flowing is the living fountain;



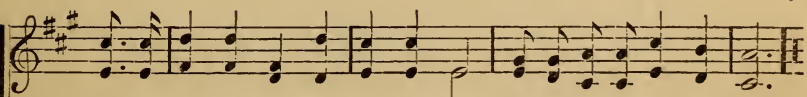
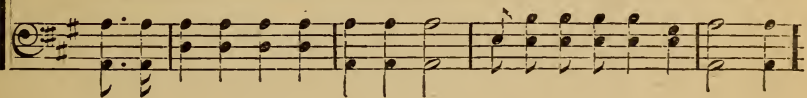
I am full of joy, as Christ I know, Drinking at the fount of life.
Then he heard my prayer and made me clean, Cleansed me at the fount of life.
Then I wept and sang low at his feet, Drinking at the fount of life.
If you come he'll wash your sins a - way, Je - sus is the fount of life.



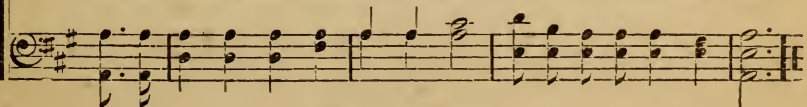
CHORUS.



O the fount is Christ, in him believe, Drinking at the living fountain;

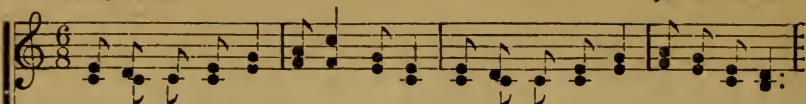


All who come to him, the life received, Jesus is the fount of life.

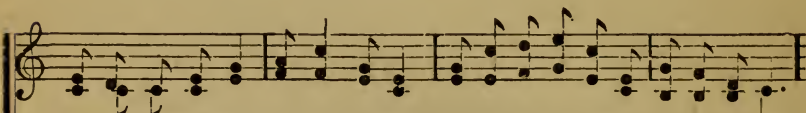
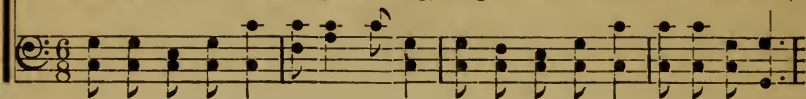


FANNY J. CROSBY.

JMO. R. SWENEY

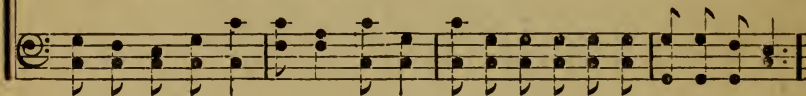


1. Out on the des-ert, looking, looking, Sinner, 'tis Je-sus looking for thee;
2. Still he is waiting, waiting, waiting, O, what compassion beams in his eye,
3. Lovingly pleading, pleading, pleading, Mercy, tho' slighted, bears with thee yet;
4. Spirits in glory, watching, watching, Long to behold thee safe in the fold;

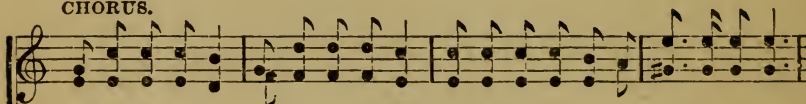


Tender - ly calling, calling, calling, Hither, thou lost one, O, come unto me.
 Hear him repeat-ing gent-ly, gently, Come to thy Saviour, O, why wilt thou die.
 Thou canst be happy, hap-py, hap-py, Come, ere thy life-star forever shall set.

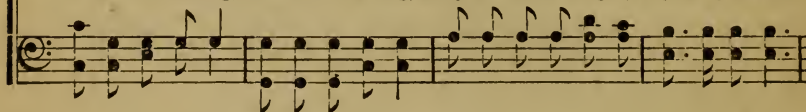
Angels are waiting, waiting, waiting, When shall thy story with rapture be told?



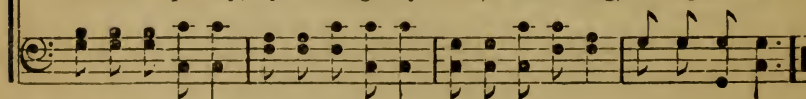
CHORUS.



Jesus is looking, Jesus is calling, Why dost thou linger, why tarry away?



Run to him quickly, say to him gladly, Lord, I am coming, coming to-day.

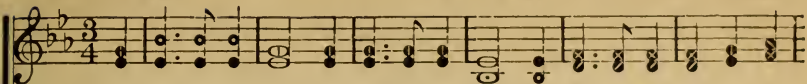


The Child of a King.

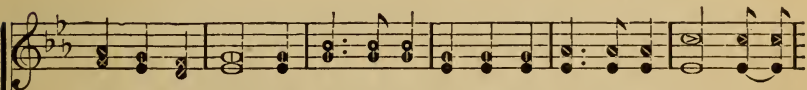
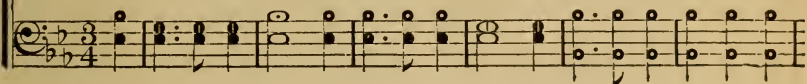
57

HATTIE E. BUELL.

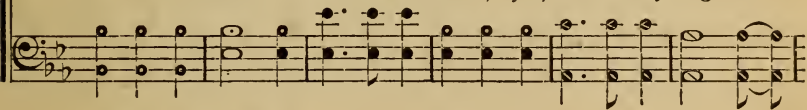
Arr. from Melody by Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER.



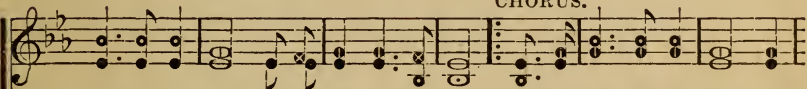
1. My Fa-ther is rich in houses and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the
2. My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men, Once wander'd o'er earth as the
3. I once was an out-cast stranger on earth, A sin-ner by choice, an
4. A tent or a cot-tage, why should I care? They're building a palace for



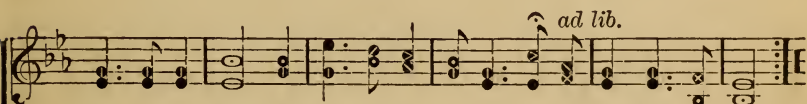
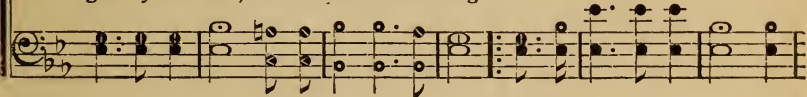
world in his hands! Of ru-bies and diamonds, of silver and gold His
poorest of men, But now he is reigning for-ev-er on high, And will
al-ien by birth! But I've been a-dopt-ed, my name's written down,—An
me o-ver there! Tho' exiled from home, yet, still I may sing: All



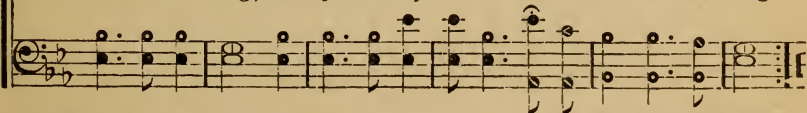
CHORUS.

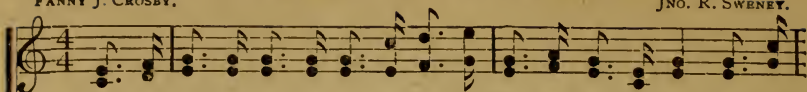


cof-fers are full,—he has riches un-told. I'm the child of a King, The
give me a home in heaven by and by.
heir to a man-sion, a robe, and a crown.
glo-ry to God, I'm the child of a King.

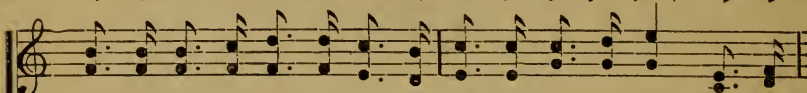
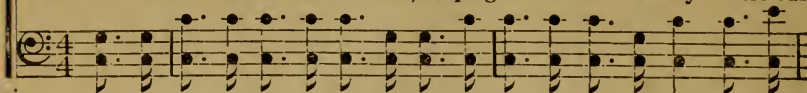


child of a King; With Je-sus my Saviour I'm the child of a King.

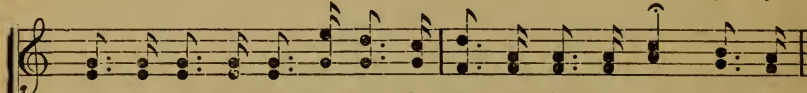
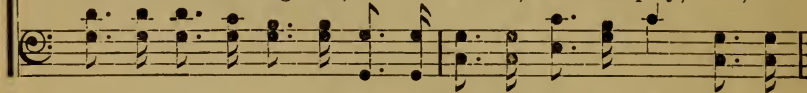




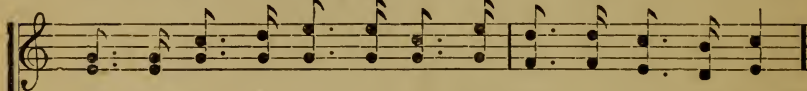
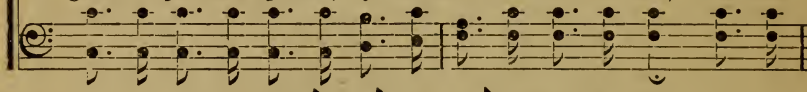
1. Thro' the gates of pearl and jasper To the ci - ty paved with gold, When the
2. When the harvest work is ended, And the summer days are past, When the
3. Let us fol - low on with firmness, keeping ev - er in the way Where our



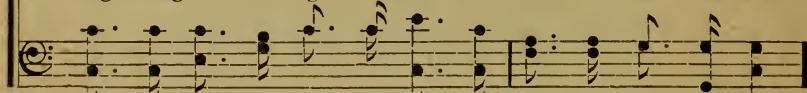
ransomed host shall en - ter, And their gracious Lord be - hold, When they
reap - ers go re - joic - ing To their bright re - ward at last; When the
bles - sed Lord has taught us, To be faith - ful, watch and pray; Then, in



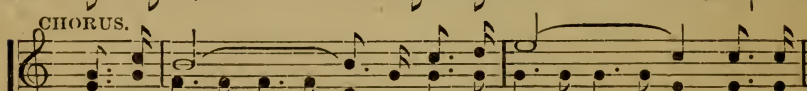
meet in bliss - ful triumph By the tree of life so fair Shall we
white-robed an - gel leads them to the gates of joy so fair, Shall we
garments pure and spotless, By the tree of life so fair, We shall



join the no - ble arm - y, And re - ceive a wel - come there?
join their hap - py num - ber? Will they bid us wel - come there?
sing through endless ag - es With the count - less mil - lions there.

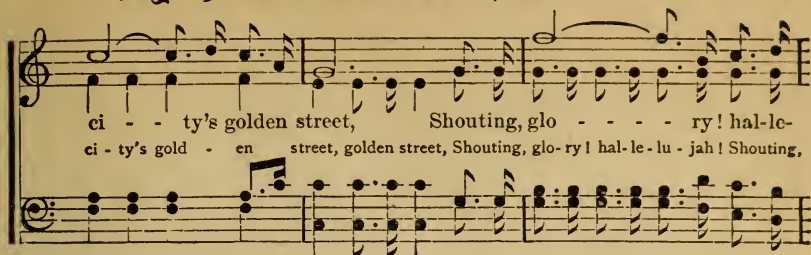


CHORUS.

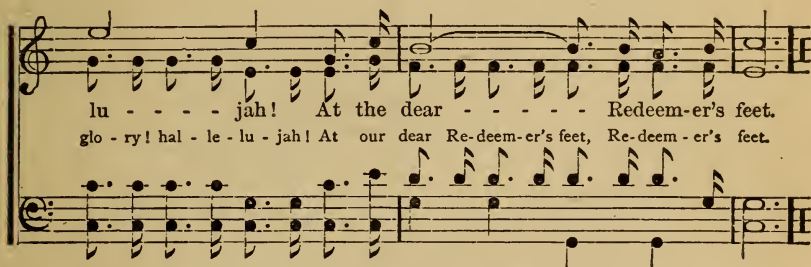


By the grace . . . of God we'll meet . . . In the
By the grace of God we'll meet, By the grace of God we'll meet In the





ci - - ty's golden street, Shouting, glo - - - ry! hal-le-
ci - ty's gold - en street, golden street, Shouting, glo-ry! hal-le-lu - jah! Shouting,

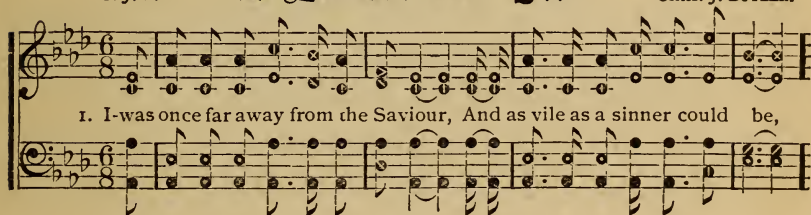


lu - - - jah! At the dear - - - Redeem-er's feet.
glo - ry! hal - le - lu - jah! At our dear Re-deem-er's feet, Re-deem - er's feet.

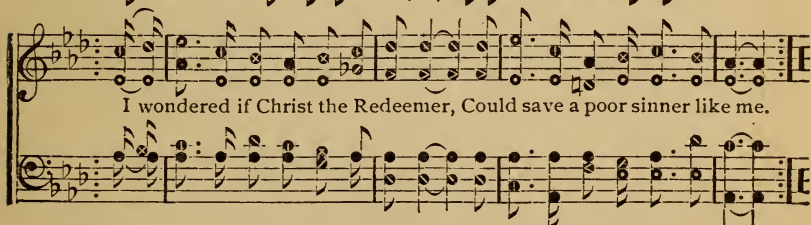
C. J. B.

A Sinner like Me.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.



1. I was once far away from the Saviour, And as vile as a sinner could be,



I wondered if Christ the Redeemer, Could save a poor sinner like me.

2 I wandered on in the darkness,
Not a ray of light could I see, [ness,
And the thought filled my heart with sad-
There's no hope for a sinner like me.

3 I then fully trusted in Jesus,
And oh, what a joy came to me;
My heart was filled with his praises,
For saving a sinner like me.

4 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me,
And now unto others I'm telling,
How he saved a poor sinner like me.

5 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Saviour shall see,
I'll praise him forever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.

Happy Tidings.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark ! hark ! the sound ! Hear the joyful ech- o
 2. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark ! hark ! they say. Do not slight the warning.
 3. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark ! hark ! a- gain ! Rushing o'er the mountain,

Thro' the world resound ; Christ the Lord proclaims them. Hear and heed the call,
 Come, oh, come to-day ; Christ our loving Saviour, Still repeats the call,
 Sweeping o'er the plain ; Onward goes the message, 'Tis the Saviour's call,

REFRAIN.

Come, ye starving ones that perish, Room, room for all. Whosoever - er asketh,
 Come, ye weary, heavy - laden, Room, room for all.
 Come, for ev'rything is ready, Room, room for all.

Jesus will receive ; Whosoever thirsteth, Jesus will relieve ; See the living

waters, Flowing full and free ; Oh, the blessed whosoever - er ! That means me.

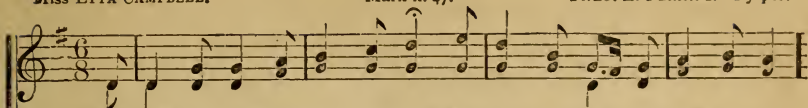
Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

61

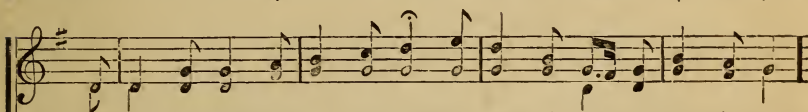
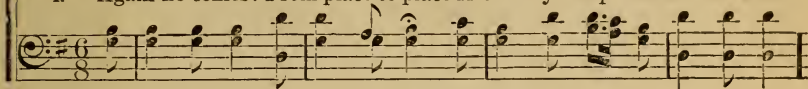
MISS ETTA CAMPBELL.

Mark x. 47.

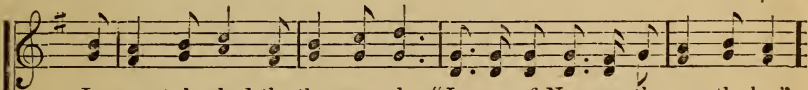
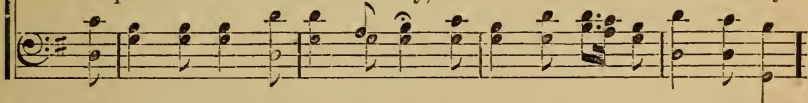
THEO. E. PERKINS. By per.



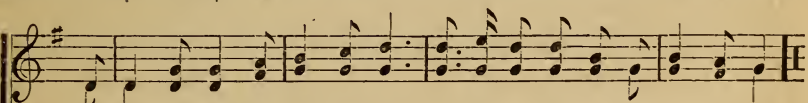
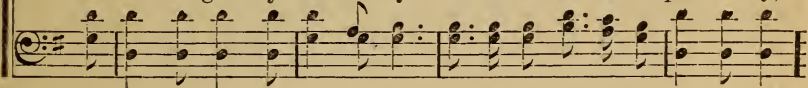
1. What means this eager, anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste along—
2. Who is this Jesus? Why should he The ci - ty move so might-i - ly?
3. Je - sus! 'tis he who once be - low Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
4. Again he comes! From place to place His ho - ly footprints we can trace.



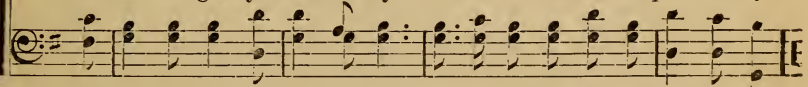
These wondrous gath' rings day by day? What means this strange commotion pray?
A pass - ing stranger, has he skill To move the mul - ti - tude at will?
And burdened ones, where'er he came, Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame.
He paus - eth at our threshold—nay, He en - ters—con - descends to stay.



In accents hushed the throng reply: "Je - sus of Naz - areth passeth by,"
A - gain the stirring notes re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - areth passeth by,"
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry: "Je - sus of Naz - areth passeth by,"
Shall we not glad - ly raise the cry—"Je - sus of Naz - areth passeth by,"



In accents hushed the throng reply: "Je - sus of Naz - areth pass - eth by."
A - gain the stirring notes re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - areth pass - eth by."
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry: "Je - sus of Naz - areth pass - eth by."
Shall we not gladly raise the cry—"Je - sus of Naz - areth pass - eth by."



5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home.
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept his proffered grace.
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

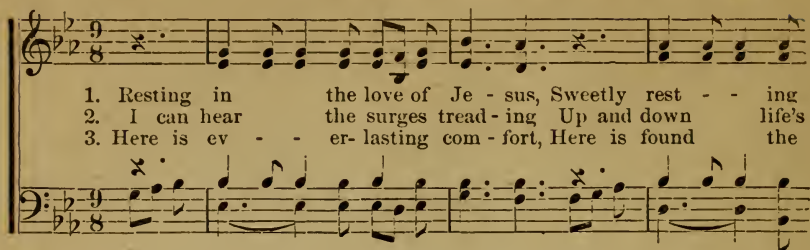
6 But if you still this call refuse,
And all his wondrous love abuse,
Soon will he sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth has passed by."

Anchored On the Rock of Ages.

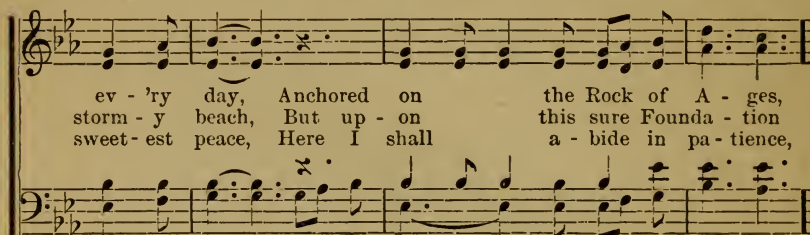
F. L. CORNISH.

"This is my Rest forever."—Psalm cxxxii: 14.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

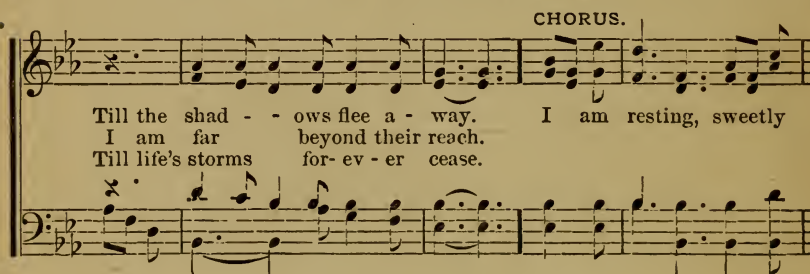


1. Resting in the love of Je - sus, Sweetly rest - - ing
 2. I can hear the surges tread - ing Up and down life's
 3. Here is ev - - er - lasting com - fort, Here is found the

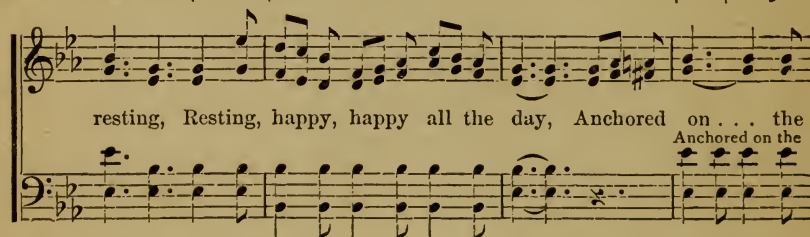


ev - 'ry day, Anchored on the Rock of A - ges,
 storm - y beach, But up - on this sure Founda - tion
 sweet - est peace, Here I shall a - bide in pa - tience,

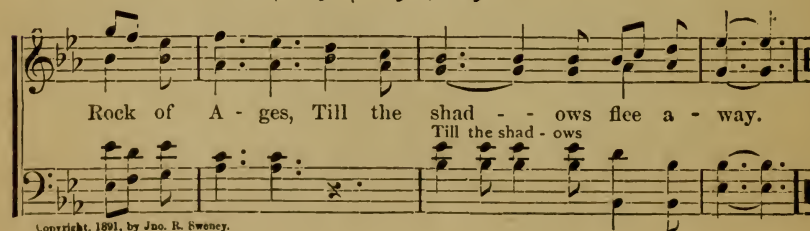
CHORUS.



Till the shad - - ows flee a - way. I am resting, sweetly
 I am far beyond their reach.
 Till life's storms for - ev - er cease.



resting, Resting, happy, happy all the day, Anchored on . . . the
 Anchored on the



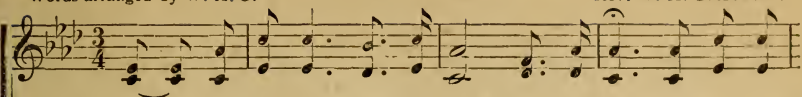
Rock of A - ges, Till the shad - - ows flee a - way.
 Till the shad - ows

What's the News.

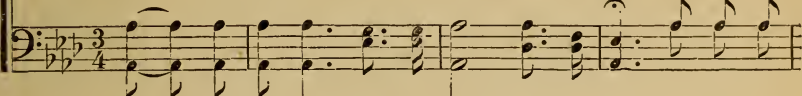
63

Words arranged by W. H. G.

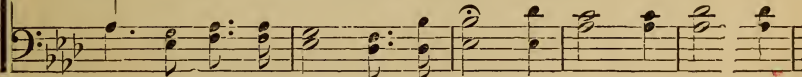
Rev. W. H. GEISTWEIT.



1. When'er we meet we always say, "What's the news? Pray what's the
2. God has pardoned all my sin, That's the news! I feel the
3. And now if a - ny one should say, What's the news? O tell him
4. Wea - ry pilgrim, hear the call, Bless - ed news! Christ Je - sus



or - der of the day, What's the news?" His work's re - viv - ing
wit - ness deep with-in, That's the news! And since he took my
you've be - gun to pray, That's the news! That you have joined the
came to save us all, That's the news! He died to set poor



all a-round, And sin - ners hear the gos - pel sound, Re-
sins a - way, And taught me how to watch and pray, I'm
conqu'ring band, And now with joy at God's command, You're
sin - ners free, That we from death might ran - somed be, And



joic-ing in a Saviour found, That's the news! That's the news!
hap - py now from day to day, That's the news! That's the news!
marching to the bet - ter land, That's the news! That's the news!
with him reign e - ter - nal - ly, That's the news! That's the news!



God be with You.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."
Rom. xvi. 20.

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet again, By his counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath his wings securely hide you;
3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you;
4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you;

With his sheep securely fold you, God be with you till we meet again.
Dai - ly manna still provide you, God be with you till we meet again.
Put his arms unfailing round you, God be with you till we meet again.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet again.

CHORUS.

Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, till we meet;

Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

Lead Me, Saviour.

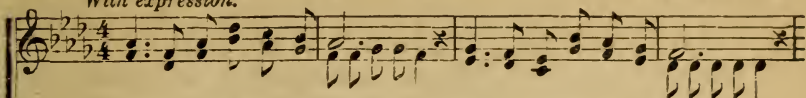
65

F. M. D.

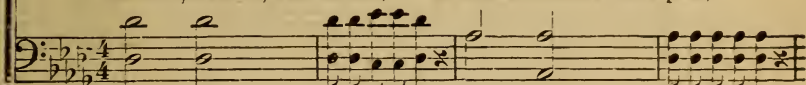
"For thy name's sake lead me, guide me."—Ps. xxxi. 3.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

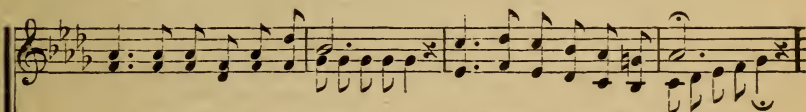
With expression.



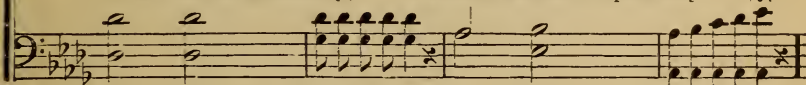
1. Saviour, lead me, lest I stray, Gent-ly lead me all the way;
2. Thou the refuge of my soul When life's stormy billows roll,
3. Saviour, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is past,



1. Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gent - ly lead me all the way;

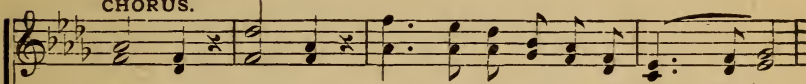


I am safe when by thy side, I would in thy love abide.
I am safe when thou art nigh, All my hopes on thee rely.
To the land of endless day, Where all tears are wiped away.

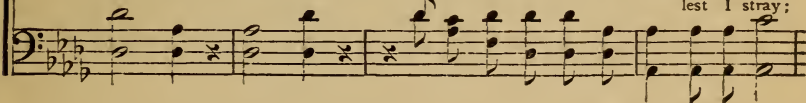


I am safe when by thy side, I would in thy love abide.

CHORUS.

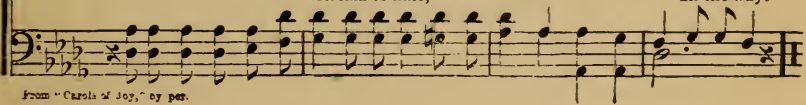


Lead me, lead me, Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray; . . .
lest I stray;



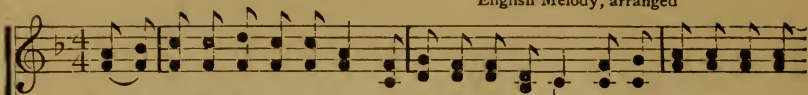
rit. e dim.

Gently down the stream of time, Lead me, Saviour, all the way.
stream of time, all the way.

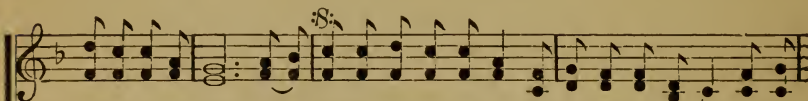
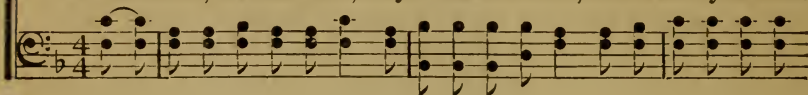


The Lily of the Valley.

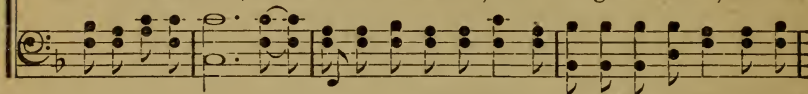
English Melody, arranged



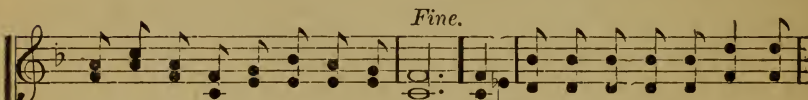
1. I have found a friend in Jesus, he's ev'rything to me, He's the fairest of ten
2. He all my griefs has taken, and all my sorrows borne; In temptation he's my
3. He will never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me here, While I live by faith and



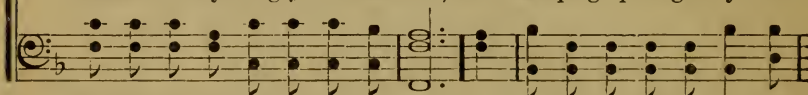
thousand to my soul; The Li-ly of the Valley, in him alone I see All I strong and mighty tower; I have all for him forsaken, and all my idols torn From my do his blessed will; A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear; With his



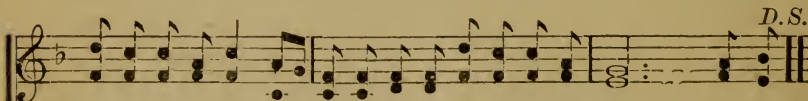
D. S.—Lily of the Valley, the bright and Morning Star, He's the



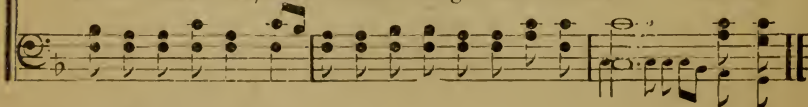
need to cleanse and make me fully whole; In sorrow he's my comfort, in heart, and now he keeps me by his power; Tho' all the world forsake me, and manna he my hungry soul shall fill; Then sweeping up to glo-ry to



fair-est of ten thousand to my soul. *CHO.*—In sorrow, etc. (*after each verse.*)



trouble he's my stay, He tells me ev'ry care on him to roll. He's the
Satan tempts me sore, Thro' Jesus I shall safely reach the goal He's the
see his blessed face, Where rivers of delight shall ever roll. He's the



Rise Up and Hasten.

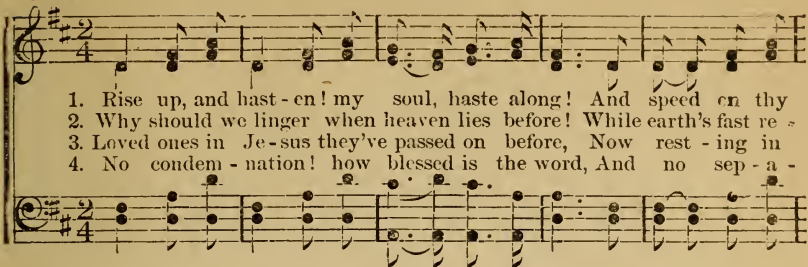
67

"Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away"

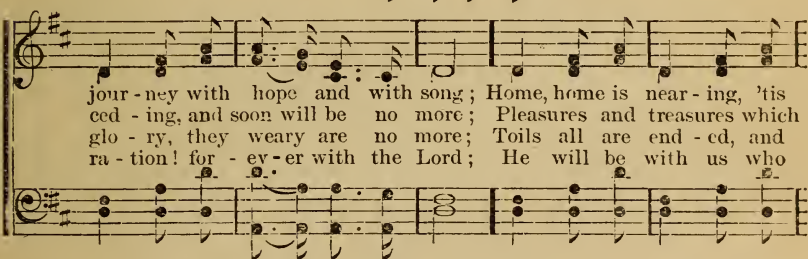
J. DENHAM SMITH. Arr.

Song of Sol. ii. 10.

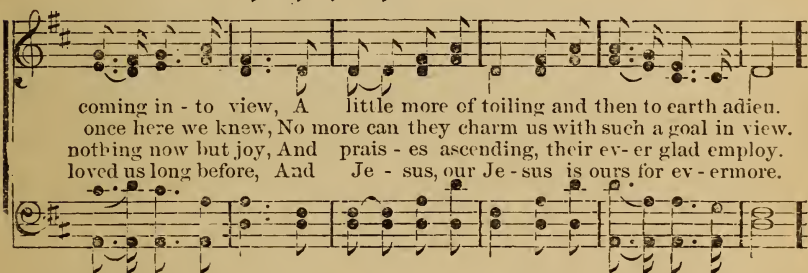
Arr. by JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. Rise up, and hast-en! my soul, haste along! And speed on thy
 2. Why should we linger when heaven lies before! While earth's fast re-
 3. Loved ones in Je-sus they've passed on before, Now rest-ing in
 4. No condem-nation! how blessed is the word, And no sep-a-



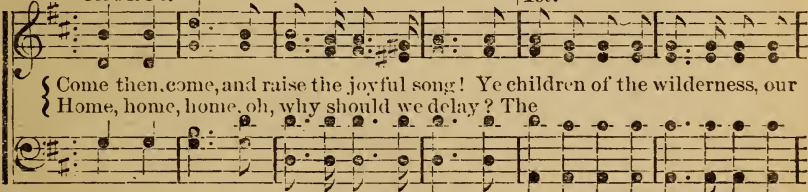
jour-ney with hope and with song; Home, home is near-ing, 'tis
 ced-ing, and soon will be no more; Pleasures and treasures which
 glo-ry, they weary are no more; Toils all are end-ed, and
 ra-tion! for-ev-er with the Lord; He will be with us who



coming in-to view, A little more of toiling and then to earth adieu.
 once here we knew, No more can they charm us with such a goal in view.
 nothing now but joy, And prais-es ascending, their ev-er glad employ.
 loved us long before, And Je-sus, our Je-sus is ours for ev-ermore.

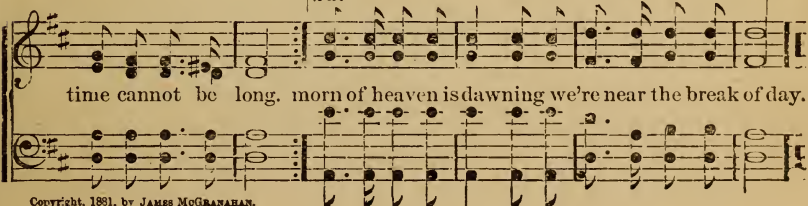
CHORUS.

1st.



{ Come then, come, and raise the joyful song! Ye children of the wilderness, our
 { Home, home, home, oh, why should we delay? The

2d.



time cannot be long. morn of heaven is dawning we're near the break of day.

What a Gath'ring that will be.

J. H. K.

"Gather my saints together unto me."—Ps. l. 5.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gather'd home, We will
 2. When the angel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more, We shall
 3. At the great and final judgement, when the hidden comes to light, When the
 4. When the golden harps are sounding, and the angel bands proclaim, In tri-

greet each other by the crystal sea, With the friends and all the lov'd ones there a-
 gather, and the saved and ransom'd see, Then to meet again to-gether, on the
 Lord in all his glo-ry we shall see; At the bidding of our Saviour, "Come, ye
 umphant strains the glorious jubilee; Then to meet and join to sing the song of

wait-ing us to come, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
 bright ce-lestial shore, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
 bless-ed, to my right, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
 Mos-es and the Lamb, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!

CHORUS.

What a gath - - - 'ring, gath - - - 'ring, At the
 What a gath'ring of the loved ones when we'll meet with one an - oth - er,

sounding of the glorious ju-bi - lee! What a gath - - - 'ring,
 ju-bi-lee! What a gath'ring when the friends and all the

gath - - - 'ring, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
 dear ones meet each oth - er,

Oh! 'tis Glory in My Soul.

FLORA L. BEST.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. To thy cross, dear Christ I'm clinging, All my re - fuge and my plea;
 2. Long my heart hath heard thee calling, But I thrust a - side thy grace;
 3. Love e - ter - nal, light e - ter - nal, Close me safe - ly, sweetly in;

Matchless is thy lov - ing kindness, Else it had not stoop'd to me.
 Yet, O boundless con - de - scension, Love is shin - ing from thy face.
 Sav - iour, let thy balm of healing, Ev - er keep me free from sin.

CHORUS.

Oh, 'tis glo - ry! oh, 'tis glo - ry! Oh, 'tis glo - ry in my soul,

For I've touch'd the hem of his garment, And his pow'r doth make me whole.

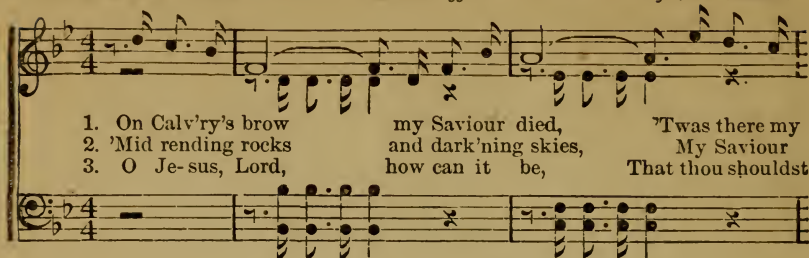
Calvary.

"The place which is called Calvary, there they crucified him."


Rev. W. M'K. DARWOOD.

Luke xxiii. 33.

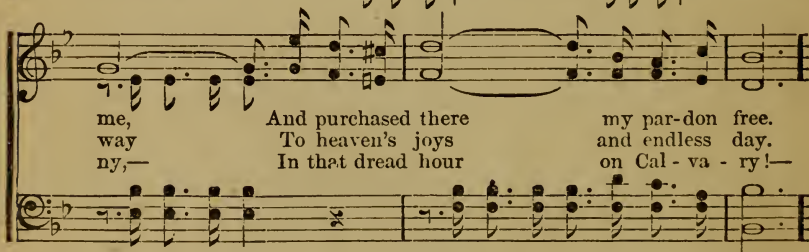
JNO. R. SWENBY.



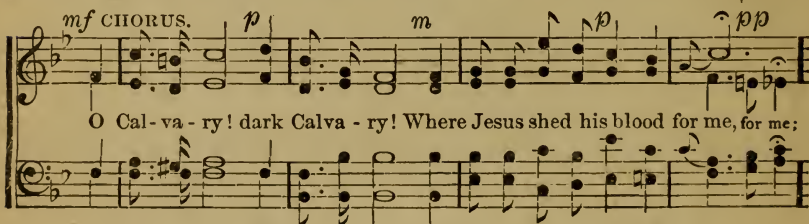
1. On Calv'ry's brow my Saviour died, 'Twas there my
2. 'Mid rending rocks and dark'ning skies, My Saviour
3. O Je-sus, Lord, how can it be, That thou shouldst



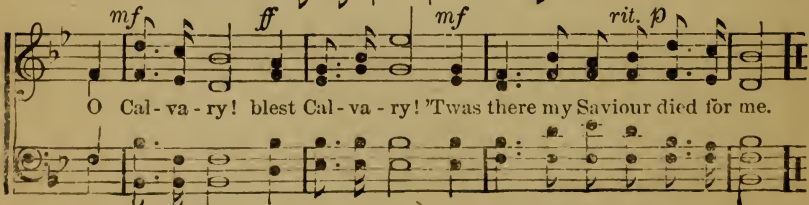
Lord was cruci - fied: 'Twas on the cross he bled for
bows his head and dies; The opening veil reveals the
give thy life for me, To bear the cross and ag-o-



me, And purchased there my par-don free.
way To heaven's joys and endless day.
ny,— In that dread hour on Cal - va - ry!—



mf CHORUS. *p* *m* *p* *pp*
O Cal - va - ry! dark Calva - ry! Where Jesus shed his blood for me, for me;



mf *ff* *mf* *rit. p*
O Cal - va - ry! blest Cal - va - ry! 'Twas there my Saviour died for me.

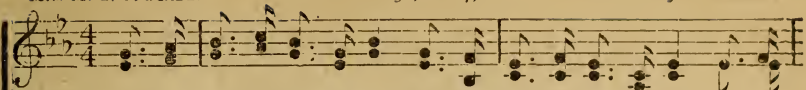
Over Jordan.

71

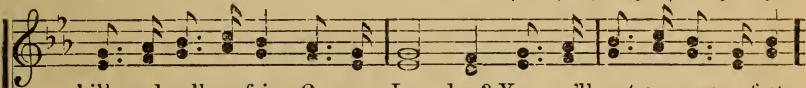
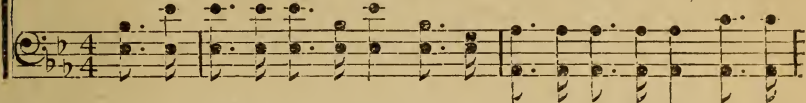
Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

Deut. xi. 31; viii 7, 8.

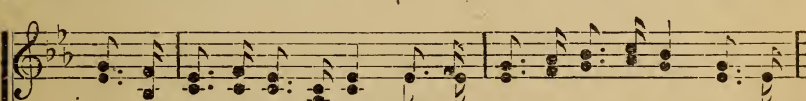
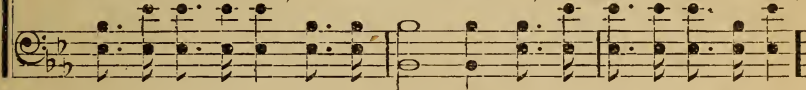
J. R. MURRAY.



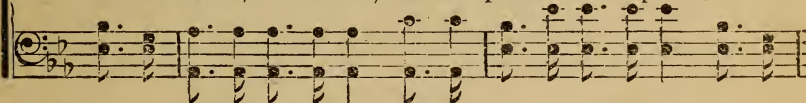
1. With his dear and loving care Will the Saviour lead us on, To the
2. Through the rocky wilderness Will the Saviour lead us on, To the
3. With his strong and mighty hand Will the Saviour lead us on, To that
4. In the Promised Land to be Will the Saviour lead us on, Till fair



hills and valleys fair, O - ver Jor - dan? Yes, we'll rest our weary feet
land we shall possess, O - ver Jor - dan? Yes, by night the wondrous ray,
good and pleasant land, O - ver Jor - dan? Yes, where vine and olive grow,
Canaan's shore we see, O - ver Jor - dan? Yes, to dwell with thee at last,

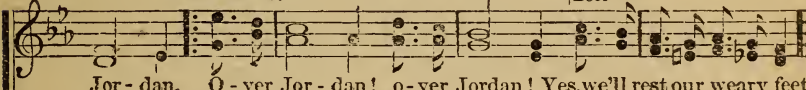


By the crystal waters sweet, When the peaceful shore we greet, O - ver
Cloudy pil - lar by the day, They shall guide us on our way, O - ver
And the brooks and fountains flow, Thirst nor hunger shall we know. O - ver
Guide and lead us, as thou hast, Till the parted wave be passed, O - ver

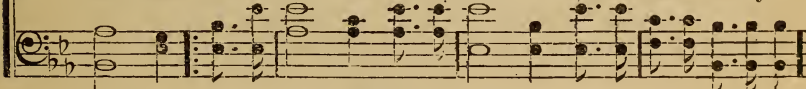


CHORUS.

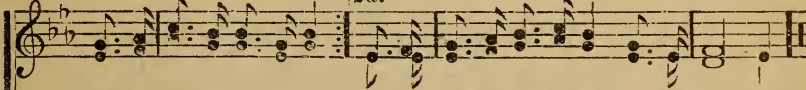
1st.



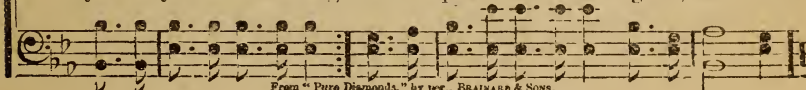
Jor - dan. O - ver Jor - dan! o - ver Jordan! Yes, we'll rest our weary feet



2d.



By the crystal waters sweet, When the peaceful shore we'll greet, Over Jordan.



W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hear the foot-steps of Je-sus, He is now passing by, Bearing balm for the
 2. 'Tis the voice of that Saviour, Whose mer-ci-ful call Freely off-ers sal-
 3. Are you halting and struggling, O'erpowered by your sin, While the waters are
 4. Bless-ed Saviour, as-sist us To rest on thy word; Let the soui healing

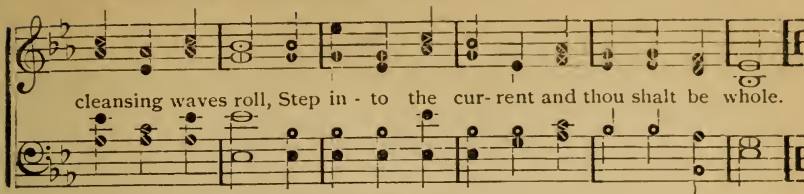
wounded, Healing all who ap-ply; As he spake to the suff'rer Who
 va-tion To one and to all; He is now beck'ning to him Each
 troubled Can you not en-ter in? Lo, the Saviour stands waiting To
 pow-er On us now be out-poured: Wash away ev-'ry sin-spot, Take

lay at the pool, He is say-ing this moment, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
 sin tainted soul, And lov-ing-ly asking, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
 strengthen your soul, He is earnest-ly pleading, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
 per-fect con-trol, Say to each trusting spirit, "Thy faith makes thee whole."

REFRAIN.

Wilt thou be made whole? Wilt thou be made whole? O come, wea-ry

suff'rer, O come, sin-sick soul; See, the life-stream is flow-ing, See, the

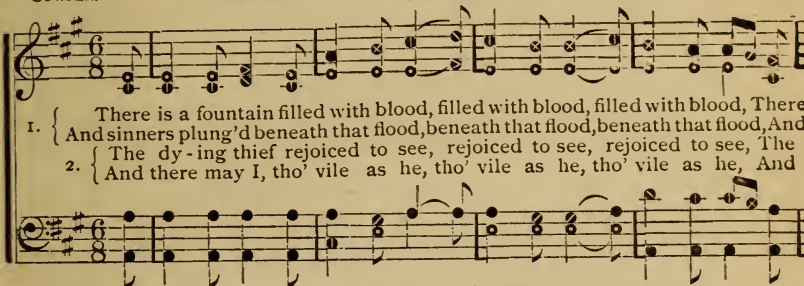


cleansing waves roll, Step in - to the cur - rent and thou shalt be whole.

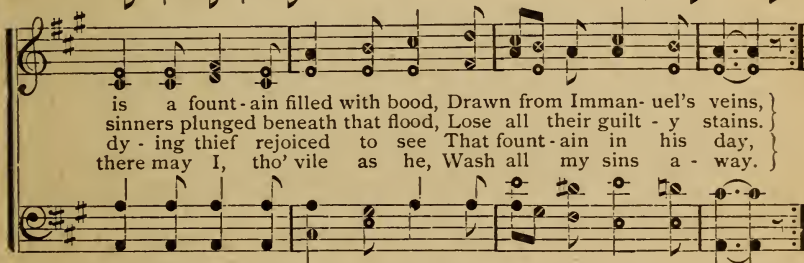
COWPER.

Glorious Fountain.

T. C. O'KANE.



I. { There is a fountain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood, There
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood, And
2. { The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see, The
And there may I, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, And

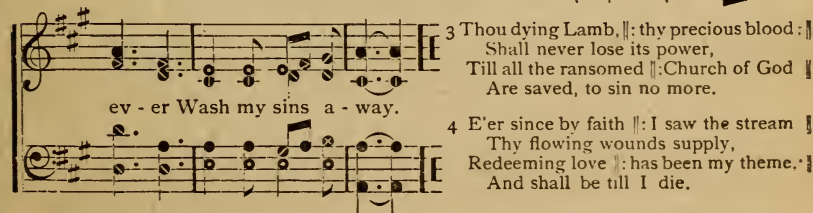


is a fount - ain filled with bood, Drawn from Imman - uel's veins, }
sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains. }
dy - ing thief rejoiced to see That fount - ain in his day, }
there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way. }

CHORUS.



Oh, glo - ri - ous fount - ain! Here will I stay, And in thee



ev - er Wash my sins a - way.

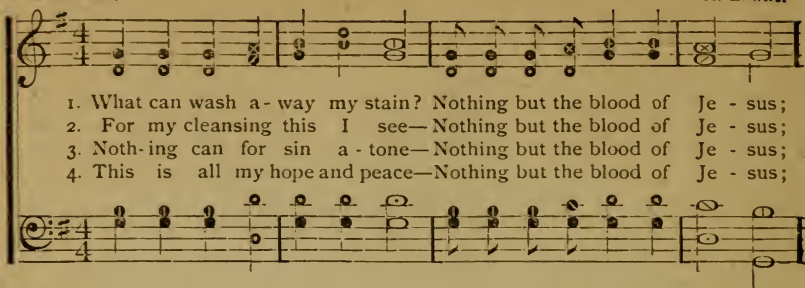
3 Thou dying Lamb, ||: thy precious blood: ||
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed ||: Church of God ||
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith ||: I saw the stream ||
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love ||: has been my theme: ||
And shall be till I die.

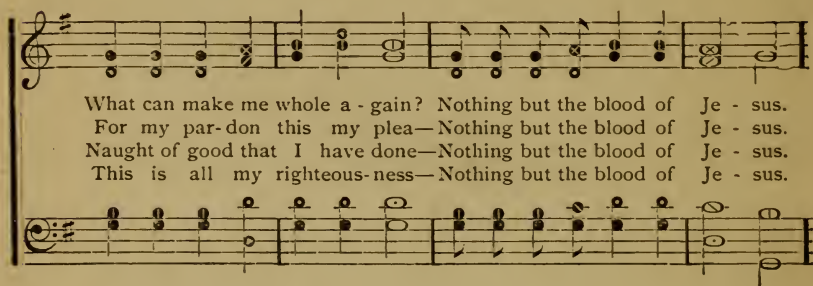
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

R. LOWRY.

R. LOWRY.

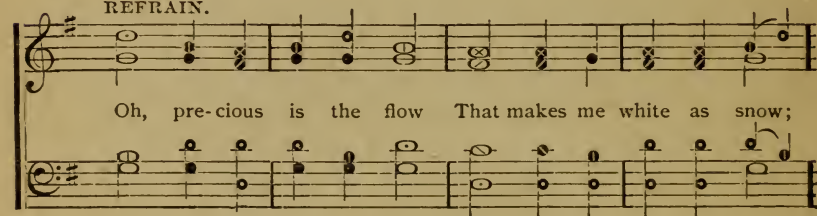


1. What can wash a - way my stain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
 2. For my cleansing this I see—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
 3. Noth - ing can for sin a - tone—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
 4. This is all my hope and peace—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;

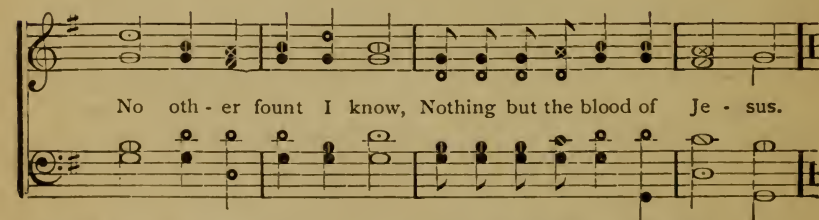


What can make me whole a - gain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
 For my par-don this my plea—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
 Naught of good that I have done—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
 This is all my righteous-ness—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

REFRAIN.



Oh, pre-cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;



No oth - er fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

5 Now by this I'll overcome—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
 Now by this I'll reach my home—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

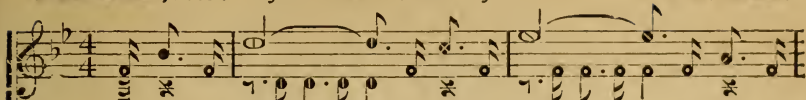
6 Glory! glory! thus I sing—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
 All my praise for this I bring—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Memories of Galilee.

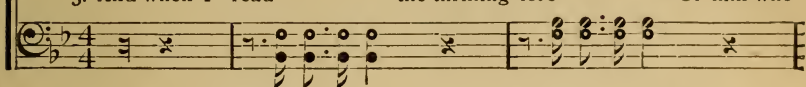
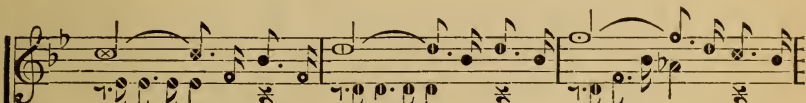
75

ROBERT MORRIS, LL. D. "Jesus walked in Galilee."—John vii. 1.

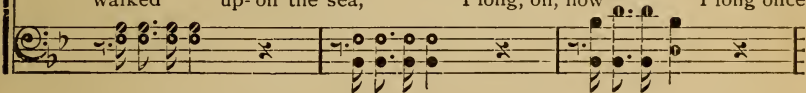
H. R. PALMER.



1. Each coo-ing dove and sighing bough, That makes the
2. Each flowery glen and mossy dell, Where hap-py
3. And when I read the thrilling lore Of him who

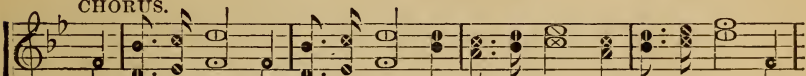
eye so blest to me, Has something far divin - er
birds in song a - gree, Thro' sunny morn the praises
walked up-on the sea, I long, oh, how I long once



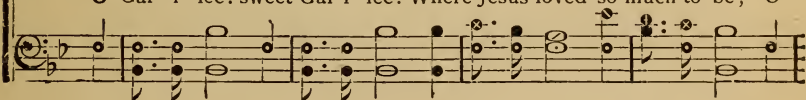
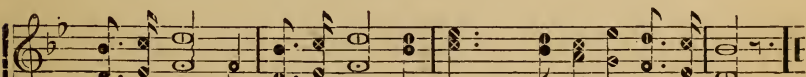

now, It bears me back to Gal - i - lee.
tell Of sights and sounds in Gal - i - lee.
more To follow him in Gal - i - lee.



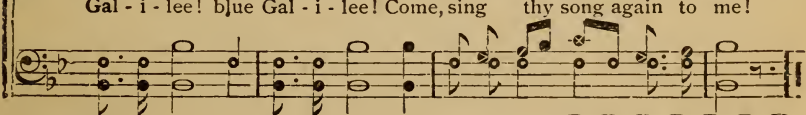
CHORUS.



O Gal - i - lee! sweet Gal-i- lee! Where Jesus loved so much to be; O

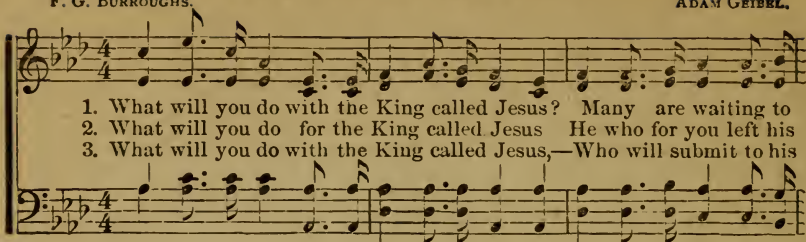
Gal - i - lee! blue Gal - i - lee! Come, sing thy song again to me!



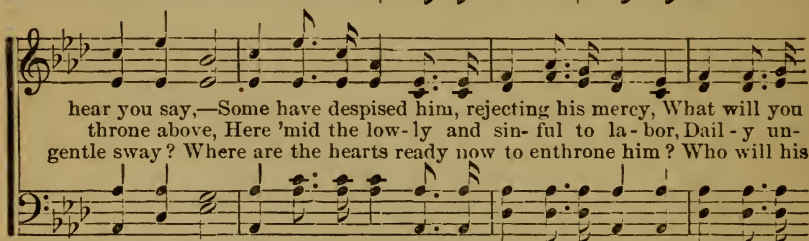
What will You do?

F. G. BURROUGHS.

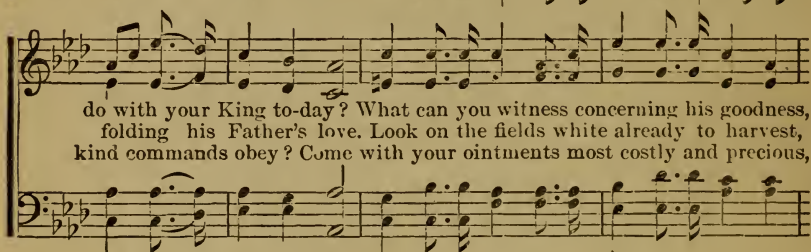
ADAM GEIBEL.



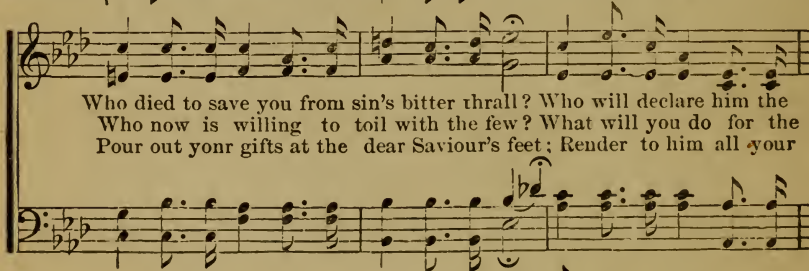
1. What will you do with the King called Jesus? Many are waiting to
2. What will you do for the King called Jesus He who for you left his
3. What will you do with the King called Jesus,—Who will submit to his



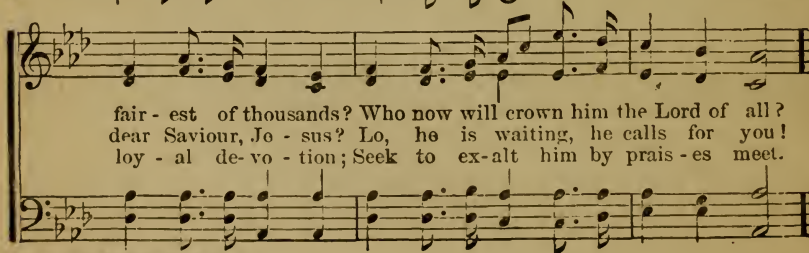
hear you say,—Some have despised him, rejecting his mercy, What will you throne above, Here 'mid the low-ly and sin-ful to la-bor, Dail-y un-gentle sway? Where are the hearts ready now to enthrone him? Who will his



do with your King to-day? What can you witness concerning his goodness, folding his Father's love. Look on the fields white already to harvest, kind commands obey? Come with your ointments most costly and precious,



Who died to save you from sin's bitter thrall? Who will declare him the Who now is willing to toil with the few? What will you do for the Pour out your gifts at the dear Saviour's feet; Render to him all your



fair-est of thousands? Who now will crown him the Lord of all? dear Saviour, Je-sus? Lo, he is waiting, he calls for you! loy-al de-vo-tion; Seek to ex-alt him by prais-es meet.

CHORUS. *Voices in unison.*

What will you do with the King called Jesus? What, oh, what will you do with Jesus?

Voices in parts.

He waits to bless all who humbly confess Faith in his blood and righteousness.

Consecration.

Mrs. MARY D. JAMES.

Mrs. Jos. F. KNAPP.

1. My bo-dy, soul, and spirit, Jesus, I give to thee, A con-secrat-ed
2. O Jesus, mighty Saviour, I trust in thy great name, I look for thy sal-
3. Oh, let the fire, descending Just now upon my soul, Consume my humble
4. I'm thine, O blessed Jesus, Wash'd by thy precious blood, Now seal me by thy

REFRAIN.

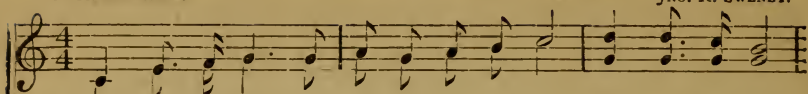
offering, Thine ev-ermore to be. My all is on the al-tar, I'm
va-tion, Thy promise now I claim.
offering, And cleanse and make me whole.
Spir-it, A sac-rifice to God.

waiting for the fire; Waiting, waiting, waiting, I'm waiting for the fire.

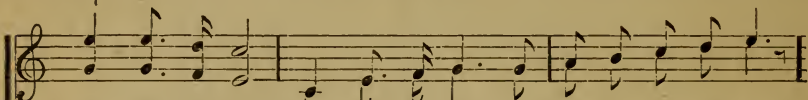
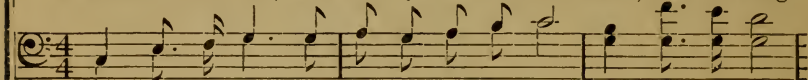
78 Praise and Magnify our King.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

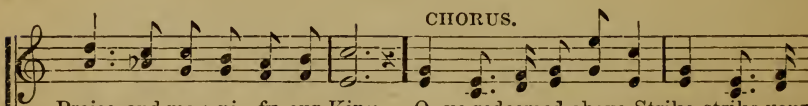
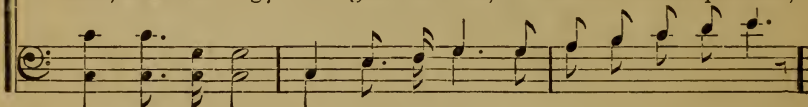
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Great is the Lord, who rul - eth o - ver all! Wake, wake and sing,
2. Great is the Lord, who spake and it was done; Wake, wake and sing,
3. Great is the Lord, oh, come with ho - ly mirth; Wake, wake and sing,
4. Great is the Lord, and ho - ly is his name! Wake, wake and sing.

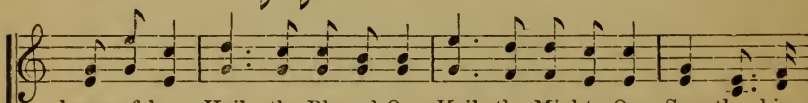
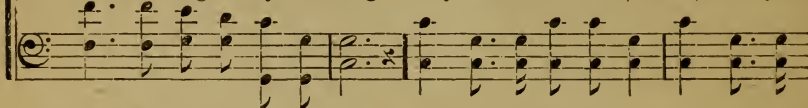


wake, wake and sing; Down at his feet in ad - o - ra - tion fall,
wake, wake and sing; Hon - or and strength, dominion he has won,
wake, wake and sing, Come and re - joice, ye na - tions of the earth,
wake, wake and sing; An - gels and men, his wondrous works proclaim,

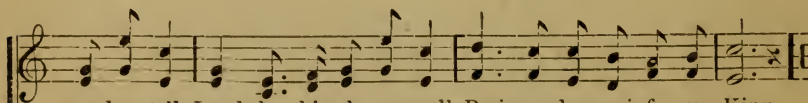
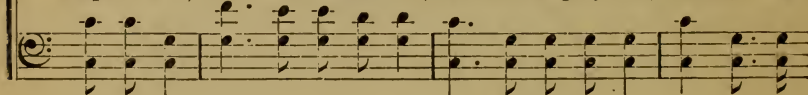


CHORUS.

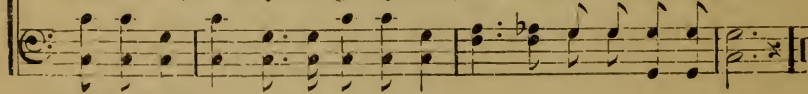
Praise and mag - ni - fy our King. O ye redeemed above, Strike, strike your



harp of love, Hail the Blessed One, Hail the Mighty One, Sweetly his



wonders tell, Loud - ly his glo - ry swell, Praise and magni - fy our King.



Take me as I am.

79

ANON.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Je-sus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Unless thou help me I must die;
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me thy blood was spilt,
3. I thirst, I long to know thy love, Thy full sal-va-tion I would prove;
4. If thou hast work for me to do, Inspire my will, my heart renew,
5. And when at last the work is done, The bat-tle o'er, the vic-t'ry won,

Oh, bring thy free sal-va-tion nigh, And take me as I am!
 And thou can'st make me what thou wilt, But take me as I am!
 But since to thee I can-not move, Oh, take me as I am!
 And work both in and by me, too, But take me as I am!
 Still, still my cry shall be a-lone, Oh, take me as I am!

D. S.—bring thy free sal-va-tion nigh, And take me as I am!

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Take me as I am, Take me as I am; Oh,
 Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am;

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

JUST AS I AM.

Tune and Chorus above.

- 1 JUST as I am, without one plea,
 But that thy blood was shed for me,
 And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come!
- 2 JUST as I am, and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 To thee whose blood can cleanse each
 O Lamb of God, I come! [spot,
- 3 JUST as I am, though tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 Fightings within, and fears without,
 O Lamb of God, I come!
- 4 JUST as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
 O Lamb of God, I come!
- 5 JUST as I am—thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 Because thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come!
- 6 JUST as I am—thy love unknown
 Hath broken every barrier down,
 Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

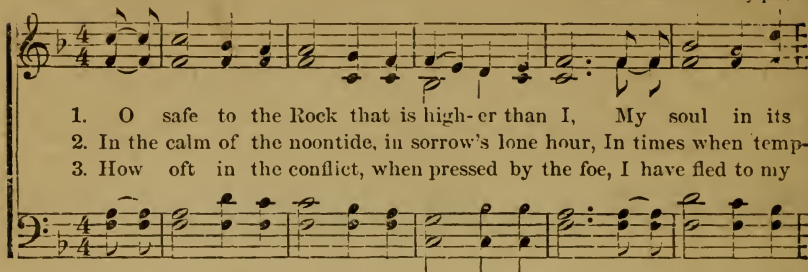
Hiding in Thee.

"My strong rock, for a house of defense."

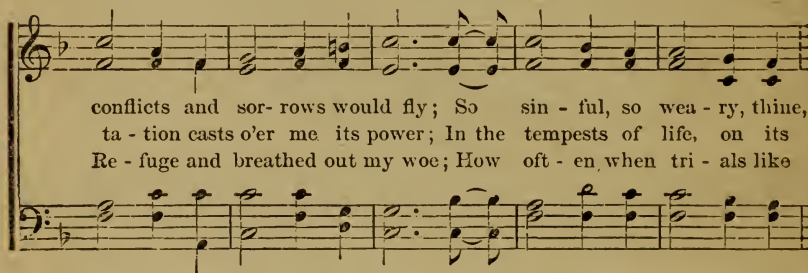
REV. WILLIAM O. CUSHING

Ps. xxxi 2

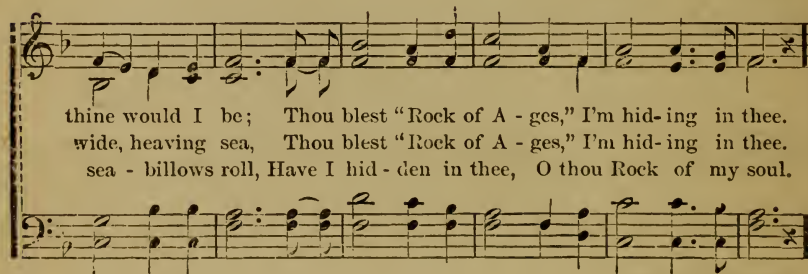
IRA. D. SANKEY. Ey per.



1. O safe to the Rock that is high-er than I, My soul in its
 2. In the calm of the noontide, in sorrow's lone hour, In times when temp-
 3. How oft in the conflict, when pressed by the foe, I have fled to my

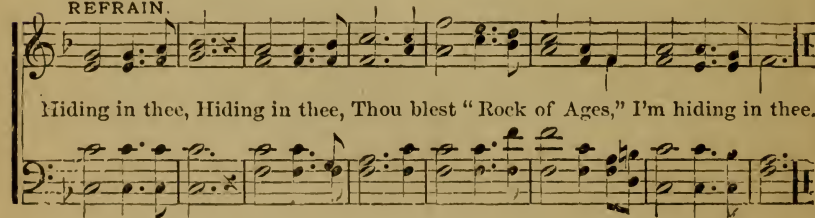


conflicts and sor-rows would fly; So sin-ful, so wea-ry, thine,
 ta-tion casts o'er me its power; In the tempests of life, on its
 Re-fuge and breathed out my woe; How oft-en when tri-als like



thine would I be; Thou blest "Rock of A-ges," I'm hid-ing in thee.
 wide, heaving sea, Thou blest "Rock of A-ges," I'm hid-ing in thee.
 sea-billows roll, Have I hid-den in thee, O thou Rock of my soul.

REFRAIN.

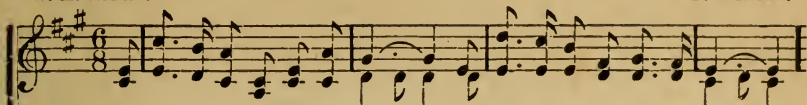


Hiding in thee, Hiding in thee, Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in thee.

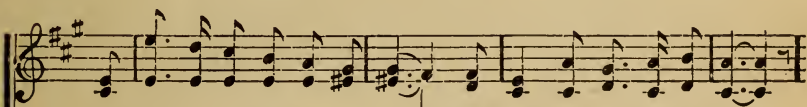
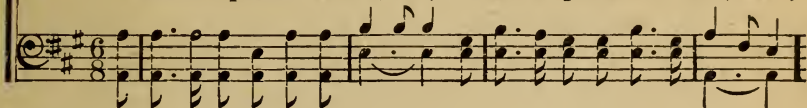
Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love. 81

P. H. ROBLIN.

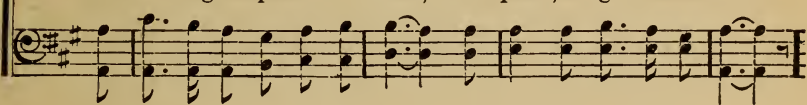
P. BILHORN.



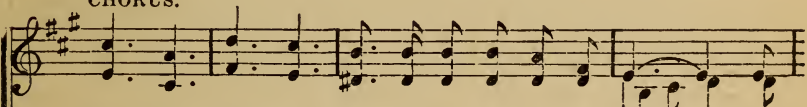
1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, A glad and a joyous re - frain,
sweet strain, refrain,
2. By Christ on the cross peace was made, My debt by his death was all paid,
was made, all paid,
3. When Jesus as Lord I had crowned, My heart with this peace did abound,
had crowned, abound,
4. In Jesus for peace I a - hide, abide, And as I keep close to his side, his side,



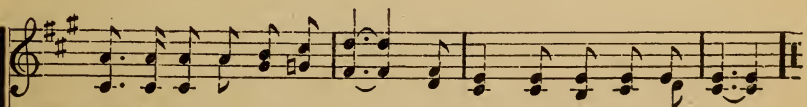
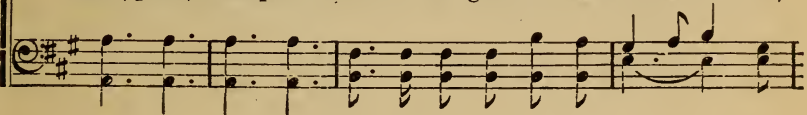
I sing it a - gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
No oth - er founda - tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.
In him the rich blessing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
There's nothing but peace doth betide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.



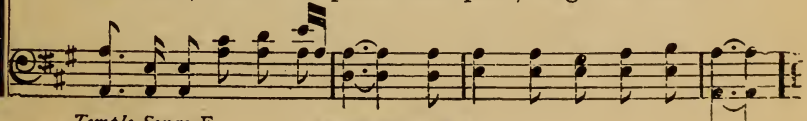
CHORUS.



Peace, peace, sweet peace! Won - der - ful gift from a - bove! a - bove! Oh,



won - derful, wonder - ful peace! Sweet peace, the gift of God's love!



REV WM. H. HUNTER, D. D.

Arranged by J. H. STOCKTON.

1. The Great Phy- si - cian now is here, The sym- pa- thiz- ing Je - sus : }
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus. }

CHORUS.

Sweet-est note in ser - aph song, Sweetest name on mor - tal tongue,

Sweet-est car - ol ev - er sung, *pp* Je - sus, bles - sed Je - sus.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.</p> <p>3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.</p> <p>4 The children too, both great and small,
Who love the name of Jesus,
May now accept his gracious call
To work and live for Jesus.</p> | <p>5 Come, brethren, help me sing his praise,
Oh, praise the name of Jesus;
Come, sisters, all your voices raise,
Oh, bless the name of Jesus.</p> <p>6 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.</p> <p>7 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.</p> |
|---|---|

MY SOUL, BE ON THY GUARD.—*Laban, key D.*

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.</p> <p>2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.</p> | <p>3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith will not be done
Till thou obtain the crown.</p> <p>4 Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.</p> |
|--|---|

Though Your Sins be as Scarlet. 83

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow"—Isaiah i. 18.

FANNY J. CROSEY.

W. H. DOANE. By per.

DUET. *Gently.*

1st.

2nd.

1. "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, They shall be as white as snow ; as snow ;
 2. Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, return ye unto God ! to God !
 3. He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more ; no more ;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red like crimson, They shall be as wool ;"
 He is of great compassion, And of wondrous love ;
 "Look un- to me, ye people," Saith the Lord your God ;

Tho' they be red

DUET. *p*

QUARTET. *f*

"Tho' your sins be as scarlet, Tho' your sins be as scarlet,
 Hear the voice that entreats you, Hear the voice that entreats you,
 He'll forgive your transgressions, He'll forgive your transgressions,

p ritard.

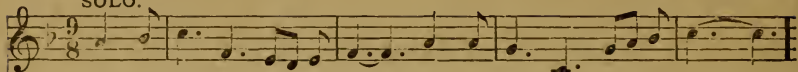
They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
 Oh, return ye un- to God ! Oh, return ye un- to God !
 And remem - ber them no more, And remem - ber them no more.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

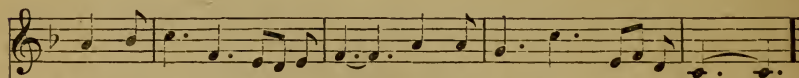
CHARLES WESLEY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

SOLO.



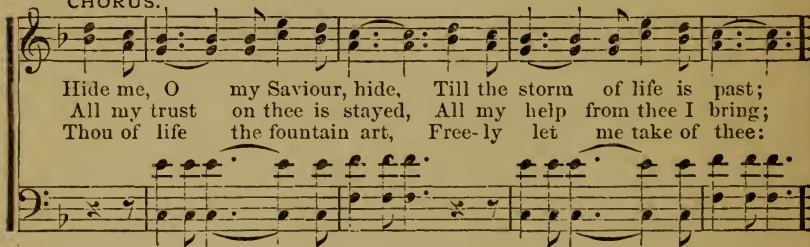
1. Je-sus, lov-er of my soul! Let me to thy bo-som fly,
2. Oth-er ref-uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
3. Plenteous grace with thee is found, Grace to cov-er all my sin:



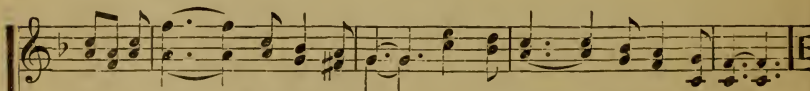
While the near-er wa-ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high!
 Leave, oh, leave me not a-lone, Still support and com-fort me:
 Let the healing streams abound; Make and keep me pure with-in.



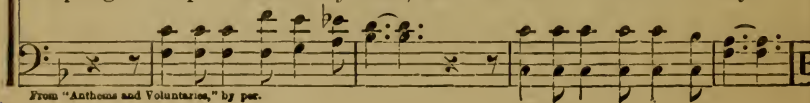
CHORUS.



Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring;
 Thou of life the fountain art, Free-ly let me take of thee:



Safe in-to the hav-en guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last!
 Cov-er my defenceless head With the sha-dow of thy wing!
 Spring thou up within my heart, Rise to all e-ter-ni-ty.

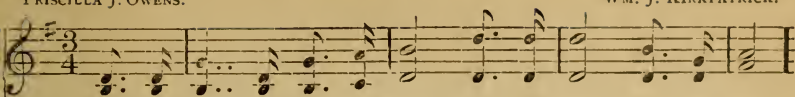


Jesus Saves.

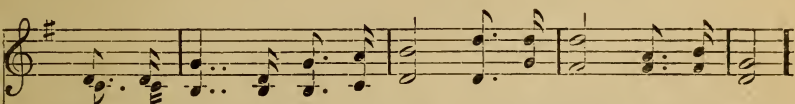
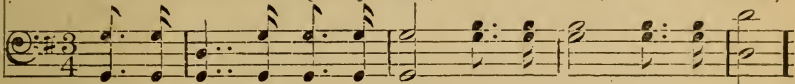
85

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

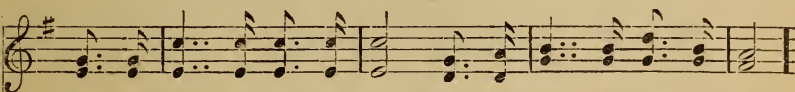
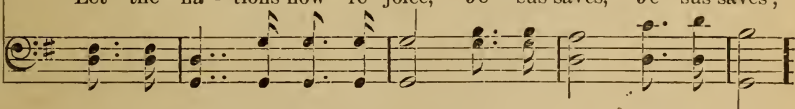
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



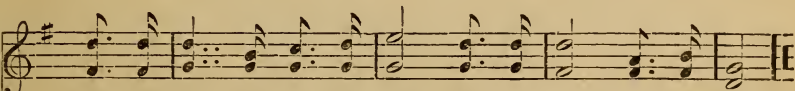
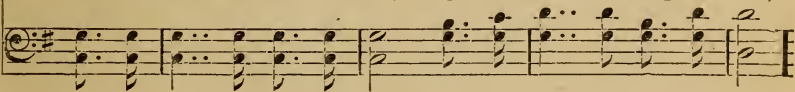
1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;



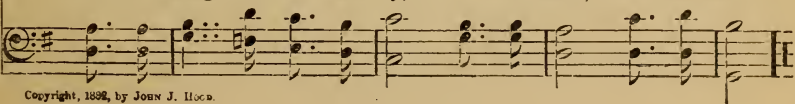
Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Tell to sin - ners, far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 By his death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;



Bear the news to ev' - ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
 Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, E - cho back, ye o - cean caves,
 Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deepest caves,



Onward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

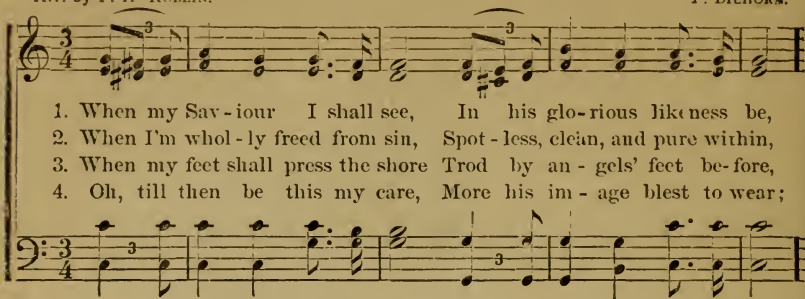


When my Saviour I shall See.

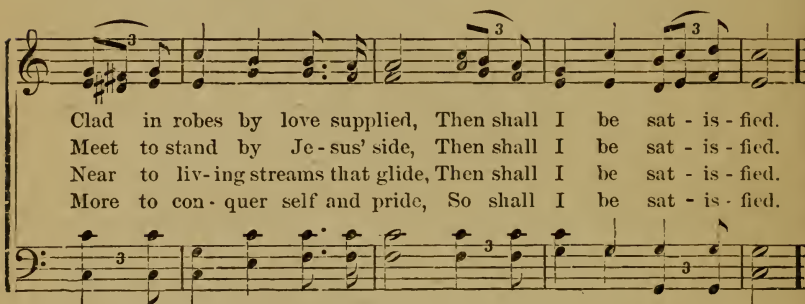
"I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness"

Arr. by P. H. RONLIN.

P. BILHORN.

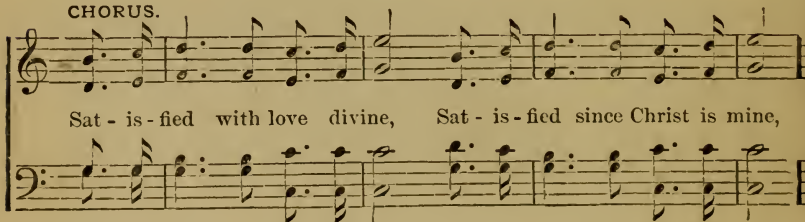


1. When my Sav-iour I shall see, In his glo-rious likeness be,
 2. When I'm whol-ly freed from sin, Spot-less, clean, and pure within,
 3. When my feet shall press the shore Trod by an-gels' feet be-fore,
 4. Oh, till then be this my care, More his im-age blest to wear;

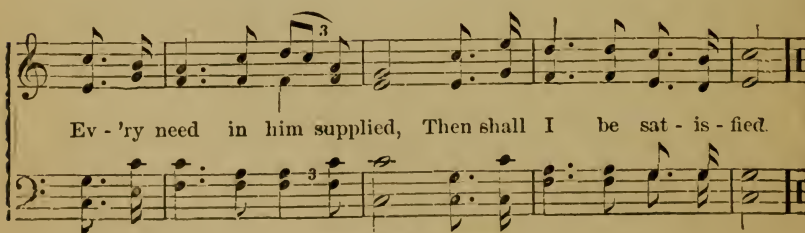


Clad in robes by love supplied, Then shall I be sat-is-fied.
 Meet to stand by Je-sus' side, Then shall I be sat-is-fied.
 Near to liv-ing streams that glide, Then shall I be sat-is-fied.
 More to con-quer self and pride, So shall I be sat-is-fied.

CHORUS.



Sat-is-fied with love divine, Sat-is-fied since Christ is mine,



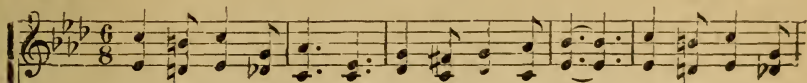
Ev-'ry need in him supplied, Then shall I be sat-is-fied.

"For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

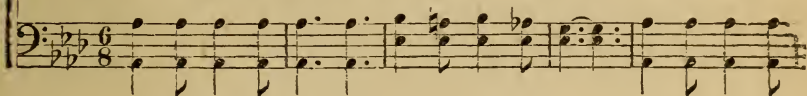
Luke xix. 10.

P P B.

P. P. DILLSS



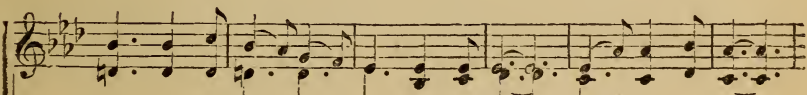
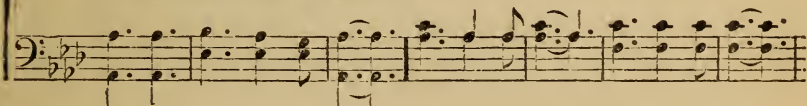
1. Ten-der-ly the Shepherd, O'er the mountains cold, Goes to bring his
2. Patient-ly the own-er Seeks with earnest care, In the dust and
3. Lov-ing-ly the Fa-ther Sends the news a-round: "He once dead nor



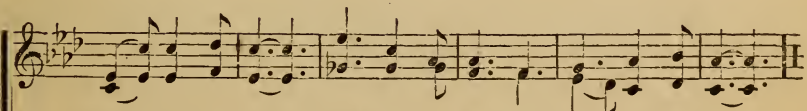
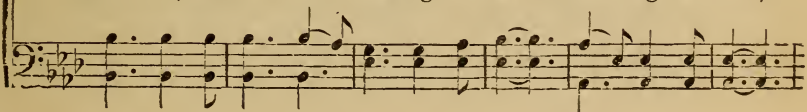
CHORUS.



lost one Back to the fold. Seek-ing to save, Seek-ing to save,
darkness Her treasure rare.
liv-eth—Once lost is found."



Lost one, 'tis Je - sus Seek-ing to save: Seek-ing to save,



Seek-ing to save, Lost one, 'tis Je - sus Seek-ing to save.



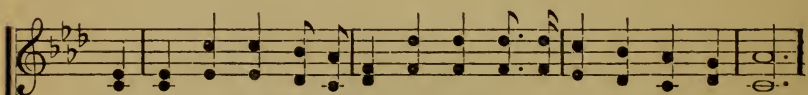
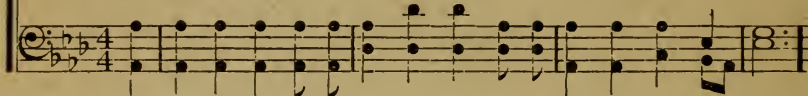
I. L.

"And many women were there."—Matt. xxvii. 55.

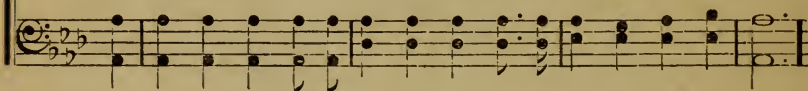
I. BALTZELL.



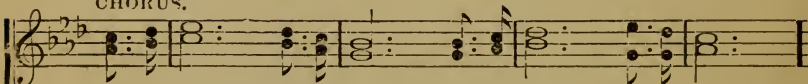
1. O Jesus, Saviour, I long to rest Near the cross where thou hast died ;
2. My dy-ing Je-sus, my Saviour God, Who hast borne my guilt and sin,
3. O Je-sus, Saviour, now make me thine, Never let me stray from thee ;
4. The cleansing pow'r of thy blood apply, All my guilt and sin re-move ;



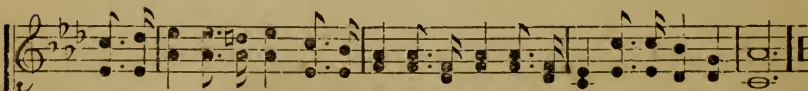
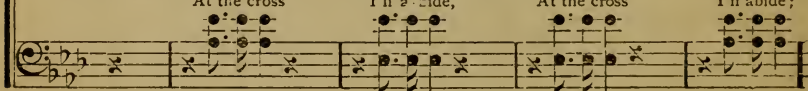
For there is hope for the ach-ing breast, At the cross I will a-bide.
 Now wash me, cleanse me with thine own blood, Ever keep me pure and clean.
 Oh, wash me, cleanse me, for thou art mine, And thy love is full and free.
 Oh, help me, while at thy cross I lie, Fill my soul with perfect love.



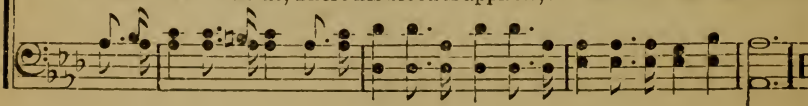
CHORUS.



At the cross I'll a-bide, At the cross I'll a-bide,
 At the cross I'll a-bide, At the cross I'll abide ;



At the cross I'll abide, There his blood is applied ; At the cross I am sanctified

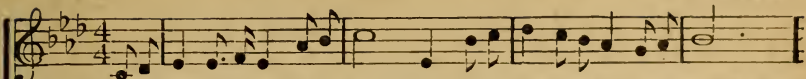


The Numberless Host.

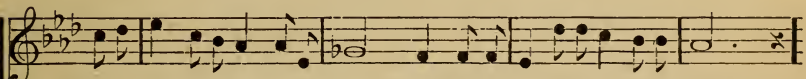
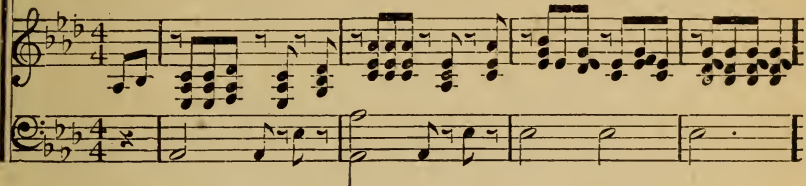
89

F. A. B.

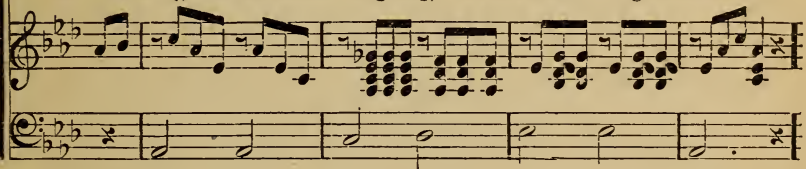
F. A. BLACKMER.



1. When we enter the portals of glo - ry, And the great host of ransom'd we see,
2. When we see all the saved of the ages, Who from cruel death partings are free,
3. When we stand by the beautiful river, 'Neath the shade of the life-giving tree,
4. When we look on the form that redeem'd us, And his glory and majesty see,



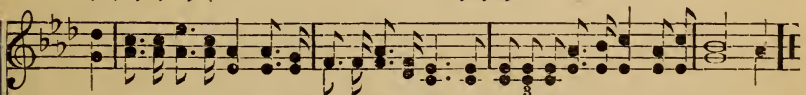
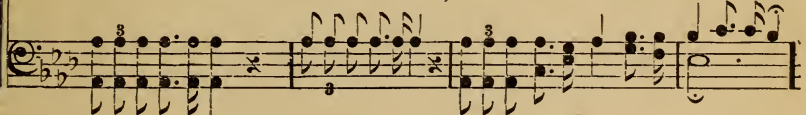
As the numberless sand of the sea-shore, What a wonderful sight that will be!
 Greeting there with a heavenly greeting, What a wonderful sight that will be!
 Gazing out o'er the fair land of promise, What a wonderful sight that will be!
 While as King of the saints he is reigning, What a wonderful sight that will be!



CHORUS.

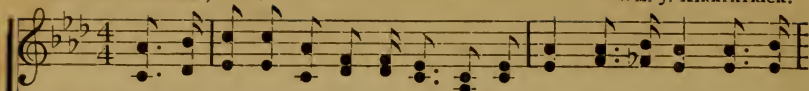


Numberless as the sand of the sea - shore, Numberless as the sand of the shore;
 Numberless as the sand, as the sand of the shore.

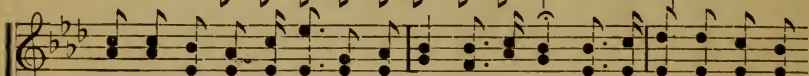
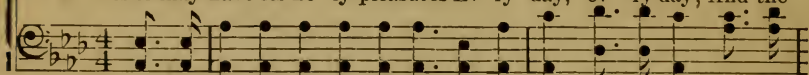


Oh, what a sight 'twill be, When the ransom'd host we see,
 As numberless as the sand of the sea-shore.

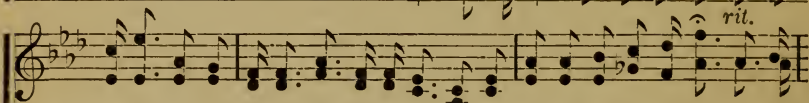
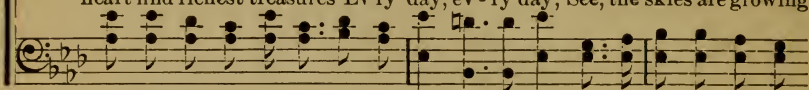




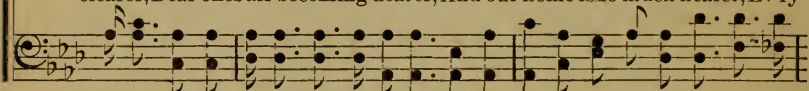
1. Though there may be shades of sadness Ev'ry day, ev -'ry day, There are
2. You may have your little crosses Ev -'ry day, ev -'ry day; You may
3. Seek to lighten some one's sorrow Ev -'ry day, ev -'ry day; This will
4. Life may have its ho - ly pleasures Ev -'ry day, ev -'ry day; And the



golden gleams of gladness Ev'ry day, ev -'ry day; There is joy a - mid the
meet with little loss - es Ev -'ry day, ev -'ry day; Never mind! each cross will
bring a sweeter morrow Ev -'ry day, ev -'ry day; Faint, it may be, yet pur -
heart find richest treasures Ev'ry day, ev -'ry day; See, the skies are growing



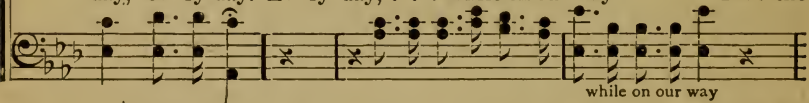
sighing, Laughter ringing thro' the crying, Love to love with smiles replying, Ev'ry
lighten, Grief in all your losses brighten, If your hold on God shall tighten Ev'ry
suing, All the christly graces wooing, And some little good be doing, Ev'ry
clearer, Dear ones all becoming dearer, And our home is so much nearer, Ev'ry



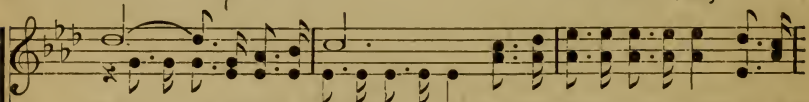
CHORUS.



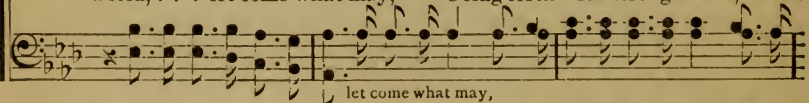
day, ev -'ry day. Ev -'ry day, . . . while on our way Thro' the



while on our way



world, . . . let come what may, Going forth with strong desire, To the



let come what may,

greatest good aspire, From the high, still rising higher, Ev'ry day, ev'ry day.

The musical score for 'Every Day' is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking.

Jesus, I come to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je - sus, I come to thee, Long-ing for rest; Fold thou thy
2. Je - sus, I come to thee, Hear thou my cry; Save, or I
3. Now let the rolling waves Bend to thy will, Say to the
4. Swift-ly the part-ing clouds Fade from my sight; Yon - der thy

The musical score for 'Jesus, I come to Thee' is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff.

CHORUS.

wea - ry child Safe to thy breast. Rocked on a storm-y sea,
per - ish, Lord, Save or I die.
troubled deep, Peace, peace be still.
bow ap - pears, Love - ly and bright.

The musical score for the Chorus of 'Jesus, I come to Thee' is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff.

Oh, be not far from me, Lord, let me cling to thee, On - ly to thee.

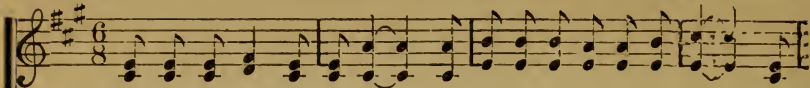
The musical score for the final line of 'Jesus, I come to Thee' is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff.

Why do You Wait?

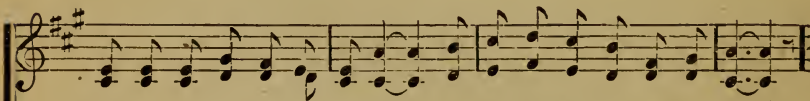
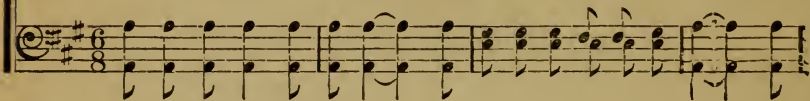
G. F. R.

"Arise, he calleth thee."—Mark x. 49.

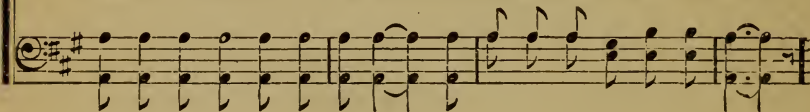
Geo. F. Root.



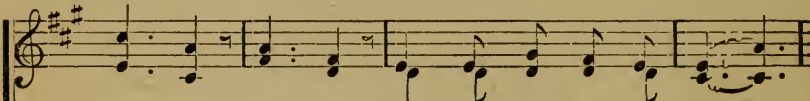
1. Why do you wait, dear brother, Oh, why do you tarry so long? Your
2. What do you hope, dear brother, To gain by a further de-lay? There's
3. Do you not feel, dear brother, His Spirit now striving within? Oh,
4. Why do you wait, dear brother, The harvest is passing a-way, Your



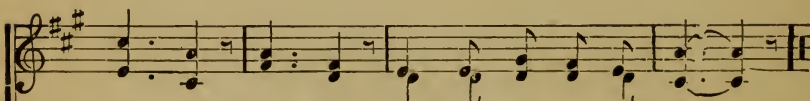
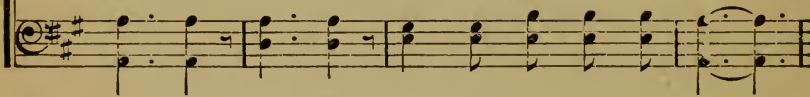
Saviour is waiting to give you A place in his sanc-ti-fied throng.
 no one to save you but Je-sus, There's no other way but his way.
 why not accept his sal-va-tion, And throw off thy burden of sin?
 Saviour is longing to bless you, There's danger and death in delay?



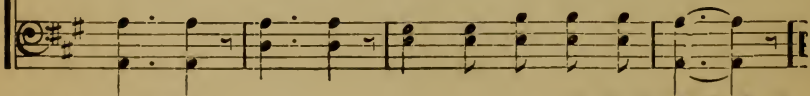
CHORUS.



Why not? why not? Why not come to him now?



Why not? why not? Why not come to him now?



Seeking for Me.

93

E. E. HARTY.

1. Jesus, my Saviour, to Bethlehem came, Born in a manger to sorrow and shame,
 2. Jesus, my Saviour, on Calvary's tree, Paid the great debt, and my soul he set free;
 3. Jesus, my Saviour, the same as of old, While I did wander afar from the fold,
 4. Jesus, my Saviour, shall come from on high, Sweet is the promise as weary years fly;

Oh, it was wonder-ful, blest be his name, Seeking for me, for me.
 Oh, it was wonder-ful, how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me.
 Gent-ly and long he hath pled with my soul, Calling for me, for me.
 Oh, I shall see him descending the sky, Coming for me, for me.

for me, for me;

Seeking for me, seeking for me, Seeking for me, seeking for me
 Dy-ing for me, dying for me, Dy-ing for me, dying for me;
 Call-ing for me, calling for me, Call-ing for me, calling for me;
 Com-ing for me, coming for me, Com-ing for me, coming for me;

Oh, it was wonderful, blest be his name, Seeking for me, for me.
 Oh, it was wonderful, how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me.
 Gent-ly and long he hath pled with my soul, Calling for me, for me.
 Oh, I shall see him descending the sky, Coming for me, for me.

Is there Any One Here.

MARTHA J LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Is there an-y one here that is will-ing to-day On Je-sus the
 2. Is there an-y one here that is try-ing to-day The fet-ters of
 3. Is there an-y one here that is wea-ry to-day, Or la-den, or
 4. Hear the Saviour's sweet voice while he calls thee again, O come, and be-

Lord to be-lieve? Is there an-y poor soul that is longing to-day The
 e - vil to break? An-y read-y to fol-low the Saviour to-day, And
 sor-row oppressed? Is there any sad heart that is praying to-day To
 lieve and o - bey, He is waiting to bless, he will comfort thee now! He

CHORUS.

gift of his grace to re-ceive. Come un-to me,
 take up the cross for his sake.
 find in the Sav-iour a rest.
 nev-er turned an-y a-way. Come un-to me, come un-to me,

Come un-to me; Je-sus is call-ing,
 Come un-to me, come un-to me;

ad lib.

call-ing now to thee, Come, oh, come un-to me. un-to me.

Keep Step Ever.

95

C. R. BLACKALL.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Would you gain the best in life? Win the prize 'mid all the strife? Hold your
 2. Life is more than i - dle play; It will quickly pass away; Use a -
 3. Look beyond the present hour; Nev - er yield to Satan's power; Tho' a -

place thro' troubles rife? With the right keep step! Know the world is watching you;
 right each golden day; With the good keep step! There are earnest pressing needs,
 bove the clouds may lower, With the truth keep step! Onward press! nor, on the way,

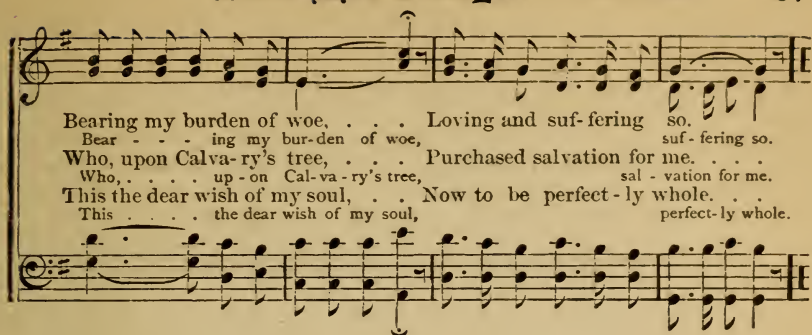
Be sincere in all you do; With the good, the pure, and true, Ever firm keep step!
 Filled alone by purest deeds; Happy he the call who heeds - With the true keep step!
 Loiter once or waste the day; God and truth and right all say, Strong in faith, keep step!

CHORUS.

Keep step, keep step ev - er, Keep step, keep step ev - er,

Keep step, keep step, Keep step, keep step ev - er.

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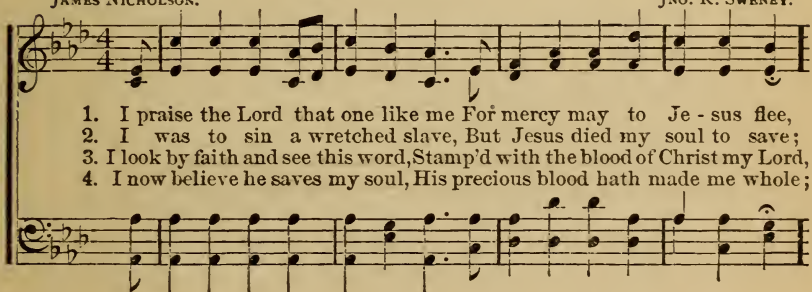


Bearing my burden of woe, . . . Loving and suf-fering so.
 Bear - - - ing my bur-den of woe, suf-fering so.
 Who, upon Calva-ry's tree, . . . Purchased salvation for me. . . .
 Who, . . . up-on Cal-va-ry's tree, sal-va-tion for me.
 This the dear wish of my soul, . . . Now to be perfect-ly whole. . . .
 This . . . the dear wish of my soul, perfect-ly whole.

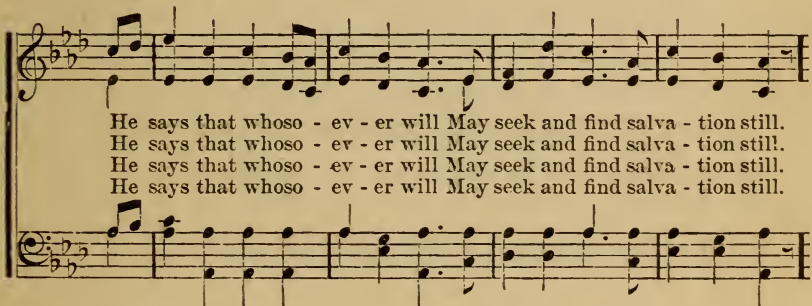
Whosoever.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

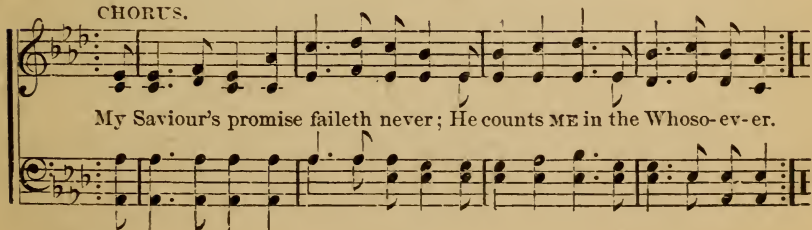


1. I praise the Lord that one like me For mercy may to Je - sus flee,
2. I was to sin a wretched slave, But Jesus died my soul to save;
3. I look by faith and see this word, Stamp'd with the blood of Christ my Lord,
4. I now believe he saves my soul, His precious blood hath made me whole;



He says that whoso - ev - er will May seek and find salva - tion still.
 He says that whoso - ev - er will May seek and find salva - tion still.
 He says that whoso - ev - er will May seek and find salva - tion still.
 He says that whoso - ev - er will May seek and find salva - tion still.

CHORUS.



My Saviour's promise faileth never; He counts ME in the Whoso-ev-er.

Christ Arose!

R. L. By per.
Slow.

"He is not here, but is risen."—Luke xxiv. 6.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Low in the grave he lay—Je-sus, my Sav-iour! Waiting the coming day—
2. Vainly they watch his bed—Jesus, my Sav-iour! Vainly they seal the dead—
3. Death cannot keep his prey—Jesus, my Sav-iour! He tore the bars away—

CHORUS. *faster.*

Je - sus, my Lord! Up from the grave he a-rose, he a-rose, With a

might-y triumph o'er hi-jes; he a-rose! He a-rose a Victor from the

dark do-main, And he lives for - ev - er with his saints to reign: He a-

rose! he a-rose! Hal-le-lu-jah! Christ a-rose!
He a-rose! he a-rose!

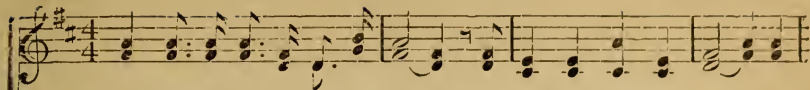
Walk in the Light.

99

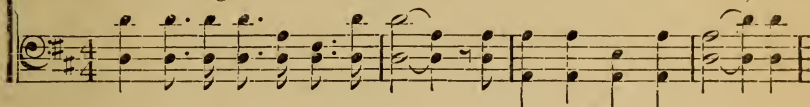
ASA HULL.

Isaiah ii. 5.

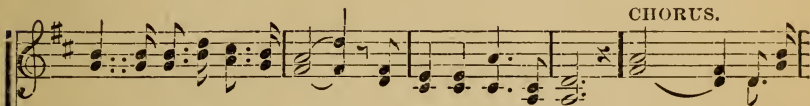
GEO. C. HUGG.



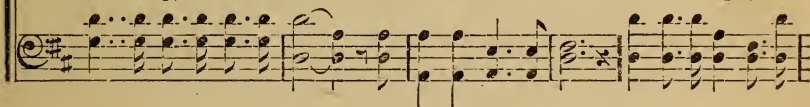
1. Walk in the light the Lord hath given, To guide thy steps a - right; His
2. Walk in the light of gospel truth, That shines from God's own word; A
3. Walk in the light! tho' shadows dark, Like spectres cross thy way; Dark-
4. Walk in the light! and thou shalt know 'The love of God to thee; The



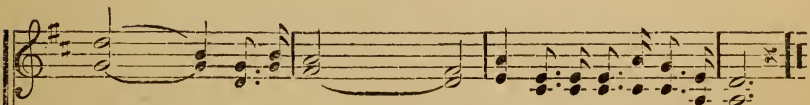
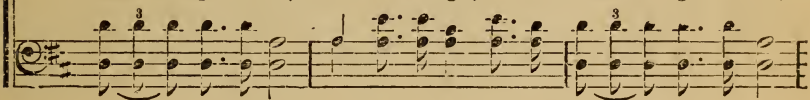
CHORUS.



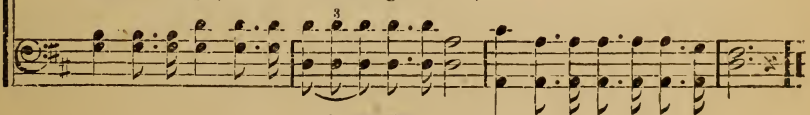
Holy Spirit sent from heaven, Can cheer the darkest night. Walk in the
light to guide in early youth The faithful of the Lord.
ness will flee before the light Of God's e - ter - nal day.
fellowship, so sweet below, In heaven will sweeter be. Walk in the light, in the

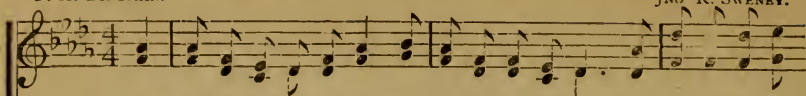


light, walk in the light,
beauti - ful light of God, Walk in the light, in the beauti - ful light of God,

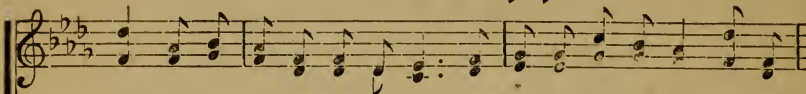
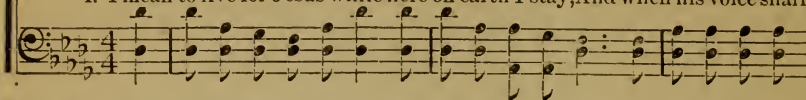


Walk . . . in the light, Walk in the light, the light of God.
Walk in the light, in the beautiful light of God;

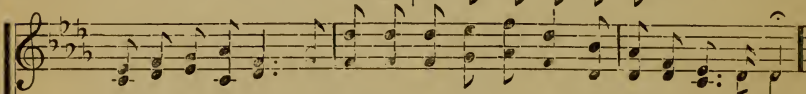
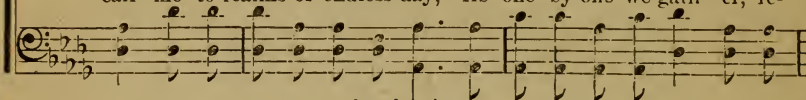




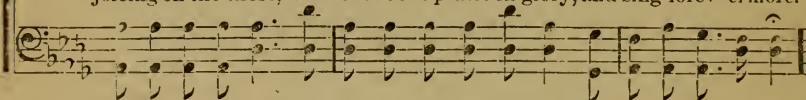
1. You ask what makes me happy, my heart so free from care, It is because my
2. I was a friendless wand'rer till Jesus took me in, My life was full of
3. I wish that ev'ry sinner before his throne would bow; He waits to bid them
4. I mean to live for Jesus while here on earth I stay, And when his voice shall



Sav - iour in mercy heard my prayer; He brought me out of darkness and sor - row, my heart was full of sin; But when the blood so precious spoke welcome, he longs to bless them now; If they but knew the rapture that call me to realms of endless day, As one by one we gath - er, re -



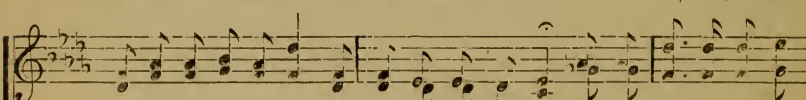
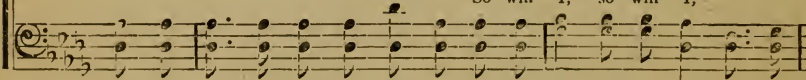
now the light I see; O blessed, loving Saviour! to him the praise shall be, pardon to my soul; Oh, blissful, blissful moment! 'twas joy beyond control. in his love I see, They'd come and shout salvation, and sing his praise with me, joicing on the shore, We'll shout his praise in glory, and sing forev - er more.



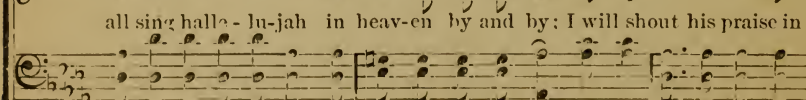
CHORUS.



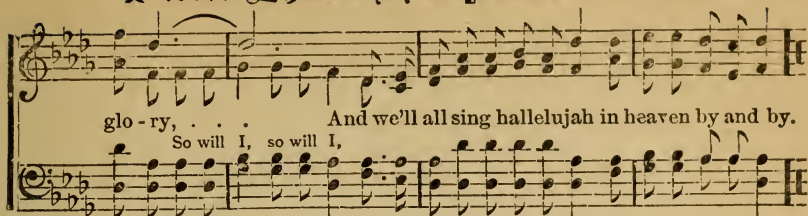
I will shout his praise in glo - ry, So will I, so will I, And we'll



all sing hal - lu - jah in heav - en by and by; I will shout his praise in



I will Shout His Praise.—CONCLUDED. 101

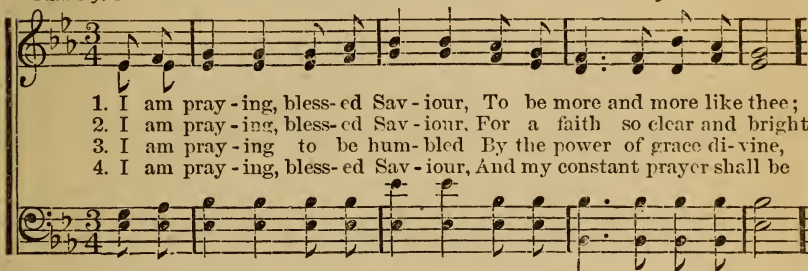


glo - ry, . . . And we'll all sing hallelujah in heaven by and by.
So will I, so will I,

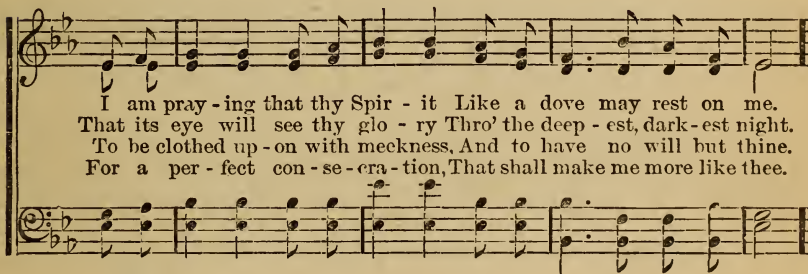
Hear and Answer Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

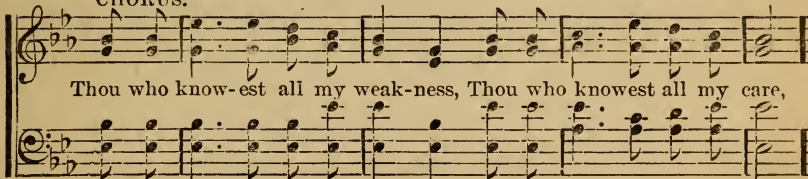


1. I am pray - ing, bless - ed Sav - iour, To be more and more like thee;
2. I am pray - ing, bless - ed Sav - iour, For a faith so clear and bright
3. I am pray - ing to be hum - bled By the power of grace di - vine,
4. I am pray - ing, bless - ed Sav - iour, And my constant prayer shall be

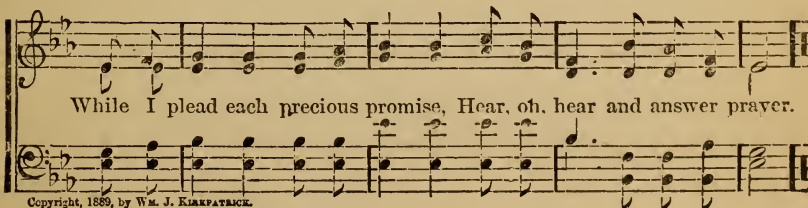


I am pray - ing that thy Spir - it Like a dove may rest on me.
That its eye will see thy glo - ry Thro' the deep - est, dark - est night.
To be clothed up - on with meekness, And to have no will but thine.
For a per - fect con - se - cra - tion, That shall make me more like thee.

CHORUS.



Thou who know - est all my weak - ness, Thou who knowest all my care,



While I plead each precious promise, Hear, oh, hear and answer prayer.

It Reaches Me.

MARY D. JAMES.

JNO. R. SWENBY.

1. Oh, this ut - ter-most sal - va - tion! 'Tis a fountain full and free,
 2. How a - maz - ing God's compassion, That so vile a worm should prove
 3. Je - sus, Saviour, I a - dore thee! Now thy love I will proclaim,

Pure, ex - haustless, ev - er flow - ing, Wondrous grace! it reaches me!
 This stupend - ous bliss of Heav - en, This un-measured wealth of love!
 I will tell the blessed sto - ry, I will mag - ni - fy thy name!

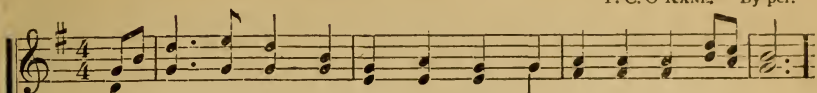
CHORUS.

It reaches me! it reaches me! Wondrous grace! it reaches me!

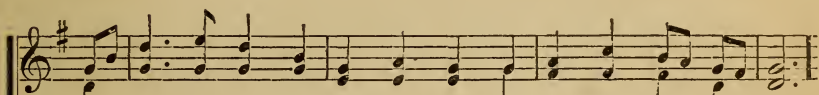
Pure, ex - haustless, ev - er flowing, Wondrous grace! it reaches me!

The Land Just Across the River. 103

T. C. O'KANE, By per.

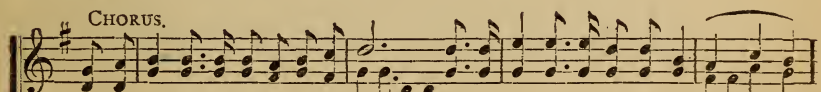


1. On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye
 2. O'er all these wide - ex - tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
 3. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest?
 4. Filled with delight, my rap - tured soul Would here no long - er stay;




To Canaan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
 There God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
 When shall I see my Father's face, And in his bo - som rest?
 Tho' Jordan's waves a - round me roll, Fear - less I'd launch a - way.

CHORUS.



We will rest in the fair and happy land, Just across on the evergreen shore, . .
 by and by, evergreen shore.

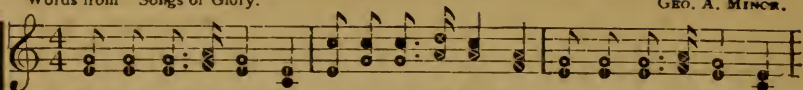


Sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Jesus evermore.

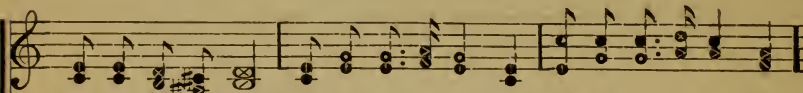
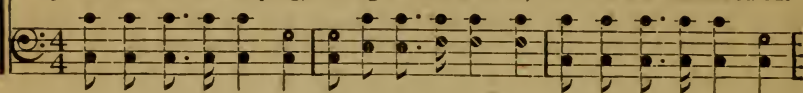
Bringing in the Sheaves.

Words from "Songs of Glory."

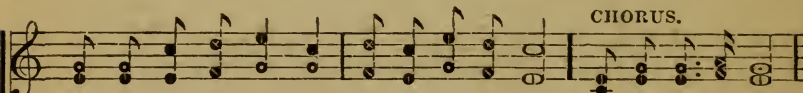
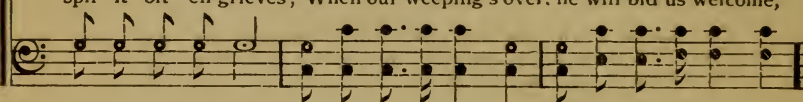
GEO. A. MINOR.



1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noon-tide,
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Go, then, ev-er weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustained our

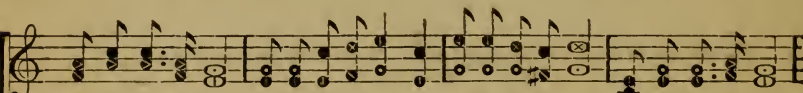
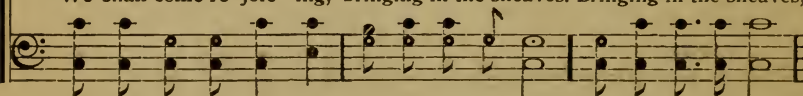


and the dew-y eves; Waiting for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing,
winter's chilling breeze; By and by the har-vest, and the la-bor end-ed,
spir-it oft-en grieves; When our weeping's over, he will bid us welcome,

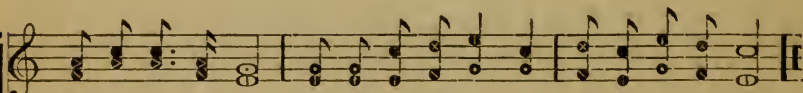
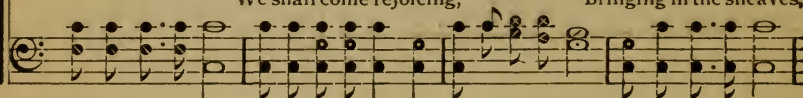


CHORUS.

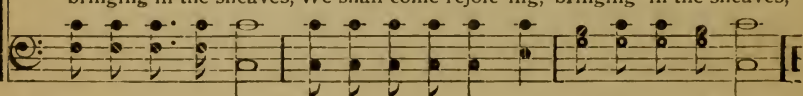
We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,



bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves,



bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoic-ing, bringing in the sheaves,



By permission.

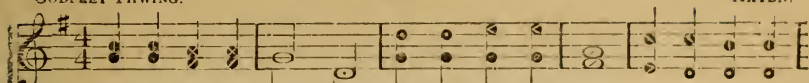
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Saviour, Blessed Saviour.

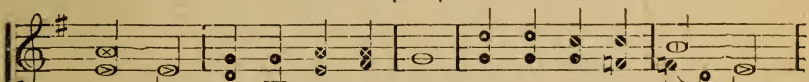
105

GODFREY THWING.

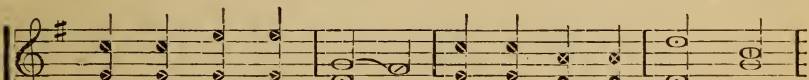
HAYDN.



1. Saviour, blessed Sav - iour, List - en whilst we sing, Hearts and voices
 2. Near - er, ev - er near - er, Christ, we draw to thee, Deep in ad - o -
 3. Great and ev - er great - er Are thy mercies here; True and ev - er

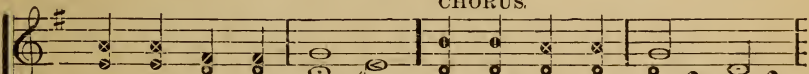


rais - ing Prais - es to our King, All we have we of - fer:
 ra - tion Bending low the knee: Thou for our re - demp - tion
 last - ing Are thy glo - ries there, Where no pain, or sor - row,

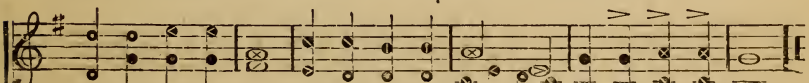


All we hope to be, Bod - y, soul, and spir - it,
 Cam'st on earth to die; Thou, that we might fol - low,
 Toil, or care is known, Where the an - gel - le - gions

CHORUS.



All we yield to thee. Saviour, bless - ed Sav - iour,
 Hast gone up on high.
 Cir - cle round thy throne.

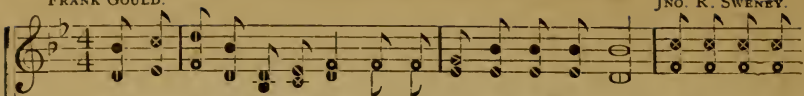


Listen whilst we sing, Hearts and voices rais - ing Praises to our King.

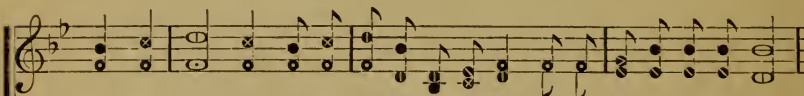
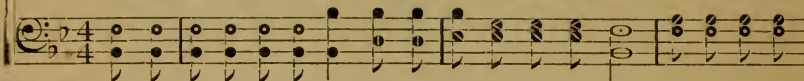
Clinging to the Cross.

FRANK GOULD.

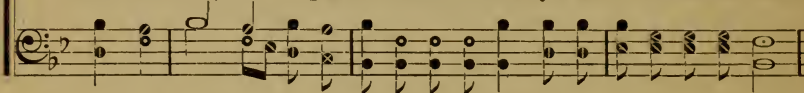
JNO. R. SWENEY.



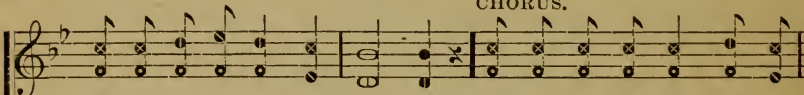
1. O, my heart is full of joy, for my sins are wash'd away, Clinging to the
2. I have laid my burden down, I have cast it on the Lord, Clinging to the
3. I have found the hallow'd peace which the world can never give, Clinging to the
4. I am happy in his love, I am safe beneath his care, Clinging to the



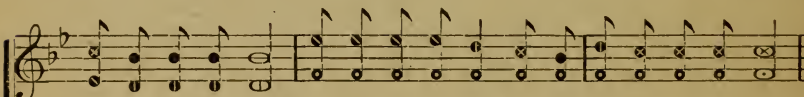
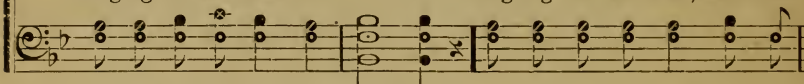
cross of Je - sus; I am trusting more and more in his mercy ev'ry day,
 cross of Je - sus; I can now believe and claim ev'ry promise in his word,
 cross of Jesus; I have promised by his grace while he spares me I will live
 cross of Jesus; Tho' temptations I shall meet they shall never harm me there,



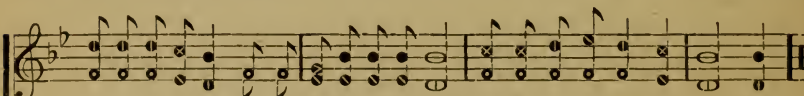
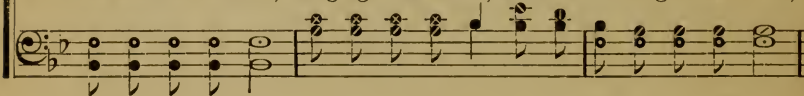
CHORUS.



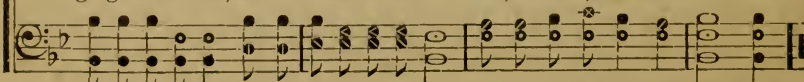
Clinging to the cross of Je - sus. Cling-ing to the cross, where his



blood was shed for me, Clinging to the cross, where the flowing stream I see,



Clinging to the cross, where I come on bended knee; Blessed, blessed cross of Jesus!

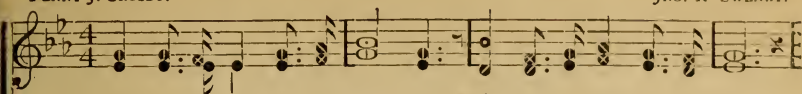


Tell Me the Story of Jesus.

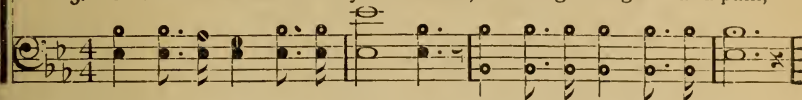
107

FANNY J. CROSBY.

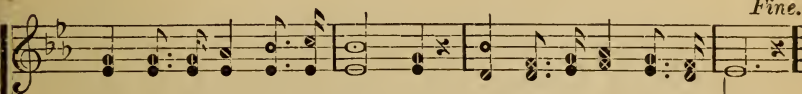
JNO. R. SWENBY.



1. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev-'ry word,
2. Fast-ing, a-lone in the des - ert, Tell of the days that he passed,
3. Tell of the cross where they nailed him, Writhing in anguish and pain,

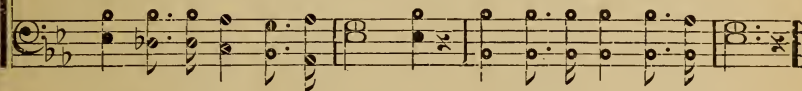


Chorus.—Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev-'ry word,



Fine.

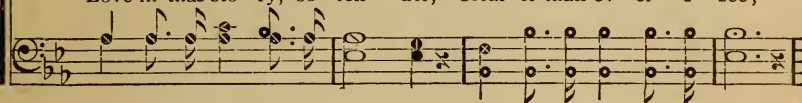
Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweetest that ev - er was heard;
How for our sins he was tempt - ed, Yet was triumphant at last;
Tell of the grave where they laid him, Tell how he liv - eth a - gain;



Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweetest that ev - er was heard.

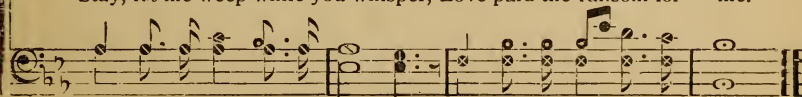


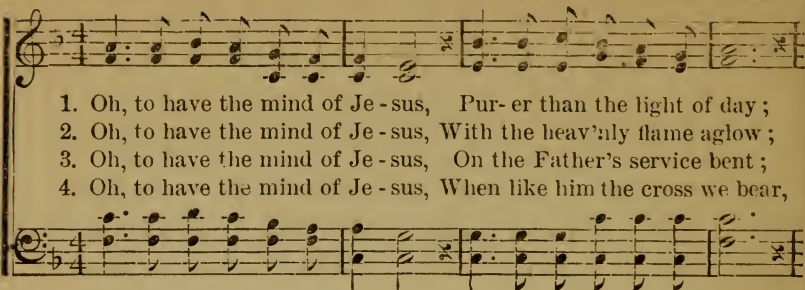
Tell how the an - gels, in cho - rus, Sang as they welcomed his birth,—
Tell of the years of his la - bor, Tell of the sorrows he bore,
Love in that sto - ry, so ten - der, Clear-er than ev - er I see;



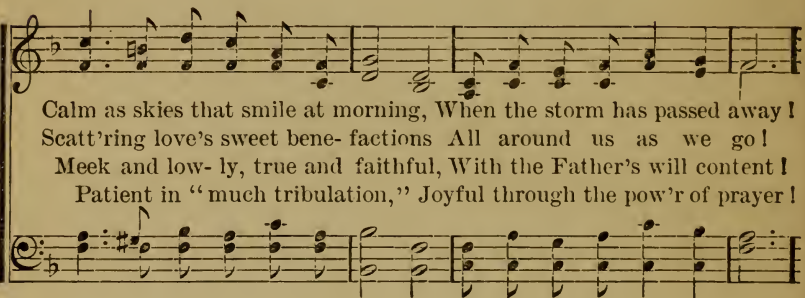
D. C.

Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Peace and good tidings to earth.
He was despised and af - flict - ed, Homeless, re - ject - ed and poor.
Stay, let me weep while you whisper, Love paid the ransom for me.



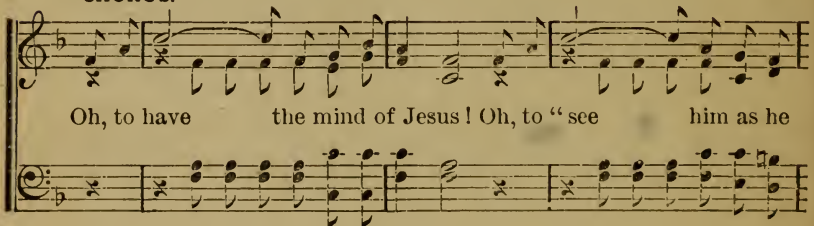


1. Oh, to have the mind of Je - sus, Pur - er than the light of day ;
 2. Oh, to have the mind of Je - sus, With the heav'nly flame aglow ;
 3. Oh, to have the mind of Je - sus, On the Father's service bent ;
 4. Oh, to have the mind of Je - sus, When like him the cross we bear,

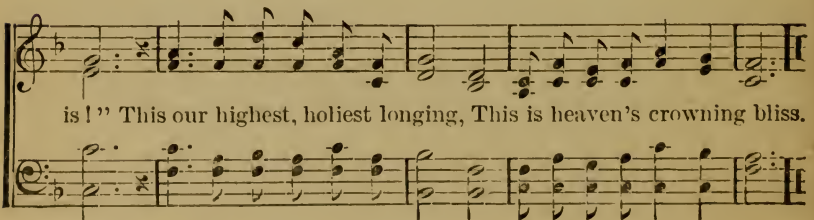


Calm as skies that smile at morning, When the storm has passed away !
 Scatt'ring love's sweet bene-factions All around us as we go !
 Meek and low-ly, true and faithful, With the Father's will content !
 Patient in "much tribulation," Joyful through the pow'r of prayer !

CHORUS.



Oh, to have the mind of Jesus ! Oh, to "see him as he



is ! " This our highest, holiest longing, This is heaven's crowning bliss.

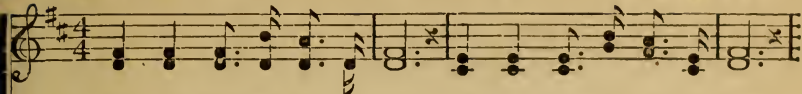
Entire Consecration.

109

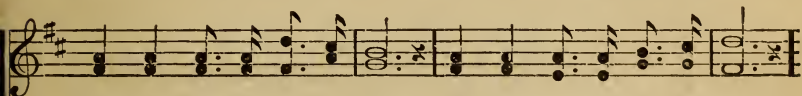
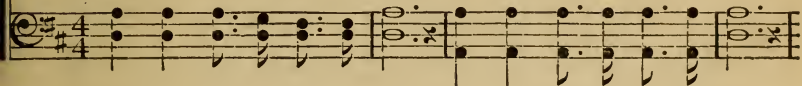
FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Chorus by W. J. K.

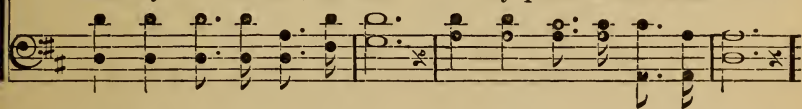
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



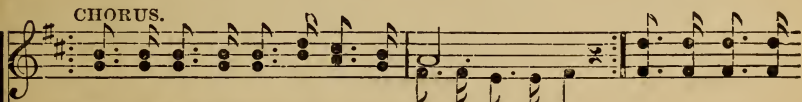
1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for thee;
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sag - es for thee;
4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in endless praise;



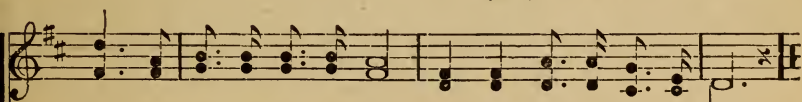
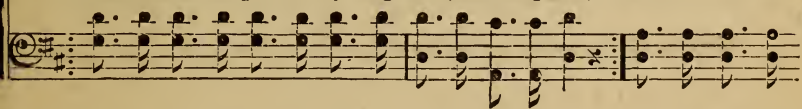
Take my hands and let them move At the impulse of thy love.
 Take my voice and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.
 Take my sil - ver and my gold,— Not a mite would I withhold.
 Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry power as thou shalt choose.



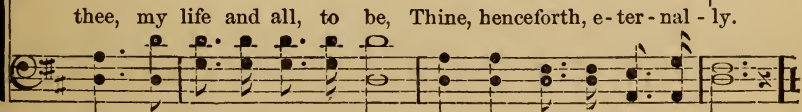
CHORUS.



{ Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood, the precious blood, } Lord, I give to
 { Cleanse me in its pu - ri - fy - ing flood, the healing flood, }



thee, my life and all, to be, Thine, henceforth, e - ter - nal - ly.



- 5 Take my will, and make it thine;
 It shall be no longer mine;
 Take my heart.—it is thine own,—
 It shall be thy royal throne.

- 6 Take my love,—my Lord, I pour
 At thy feet its treasure-store!
 Take myself, and I will be
 Ever, only, all for thee!

J. E. LANDOR.

Rev. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Call'd to the feast by the King are we, Sit-ting, perhaps, where his
 2. Crowns on the head where the thorns have been, Glo-ri-fied he who once
 3. Like lightning's flash will that instant show Things hidden long from both
 4. Joy-ful his eye shall on each one rest Who is in white wedding

peo-ple be: How will it fare, then, with thee and me,
 died for men; Splendid the vis-ion be-fore us then,
 friend and foe, Just what we are ev-'ry one will know,
 gar-ments dressed—Ah! well for us if we stand the test,

REFRAIN.

When the King comes in? When the King comes in, brother, When the King comes

in! How will it fare with thee and me When the King comes in?

Redeemed.

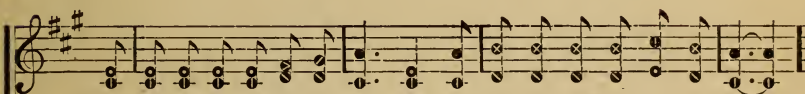
111

FANNY J. CROSBY.

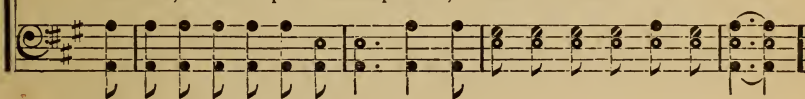
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Redeemed, how I love to proclaim it, Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb:
2. Redeemed, and so happy in Je - sus, No language my rapture can tell,
3. I think of my blessed Redeemer, I think of him all the day long,
4. I know I shall see in his beauty The King in whose law I de - light,
5. I know there's a crown that is waiting In yonder bright mansion for me,



Redeemed thro' his infi - nite mer - cy, His child and forev - er I am.
 I know that the light of his presence With me doth continual - ly dwell.
 I sing, for I cannot be si - lent, His love is the theme of my song.
 Who loving - ly guardeth my footsteps, And giveth me songs in the night,
 And soon, with the spirits made perfect, At home with the Lord I shall be.



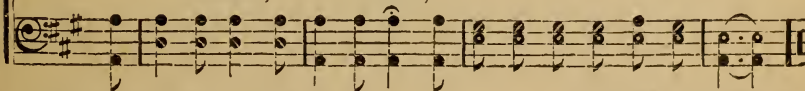
REFRAIN.



Re - deemed, re - deemed, redeemed by the blood of the Lamb,
 redeemed, redeemed,



Re - deemed, re - deemed, His child and forev - er I am.
 redeemed, redeemed,



He Came to Save Me.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When Je - sus laid his crown a - side, He came to save me;
 2. In my poor heart he deigns to dwell, He came to save me;
 3. With gen - tle hand he leads me still, He came to save me;
 4. To him my faith with rap - ture clings, He came to save me;

When on the cross he bled and died, He came to save me.
 O, praise his name, I know it well, He came to save me.
 And trust - ing him I fear no ill, He came to save me.
 To him my heart looks up and sings, He came to save me.

CHORUS.

I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Jesus came, And grace is free,

I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Jesus came, He came to save me.

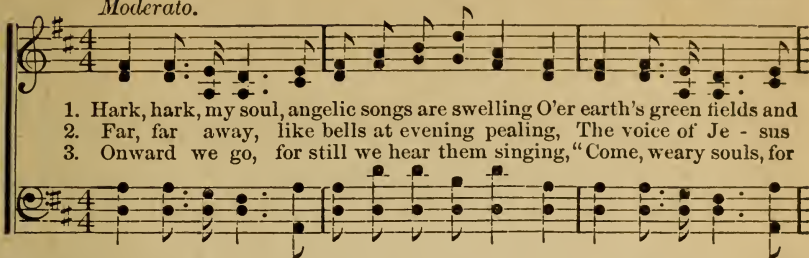
Hark, Hark, My Soul.

113

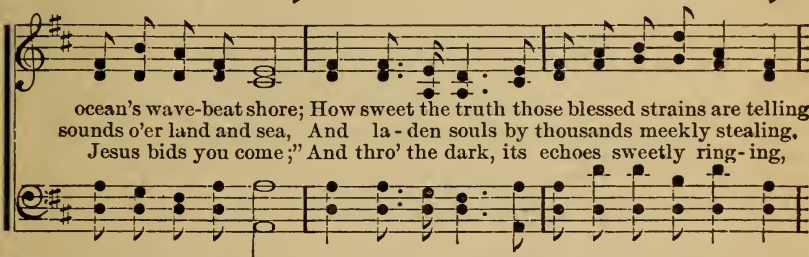
Rev. F. W. FABER.

Arr. from C. C. CONVERSE by IRA D. SANKEY.

Moderato.

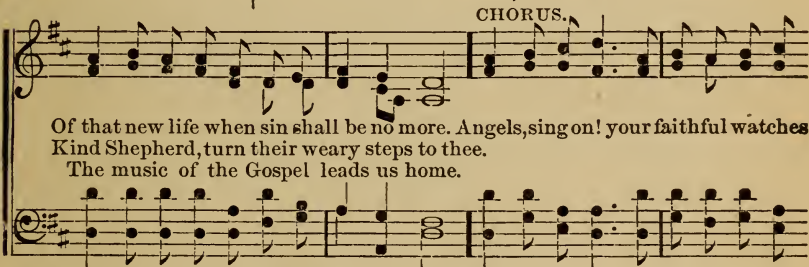


1. Hark, hark, my soul, angelic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and
 2. Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing, The voice of Je - sus
 3. Onward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, weary souls, for

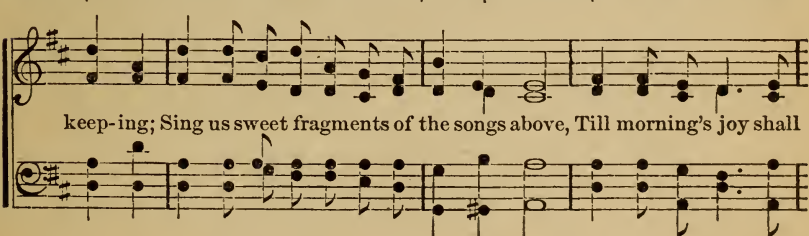


ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
 sounds o'er land and sea, And la - den souls by thousands meekly stealing,
 Jesus bids you come;" And thro' the dark, its echoes sweetly ring - ing,

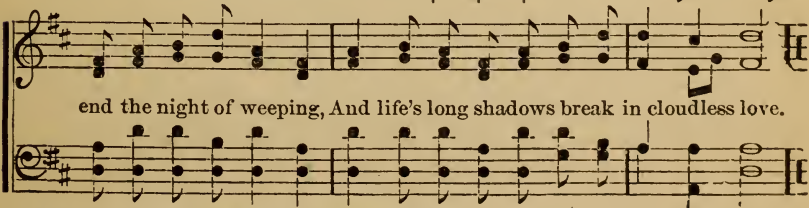
CHORUS.



Of that new life when sin shall be no more. Angels, sing on! your faithful watches
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.
 The music of the Gospel leads us home.



keep - ing; Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above, Till morning's joy shall

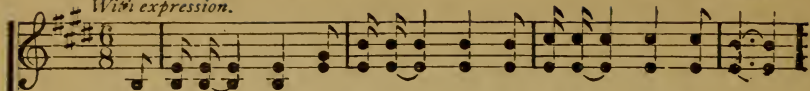


end the night of weeping, And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

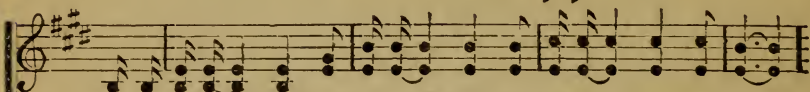
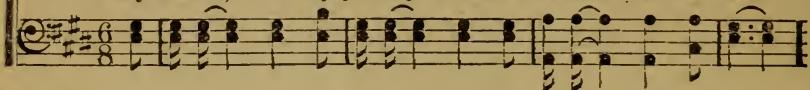
Will You Go?

C. H. YATMAN.

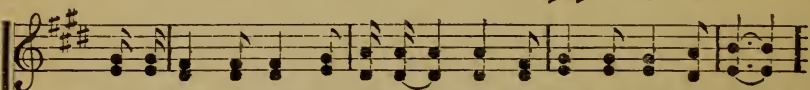
W. H. GEISTWEIT.

With expression.

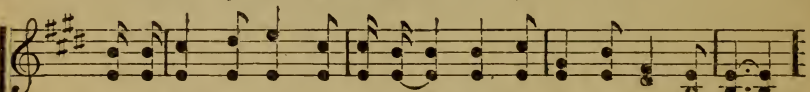
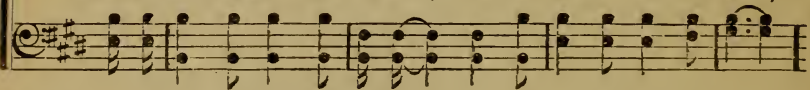
1. My brother, we are trav'ling to the pal-ace of the King,
2. My sis-ter, Christ is call-ing thee to journey toward that home,
3. My hear-er, in thy journey whither wilt thou come at last?



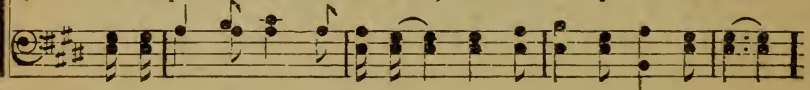
We are go-ing to mount Zion, where for-ev-er we shall sing;
Where the weary, heav-y lad-en find sweet rest, no more to roam;
To the throne of God in heav-en, or where hope is ev-er past?



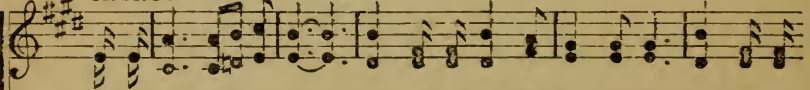
There no sin or pain or sigh-ing can disturb our peaceful rest,
Canst thou not forsake the e-vil, and the Spir-it's call o-bey?
Hear the word that Jesus sends thee,—Come to me and rest re-ceive;



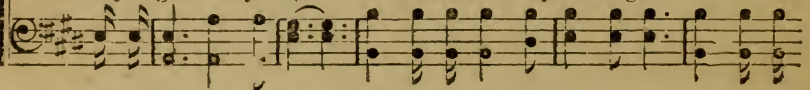
For we dwell among the an-gels, and can lean on Je-sus' breast.
Christ will guide thee to that ci-ty, if you seek the nar-row way.
I will pardon, cleanse, and comfort, if thou on-ly wilt be-lieve.

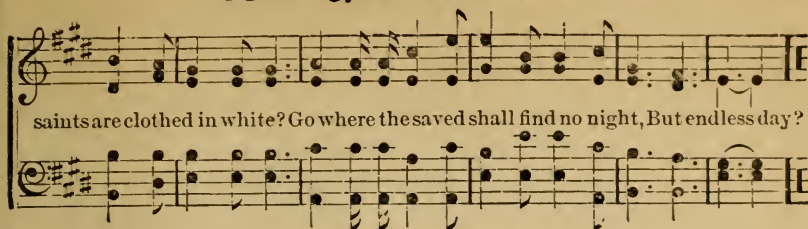


CHORUS.



Will you go? will you go? Go to that land of pure delight? Go where the





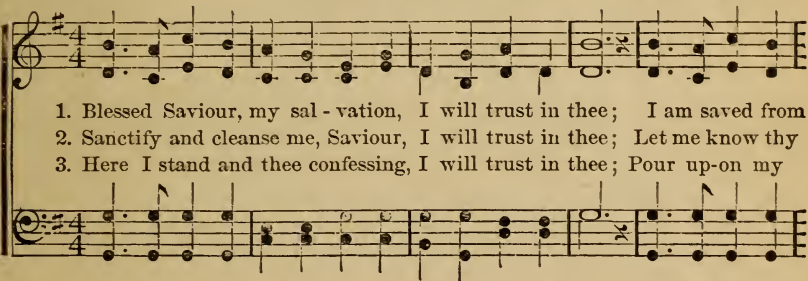
I Will Trust in Thee.

In answer to question of leader at Ocean Grove "Who will trust?"

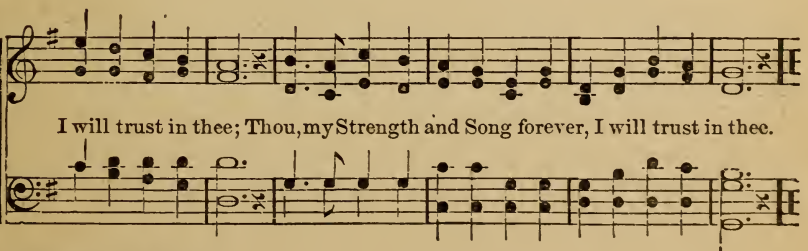
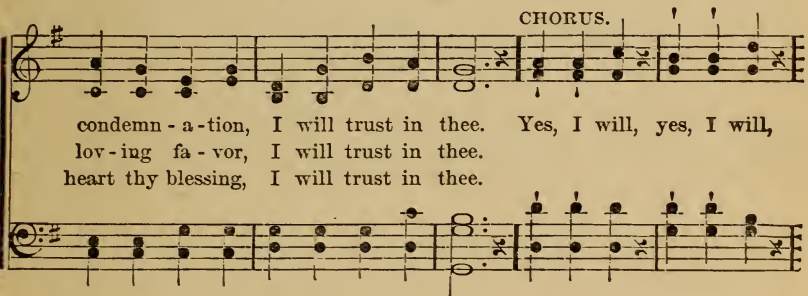
W. H. G.

many rose, saying, "I will."

W. H. GEISTWEIT.



CHORUS.



Meet in the Morning.

H. E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We are marching onward to the heavenly land, To meet each other in the morning;
 2. We are trav'ling onward from a world of care, To meet each other in the morning;
 3. We are trav'ling onward, and the way grows bright, We'll meet each other in, etc.,

We are pressing forward to the golden strand, Where joy will crown us in the morning.
 Oh, the time is coming, we shall soon be there, And joy will crown us in the morning.
 Where our friends are waiting, at the gate of life, And joy will crown us in the, etc.,

CHORUS.

In the morning, in the morning, We will gather with the faithful in the morning;

Where the night of sorrow shall be rolled away, And joy will crown us in the morning.

4 Where the hills are blooming on the
 other shore,
 We'll meet each other in the morning!
 Where the heart's deep longing will be
 felt no more,
 And joy will crown us in the morning.

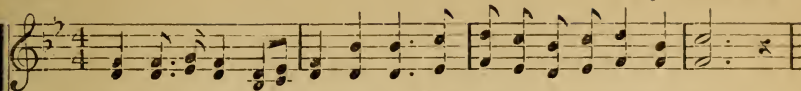
5 In the boundless rapture of a Saviours'
 love
 We'll meet each other in the morning;
 Then we'll sing his glory in the realms
 above,
 And joy will crown us in the morning.

Jesus the Rock.

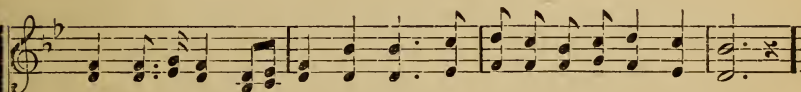
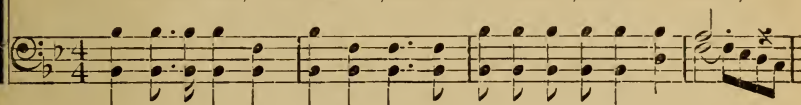
117

Mrs. C. N. PICKOP.

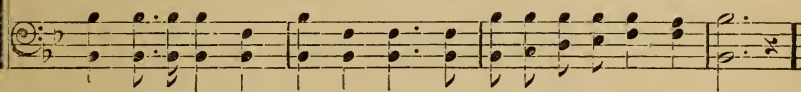
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Jesus, the rock on which my feet May safely and securely stand,
2. Jesus, the rock on which I build, The sure foundation, true and tried ;
3. Jesus the rock stands firm, secure, Unyielding, tho' the storms may beat ;
4. Jesus the rock, blest Saviour, thou Art all I want, and all I crave ;



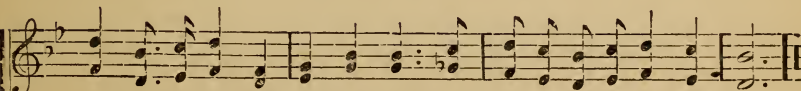
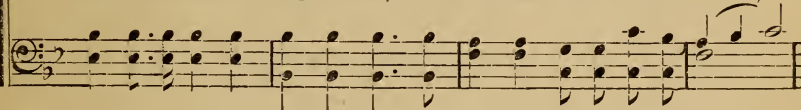
While all around me sinks and falls, And scatters like the crumbling sand.
Bright star of hope for ruined man, Is Jesus Christ, the cruci - fied !
In this sure trust I anchor fast, And find a blessed safe re - treat.
I trust in thee, for well I know Thy mighty power alone can save.



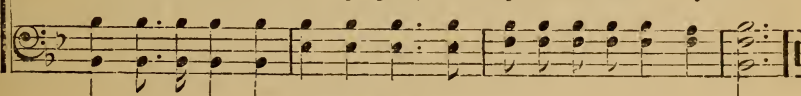
CHORUS.



Jesus the rock, I cling to thee, Tho' waves and billows 'round me roll ;



Jesus my hope, my on - ly plea, The stay and comfort of my soul.



He Comes.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENBY.

1. Awake! awake! O Zion, lift thy voice! In the Lord thy God forevermore re-
 2. He comes! he comes! the faithful watchmen cry; To the hills look up and wave the banner

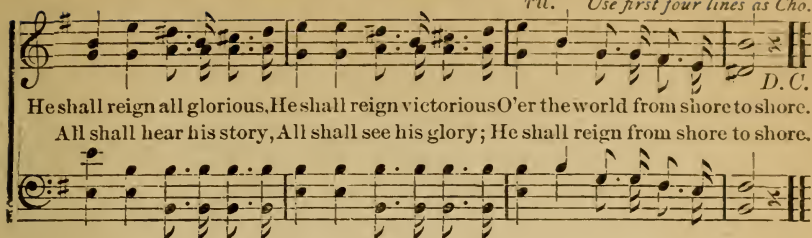
joyce; A - rise! arise! behold, the night is past, And the day has come at last;
 high! He comes! he comes! with trumpet tongue proclaim Our redemption thro' his name.

Let thy harp resound as once it rang In the grand old time of thy strength and prime,
 Oh, the songs, glad songs that now we raise In the dear retreat where we love to meet,

When thy soul within thee sweetly sang, Trusting in the promise of the Lord.
 In the house of prayer and joyous praise, Singing with the happy ones above.

Hark! O Zi-on, hear the joy-bells ring! Lo, he cometh, thy Redeemer-King!
 Crown, oh, crown him, our Deliv'rer-King! Hail, oh, hail him, while our gifts we bring!

rit. Use first four lines as Cho.



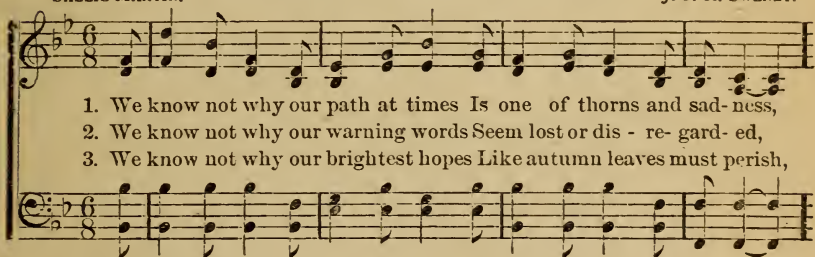
D.C.

He shall reign all glorious, He shall reign victorious O'er the world from shore to shore.
All shall hear his story, All shall see his glory; He shall reign from shore to shore.

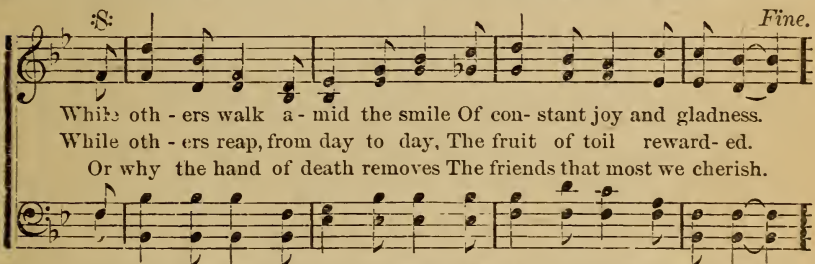
We Know Not Why.

SALLIE MARTIN.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



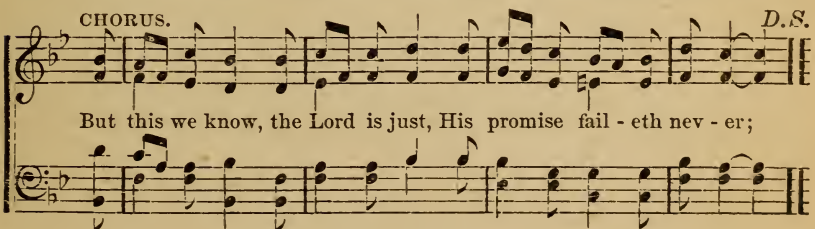
1. We know not why our path at times Is one of thorns and sad-ness,
2. We know not why our warning words Seem lost or dis - re - gard - ed,
3. We know not why our brightest hopes Like autumn leaves must perish,



Fine.

While oth - ers walk a - mid the smile Of con - stant joy and gladness.
While oth - ers reap, from day to day, The fruit of toil reward - ed.
Or why the hand of death removes The friends that most we cherish.

D.S.—Though heaven and earth should pass away, His truth shall stand forever!



D.S.

CHORUS.
But this we know, the Lord is just, His promise fail - eth nev - er;

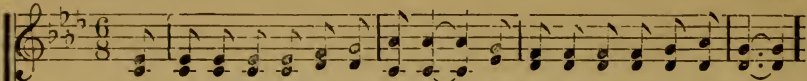
4 We know not what our joy will be
When, in the realms of glory,
We at the Saviour's feet shall tell
Redemption's wondrous story.

5 O then, content, we'll walk by faith,
Our hearts his love possessing;
We'll praise him for his mercies past,
And trust for every blessing.

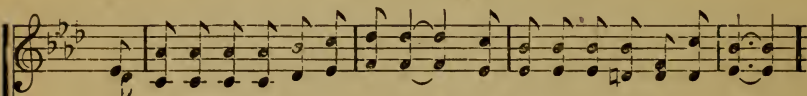
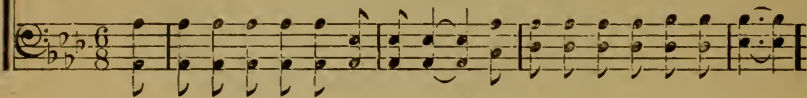
Do Something To-day.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

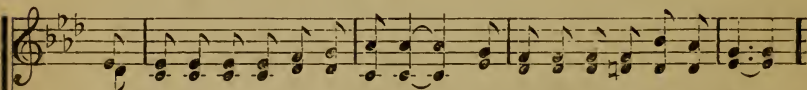
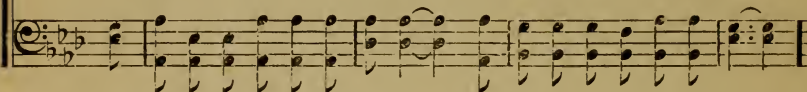
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



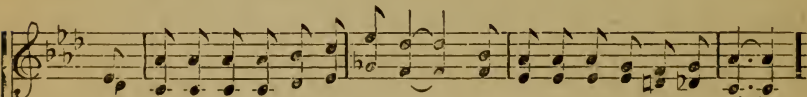
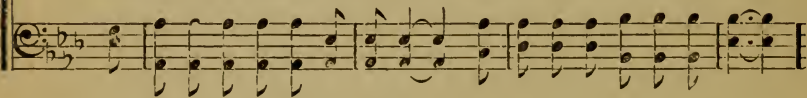
1. You're longing to work for the Master, Yet waiting for something to do ;
2. Go rescue that wandering brother Who sinks 'neath his burden of woe,
3. Gosing happy songs of rejoicing With those who no sorrows have known ;
4. O never, my brother, stand waiting, Be willing to do what you can ;



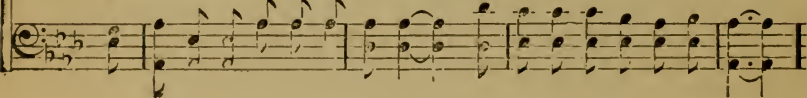
You fancy the future is holding Some wonderful mission for you ;
 A single kind action may save him, If love and compassion you show ;
 Go weep with the heart-broken mourner, Go comfort the sad and the lone ;
 The humblest service is need-ed, To fill out the Father's great plan ;



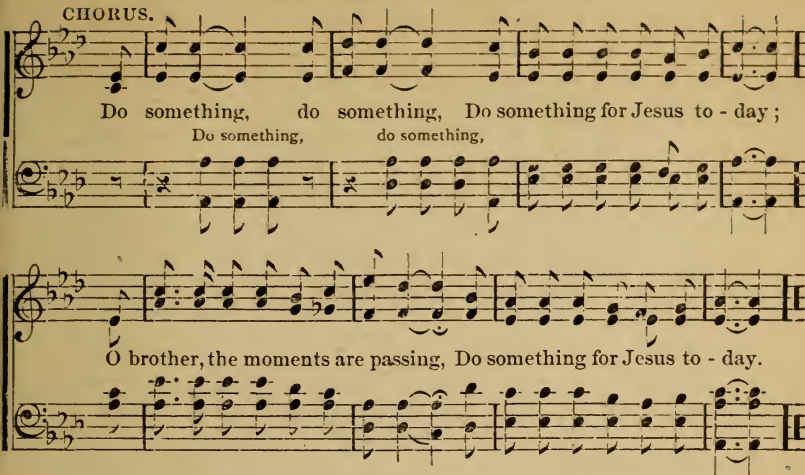
But while you are waiting the moments Are rapid-ly passing a - way ;
 Don't shrink from the vilest about you, If you can but lead them from sin ;
 From pitfalls and snares of the tempter Go rescue the thoughtless and wild :
 Be earning your stars of rejcie - ing While earth-life is passing a - way ;



O brother, awake from your dreaming, Do something for Jesus to - day.
 For this is the grandest of missions, — Lost souls for the Master to win.
 Go win from pale lips a 'God bless you,' Go brighten the life of a child.
 Win some one to meet you in glo - ry, — Do something for Jesus to - day.



CHORUS.

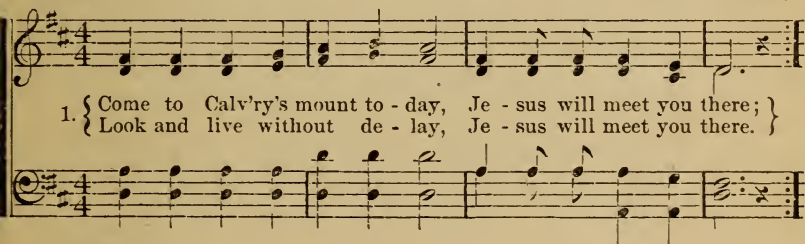


Do something, do something, Do something for Jesus to - day;
Do something, do something,
O brother, the moments are passing, Do something for Jesus to - day.

Jesus Will Meet You There.

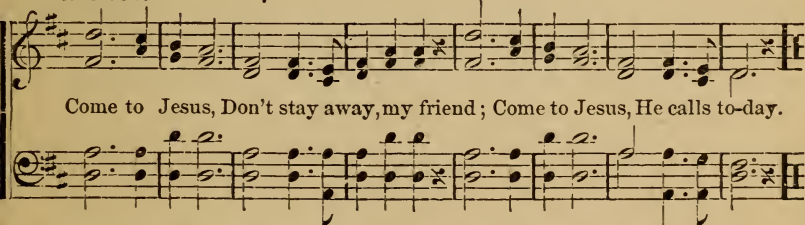
W. L. K.

W. LEWIS KANE.



1. { Come to Calv'ry's mount to - day, Je - sus will meet you there; }
{ Look and live without de - lay, Je - sus will meet you there. }

CHORUS.



Come to Jesus, Don't stay away, my friend; Come to Jesus, He calls to-day.

2 Rest beneath the hallowed cross,
Jesus will meet you there;
Saving mercy gained for loss,
Jesus will meet you there.

3 Come and join his faithful band,
Jesus will meet you there;
Take his mighty, helping hand,
Jesus will meet you there.

4 At the blessed mercy seat,
Jesus will meet you there;
Come with this assurance sweet,
Jesus will meet you there.

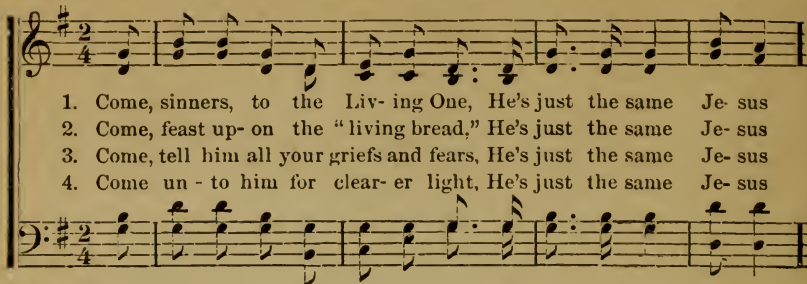
5 You'll find rest in heaven at last,
Jesus will meet you there;
And be happy with the blest,
Jesus will meet you there.

The Very Same Jesus.

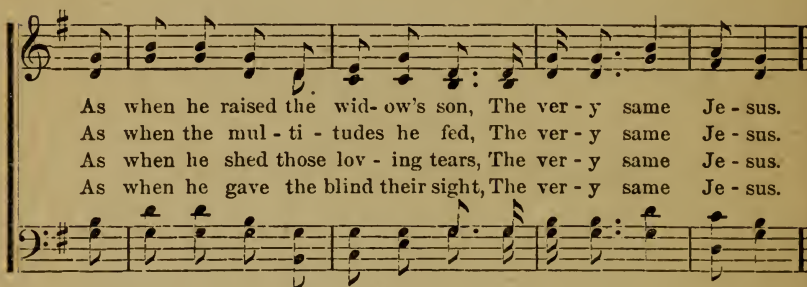
L. H. EDMUNDS.

"This same Jesus."—Acts i: 11.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

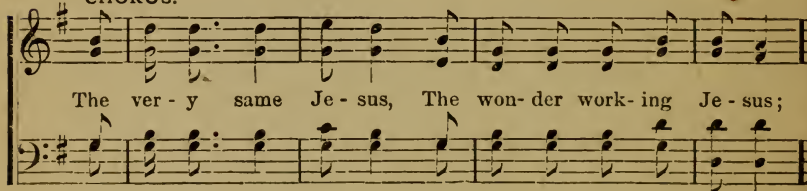


1. Come, sinners, to the Liv - ing One, He's just the same Je - sus
 2. Come, feast up - on the "living bread," He's just the same Je - sus
 3. Come, tell him all your griefs and fears, He's just the same Je - sus
 4. Come un - to him for clear - er light, He's just the same Je - sus

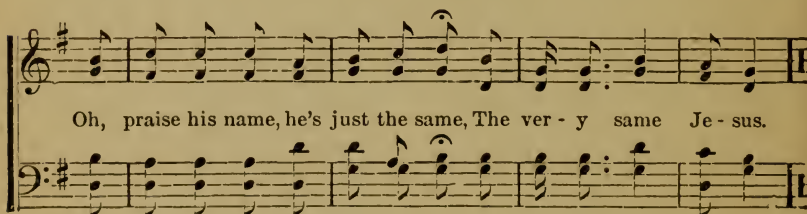


As when he raised the wid - ow's son, The ver - y same Je - sus.
 As when the mul - ti - tudes he fed, The ver - y same Je - sus.
 As when he shed those lov - ing tears, The ver - y same Je - sus.
 As when he gave the blind their sight, The ver - y same Je - sus.

CHORUS.



The ver - y same Je - sus, The won - der work - ing Je - sus;



Oh, praise his name, he's just the same, The ver - y same Je - sus.

6 Calm 'midst the waves of trouble be, He's just the same Jesus	6 Some day our raptured eyes shall see He's just the same Jesus;
As when he hushed the raging sea, The very same Jesus.	Oh, blessed day for you and me! The very same Jesus.

Showers of Blessing.

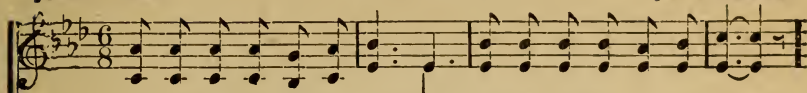
123

"And I will cause the shower to come down in his season."

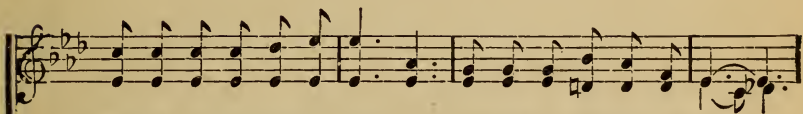
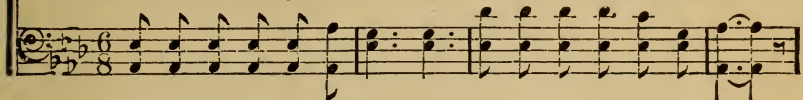
Ezekiel xxxiv. 26.

JENNIE GARNETT.

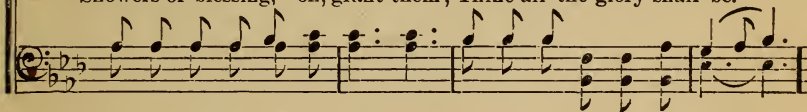
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Here in thy name we are gathered, Come and revive us, O Lord;
2. O that the showers of bless-ing Now on our souls may descend,
3. There shall be showers of blessing,—Promise that never can fail;
4. Showers of blessing,—we need them, Showers of blessing from thee;



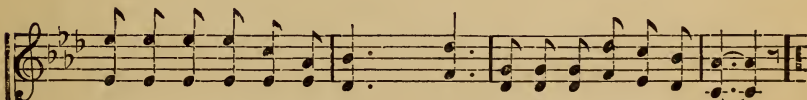
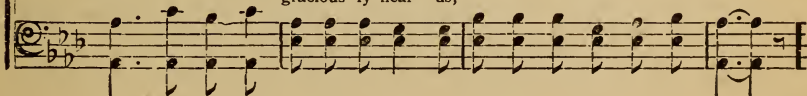
"There shall be showers of bless-ing" Thou hast declared in thy word.
While at the footstool of mer-cy Pleading thy promise we bend!
Thou wilt regard our pe-ti-tion; Sure-ly our faith will pre-vail.
Showers of blessing,—oh, grant them; Thine all the glory shall be.



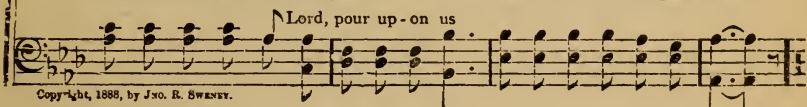
CHORUS.



Oh, gracious-ly hear us, Gracious-ly hear us, we pray:
gracious-ly hear us,



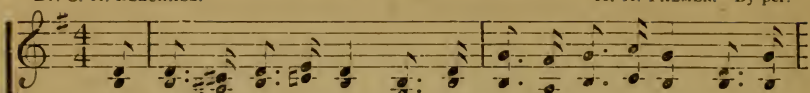
Pour from thy windows upon us Showers of blessing to-day.



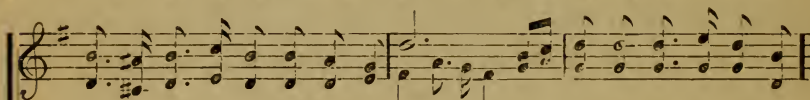
Triumph By and By.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL.

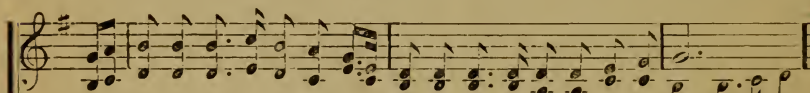
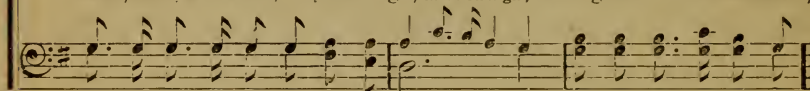
H. R. PALMER. By per.



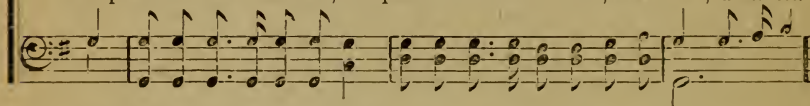
1. The prize is set before us, To win his words implore us, The
 2. We'll follow where he leadeth, We'll pasture where he feedeth, We'll
 3. Our home is bright above us, No tri-als dark to move us, But



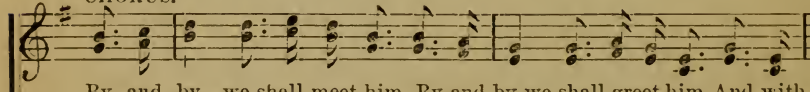
eye of God is o'er us, From on high, from on high; His loving tones are calling,
 yield to him who pleadeth From on high. Then naught from him shall sever,
 Jesus, dear, to love us, There on high, there on high; We'll give him best endeavor,



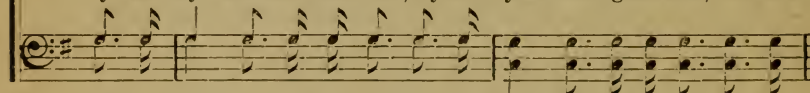
While sin is dark, appalling; 'Tis Jesus gently calling, He is nigh, he is nigh.
 Our hope shall brighten ever, And faith shall fail us never, He is nigh, he is nigh.
 And praise his name forever; His precious ones can never, Never die, never die.



CHORUS.

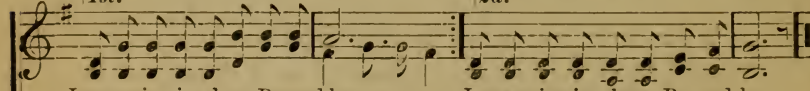


By and by we shall meet him, By and by we shall greet him, And with

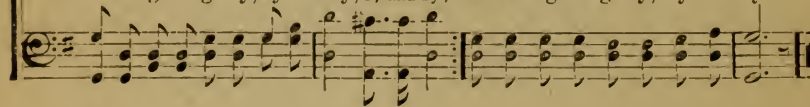


1st.

2d.



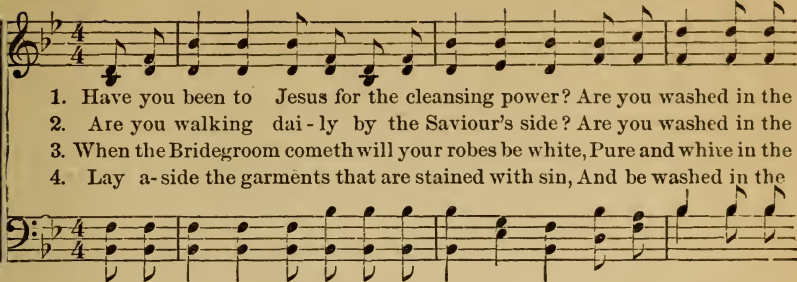
Jesus reign in glory, By and by, by and by; Jesus reign in glory, By and by.



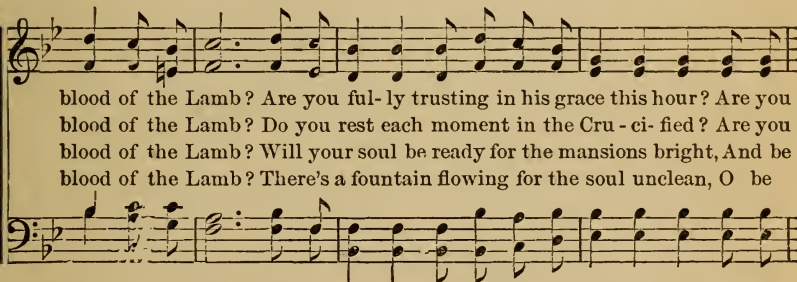
Are You Washed in the Blood? 125

E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. By per.

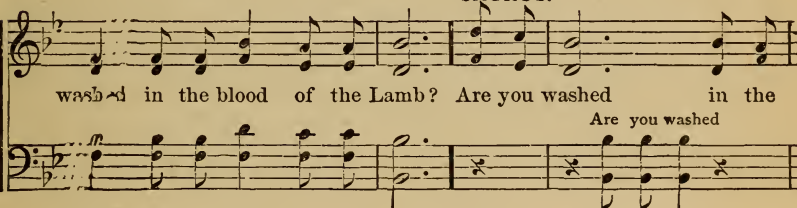


1. Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing power? Are you washed in the
 2. Are you walking dai-ly by the Saviour's side? Are you washed in the
 3. When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white, Pure and whive in the
 4. Lay a-side the garments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the

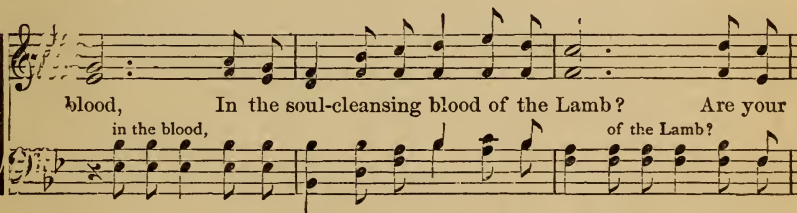


blood of the Lamb? Are you ful-ly trusting in his grace this hour? Are you
 blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru-ci-fied? Are you
 blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright, And be
 blood of the Lamb? There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean, O be

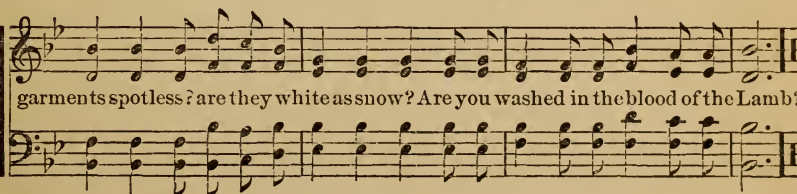
CHORUS.



washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the
 Are you washed



blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your
 in the blood, of the Lamb?

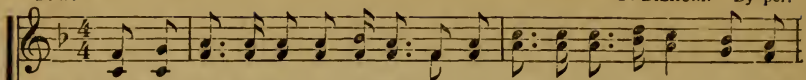


garments spotless? are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

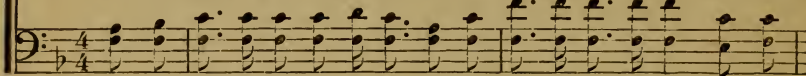
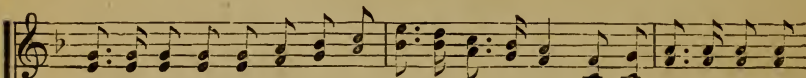
126 Are You Coming While He Calls?

P. B.

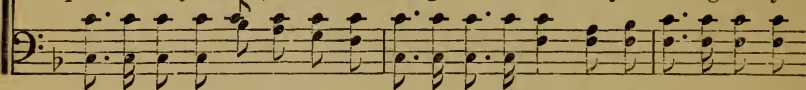
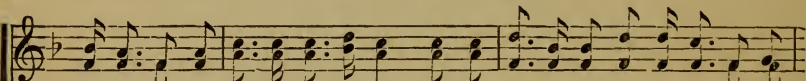
P. BILHORN By per.



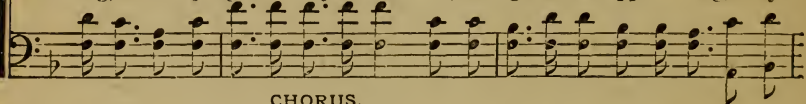
1. You have heard the Gospel message, You have heard it o'er and o'er. He that
2. Is there one will now believe him, Is there one who'll turn from sin, Is there
3. Will you give yourself to Jesus, Will you give yourself to God, Will you
4. Are you coming? are you coming? You have wandered far from God, There is

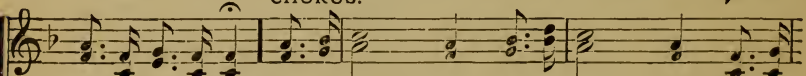
heareth and believeth Shall have life forever more; Oh, then why will you re-
 one will now receive him, And the heavenly life begin, Is there one who knows his
 trust his love and mercy, Will you trust his precious blood? Will you come unto the
 pardon freely offered, There is cleansing in the blood! Are you coming? are you

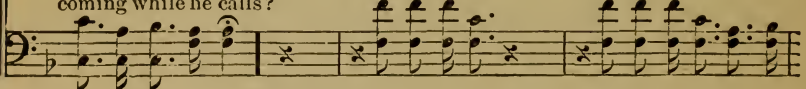
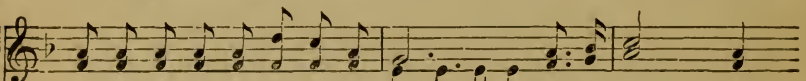
fuse him, Oh, then why will you delay To believe and trust in Jesus, Who will
 weakness, Is there one who knows his need? Will you come while he is calling, Will you
 fountain, Which for sin was opened wide, Will you come while he is calling, Come un-
 coming, Ere the judgment on you falls? See, the night is fast approaching, Are you



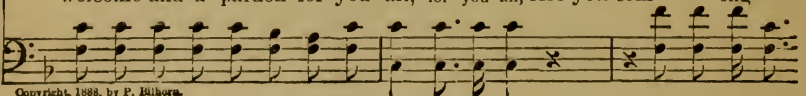
CHORUS.



wash your sins away. Are you com - ing, are you com - ing? There's a
 now the Spirit heed?
 to the crimson tide? Are you coming, are you coming?
 coming while he calls?

welcome and a pardon for you all, for you all, Are you com - - ing



rit.

while he calls, . . . Are you coming while the Sav-iour calls?
are you coming while he calls,

Use Me, Saviour.

FRED. WOODROW.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Use me, O my gracious Sa-viour, Use me, Lord, as pleaseth thee;
2. Be it noon or be it midnight, Wea-ry watch or blaze of day,
3. Pride of will and lust of sta-tion, Lord, I would from all be free,

Nothing done for thee so low-ly But is great enough for me.
Shouting with the hap-py reap-ers, Toil-ing in the hidden way.
And the on-ly hon-or seek-ing, Lord, to be of use to thee.

CHORUS.

Use me, Use me, Use me as it pleaseth thee;
Use me, O my Saviour, Use me, O my Sa-viour,

Use me, Use me, Use me as it pleaseth thee.
Use me, O my Saviour, Use me, O my Saviour,

Glory to God, Hallelujah!

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We are nev-er, nev-er wea-ry of the grand old song; Glo-ry to
 2. We are lost a-mid the rapture of redeem-ing love; Glo-ry to
 3. We are go-ing to a palace that is built of gold; Glo-ry to
 4. There we'll shout redeeming mercy in a glad, new song; Glo-ry to

God, hal-le-lu-jah! We can sing it loud as ever, with our faith more strong:
 God, hal-le-lu-jah! We are rising on its pinions to the hills a-bove:
 God, hal-le-lu-jah! Where the King in all his splendor we shall soon behold:
 God, hallelujah! There we'll sing the praise of Jesus with the blood-wash'd throng:

Fine. CHORUS.

Glo-ry to God, hal-le-lu-jah! O, the children of the Lord have a

right to shout and sing, For the way is grow-ing bright, and our

D.S.

souls are on the wing; We are going by and by to the palace of a King!

That Gentle Whisper.

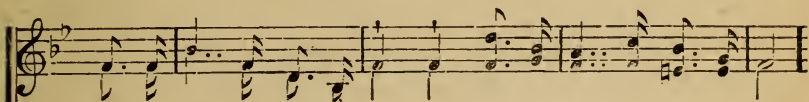
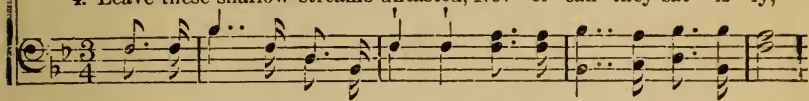
129

E. E. HEWITT.

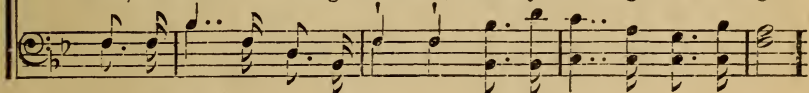
ADAM GEIBEL.



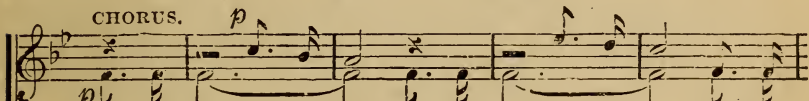
1. Do you hear that gentle whisper? Sweeter accents cannot be;
2. Wait not till the evening shadows Close around your dark'ning way,
3. Come, and bring your fresh affections, Youth's bright flowers of joy and love,
4. Leave these shallow streams untasted, Nev - er can they sat - is - fy,



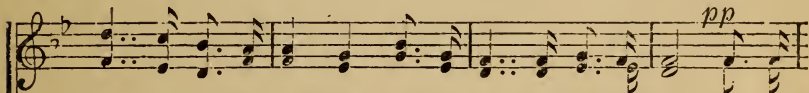
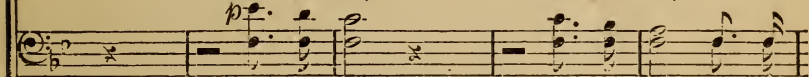
'Tis the Saviour's in - vi - ta - tion, "Come, my child, oh, come to me."
Come, while morning dew-drops sparkle, Come, while ear - ly sunbeams play.
Come, to find e - ternal treasures, Find your tru - est Friend above.
Come, to drink of living wa - ters, Freely flowing from on high.



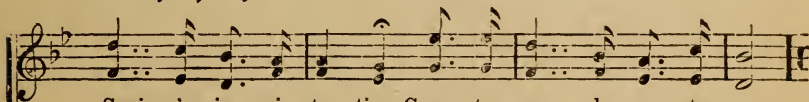
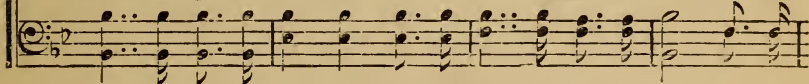
CHORUS.



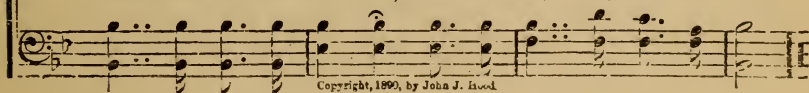
Come to me, Come to me, come to me; come to me; Sweetly



breathes that gentle whisper, "Come to me, oh, come to me," Breathes the

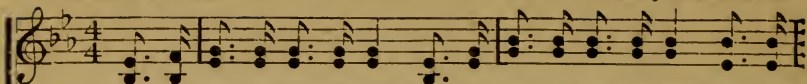


Saviour's in - vi - ta - tion, Come to me, oh, come to me.

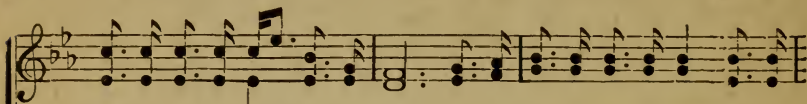
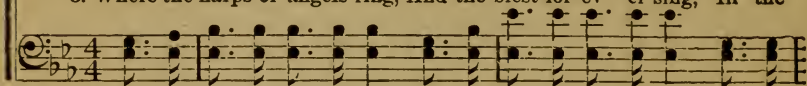


HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

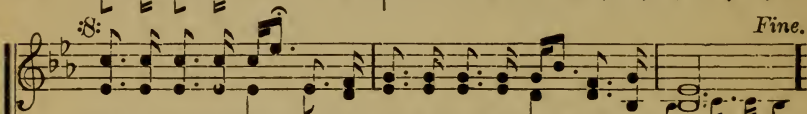
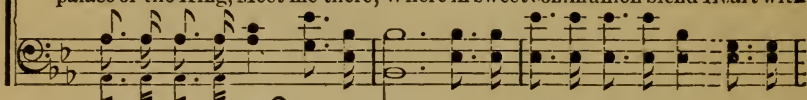
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



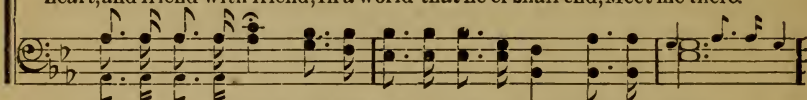
1. On the happy, golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the
2. Here our fondest hopes are vain, Dearest links are rent in twain; But in
3. Where the harps of angels ring, And the blest for-ev - er sing, In the



storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the night dissolves away Into
 heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there; By the river sparkling bright, In the
 palace of the King, Meet me there; Where in sweet communion blend Heart with

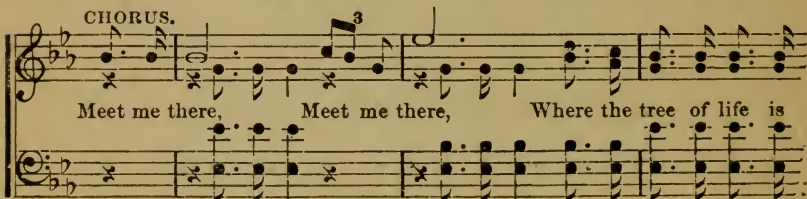
*Fine.*

pure and perfect day, I am going home to stay, Meet me there.
 ci - ty of delight, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
 heart, and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.

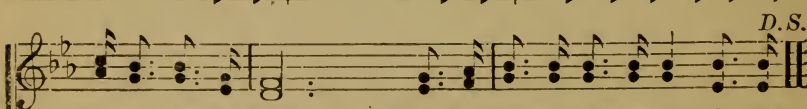


D.S.—happy golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there.

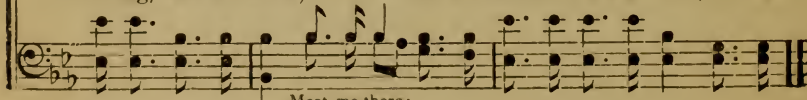
CHORUS.



Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the tree of life is

*D.S.*

blooming, Meet me there; When the storms of life are o'er, On the



Meet me there;

1. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus, How it smooths the rugged road!
2. Ah, this is what I'm wanting, His love - ly face to see;
3. I can - not live without him, Nor would I if I could;
4. So I'll wait a lit - tle long - er, Till his appoint - ed time,

How it seems to help me on - ward, When I faint beneath my load;
And I'm not a - afraid to say it, I know he's wanting me.
He is my dai - ly por - tion, My med - i - cine and food.
And a - long the upward path - way My pil - grim feet shall climb.

When my heart is crushed with sorrow, And my eyes with tears are dim,
He gave his life a ran - som, To make me all his own,
He is al - to - geth - er love - ly; None can with him com - pare;
There, in my Father's dwell - ing, Where man - y mansions be,

There is naught can yield me comfort Like a lit - tle talk with him.
And he'll ne'er forget his prom - ise To me, his purchased one.
Chief - est among ten thousand, And fair - est of the fair.
I shall sweetly talk with Je - sus, And he will talk with me.

On let us go.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On let us go where the val-ley of Ed-en fair Blooms on the
 2. On let us go where the beauti-ful realms above Ring with the
 3. On let us go where the weary and toil-oppressed Soon shall for-
 4. On let us go where the loving and loved shall meet, Meet on the

bank of the riv-er; On where the fields, in the beautiful robe they wear,
 time-honored sto-ry: Saved thro' the might of a blessed Redeemer's love,
 get ev'-ry sor-row; On where the soul to a happy and golden rest
 bank of the riv-er; There shall they sing at the blessed Redeemer's feet

CHORUS.
 Wave in the sunlight for-ev-er. On let us go,
 His be the praise and the glo-ry.
 Wakes in e-ter-ni-ty's mor-row. On, march on, to the beau-ti-ful land we go,
 Songs that shall echo for-ev-er.

On let us go, On let us
 On, march on, to the beau-ti-ful land we go, On, march on, where the

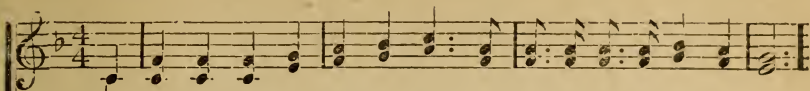
go, On where the hap-py ones are call-ing.
 riv-ers of pleasure flow,

A Shelter in the Time of Storm. 133

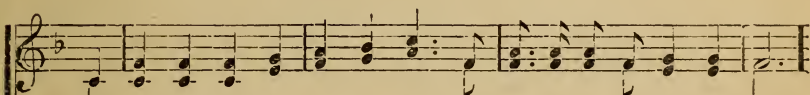
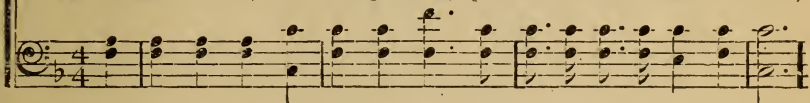
Words arranged.

"My God is the Rock of my refuge."—Ps. xciv : 22.

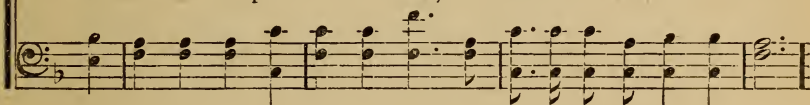
IRA D. SANKS.



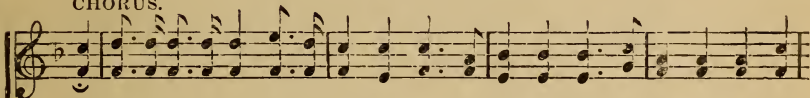
1. The Lord's our Rock, in him we hide, A shelter in the time of storm;
2. A shade by day defence by night, A shelter in the time of storm;
3. The raging storms may round us beat, A shelter in the time of storm;
4. O Rock divine, O Refuge dear, A shelter in the time of storm;



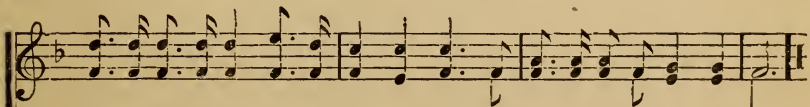
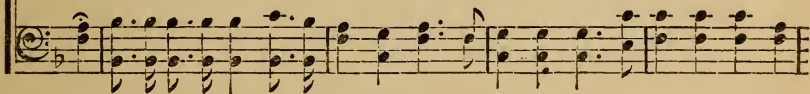
Secure whatever ill be-tide, A shelter in the time of storm.
 No fears alarm, no foes af-fright, A shelter in the time of storm.
 We'll nev-er leave our safe retreat, A shelter in the time of storm.
 Be thou our helper ev-er near, A shelter in the time of storm.



CHORUS.



Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land, A weary land, a weary land; Oh,



Jesus is a Rock in a weary land, A shelter in the time of storm



Only a Beam of Sunshine.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. On - ly a beam of sun - shine, But oh, it was warm and bright; The
 2. On - ly a beam of sun - shine That in - to a dwell - ing crept, Where,
 3. On - ly a word for Je - sus! Oh, speak it in his dear name; To

heart of a wea - ry trav - 'ler Was cheered by its wel - come sight.
 o - ver a fad - ing rose - bud, A moth - er her vig - il kept.
 per - ish - ing souls a - round you The message of love pro - claim.

On - ly a beam of sun - shine That fell from the arch a - bove, And
 On - ly a beam of sun - shine That smiled thro' her falling tears, And
 Go, like the faith - ful sun - beam, Your mission of joy ful - fil; Re -

ten - der - ly, soft - ly whispered A mes - sage of peace and love.
 showed her the bow of prom - ise, For - got - ten perhaps for years.
 member the Saviour's prom - ise, That he will be with you still.

CHORUS.

On - ly - a word for Je - sus, On - ly a whispered prayer

O - ver some grief-worn spir - it May rest like a sun-beam fair.

The New Name.

J. E. H.

J. E. HALL.

1. We shall have a new name in that land, In that land, that sunny, sunny land,
2. We'll receive it in a pure white stone, And no one will know the name therein;
3. Don't you wonder what that name will be, Sweeter far than aught on earth can be,

Cho.—We shall have a new name in that land, In that land, that sunny, sunny land,

Fine.

When we meet the bright angelic band, In that sunny land. A new name, a
Only unto him who hath 'tis known, When we're free from sin. A white stone, a
We will be quite satisfied when we Shall that new name know. I won- der, I

When we meet the bright angelic band, In that sunny land.

D. C.

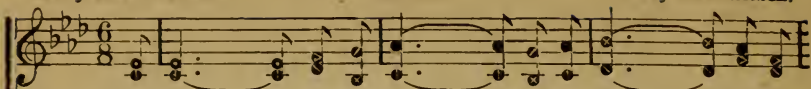
new name We'll receive up there; A new name, a new name, All who enter there.
white stone We'll receive up there; A white stone, a white stone, All who enter there.
won- der What that name will be, I wonder, I wonder, What he'll give to me.

My Shepherd.

REV. JOSEPH H. MARTIN.

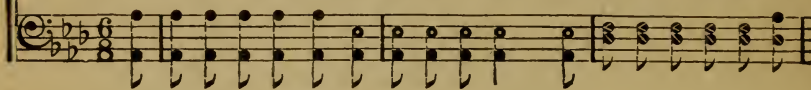
PS. xxiii.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

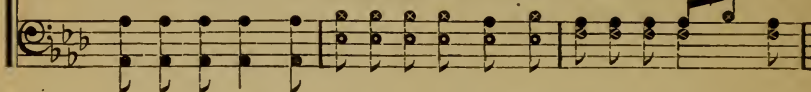


1. The Lord . . . is my shep - - - herd, my keep - - er and
 2. Whenev - - - er I wan - - - der, and leave . . the true

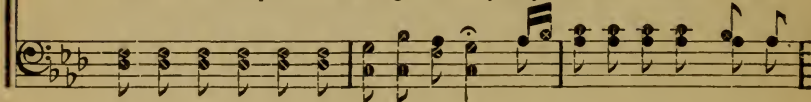
1. The Lord is my shepherd, my keeper and guide, The Lord is my shepherd, my
 2. Whenev - er I wan - der, and leave the true way, When - ev - er I wan - der, and



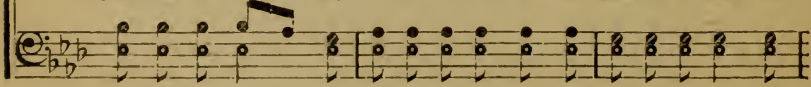
guide, . . . My wants . . . he'll sup - ply, . . . and for
 way, And like . . . a lost sheep . . . from the
 keep - er and guide, My wants he'll supply, and for me he'll provide, My
 leave the true way, And like a lost sheep from the flock go a - stray, And



me he'll pro - vide; . . . In midst . . . of green
 flock go a - stray; . . . My soul . . . he re -
 wants he'll sup - ply, and for me he'll provide; In midst of green pastures he
 like a lost sheep from the flock go a - stray; My soul he restores to the



pas - - - - tures he makes - - me to lie, . . . Be -
 stores to the path . . . that is right, . . . He
 makes me to lie, In midst of green pastures he makes me to lie, Be -
 path that is right, My soul he restores to the path that is right, He

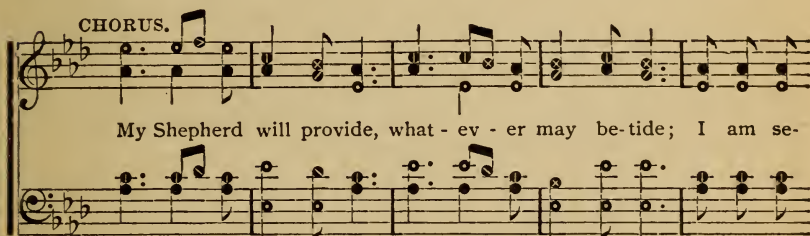


My Shepherd.—CONCLUDED.

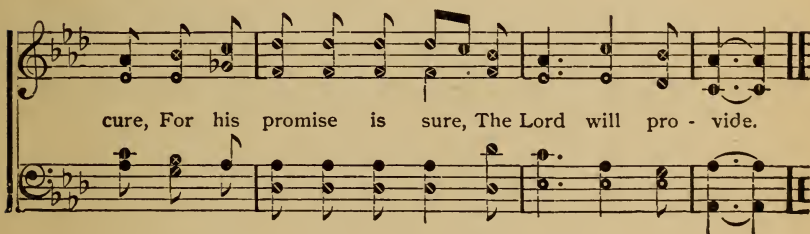


side . . the still wa - - ters that gen - - tly pass by. . .
 leads . . me in safe - - ty, I walk - - in his light. .
 side the still waters that gently pass by, That gently, that gently pass by.
 leads me in safe-ty, I walk in his light, In safety I walk in his light.

CHORUS.



My Shepherd will provide, what - ev - er may be-tide; I am se-



cure, For his promise is sure, The Lord will pro - vide.

3 When called to surrender my faltering breath,
 And pass through the vale of the shadow of death,
 The presence of Jesus will brighten the tomb,
 With hope and with gladness dispelling its gloom.
 With gladness dispelling its gloom.

4 For me his free bounty a table has spread;
 And blessings unmeasured he pours on my head;
 My cup with abundance and joy overflows;
 He dries all my tears, and he heals all my woes.
 He heals all my woes, all my woes.

5 His goodness and mercy shall crown all my days,
 My mouth shall be filled with thanksgiving and praise;
 I'll dwell in his temple of glory above,
 And sing evermore of his grace and his love.
 And sing of his grace and his love.

1. Je- sus, when he left the sky, And for sinners came to die, In his
 2. Mothers then the Saviour sought In the places where he taught, And to
 3. Did the Saviour say them nay? No, he kindly bade them stay, Suffered
 4. 'Twas for them his life he gave, To redeem them from the grave, Jesus

CHORUS.

mer- cy passed not by Little ones like me. Little ones, little ones,
 him the children brought, Little ones like me.
 none to turn a - way Little ones like me.
 now will gladly save Little ones like me.

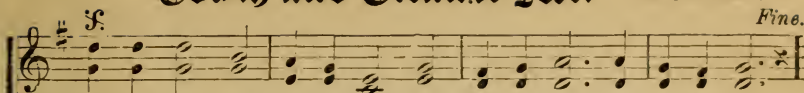
"Suffer them to come," said he; Jesus loves the little ones, Little ones like me.

Copyright, 1880, by JOAN J. HOOD.

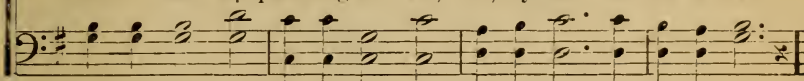
1. Touch and cleanse me, blessed Sav-iour, I am wea - ry of my sin;
 2. Touch and cleanse me, blessed Sav-iour, Humbly now my guilt I own;
 3. Touch and cleanse me, blessed Sav-iour, I am poor, and weak, and blind;
 4. Thou dost cleanse me, blessed Sav-iour, Light is streaming from a - bove;

Touch and Cleanse Me.—CONCLUDED.

Fine.



I am long - ing for thy fa - vor, Longing to be pure within.
Oh, be - stow thy pard'ning fa - vor! Thou canst save me, thou alone.
Grant me now thy lov - ing fa - vor, Let me now sal - vation find.
Now I feel thy pard'ning fa - vor, Oh, my soul is full of love.

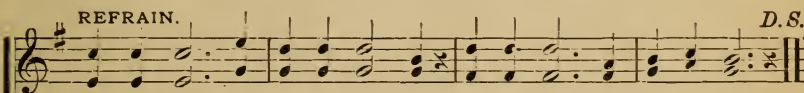


D.S.—Touch and cleanse me, touch and cleanse me, Jesus, save me or I die.

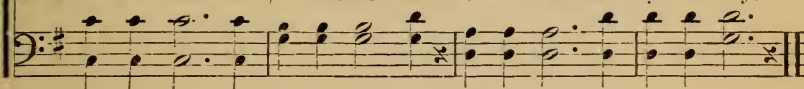
D.S.—Thou dost cleanse me, thou dost cleanse me, Glory be to God on high.

REFRAIN.

D.S.



Touch and cleanse me, touch and cleanse me, Listen to my fee - ble cry,
4th v. Thou dost cleanse me, thou dost cleanse me. Thou hast heard my feeble cry.



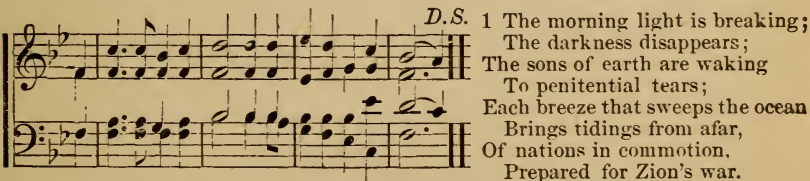
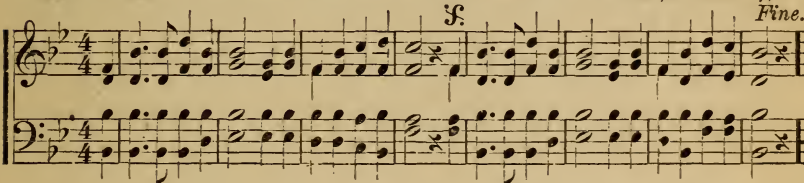
139

The Morning Light.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

Tune, WEBB. 7. 6.

Fine.



D.S. 1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion.
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

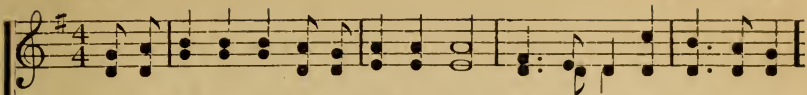
3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

Come and See.

141

CHARLES H. ELLIOTT.

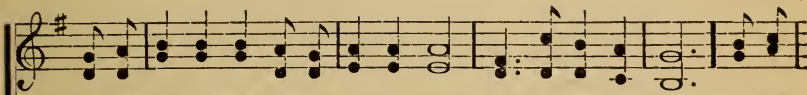
JNO. R. SWENEY.



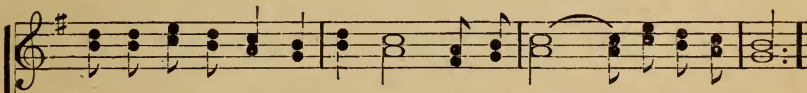
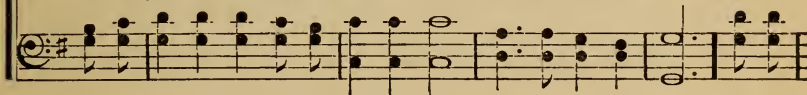
1. There is pardon sweet, at the Master's feet, Come and see, O come and see;
2. There's an easy yoke that you all may bear, Come and see, O come and see;
3. There's a healing balm for the weary breast, Come and see, O come and see;
4. There's a life beyond, 'tis a life di - vine, Come and see, O come and see;



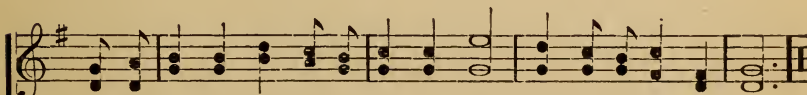
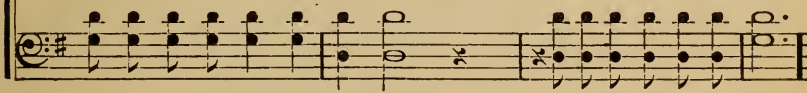
CHORUS.



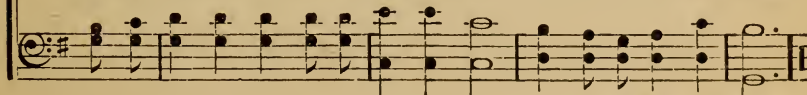
There's a song of peace that shall never cease, Come, O come and see. In the
 There's a ho-ly joy that you all may share, Come, O come and see.
 There's a tranquil peace and a sa-cred rest, Come, O come and see.
 And the light of faith on your path will shine, Come, O come and see.



precious, precious blood of Je - sus Washed a - way your sins may be;



You may plunge just now in its cleansing flood,—Come, will you come and see.



SALLIE SMITH.

JNO. R. SWENNY.

1. I have found a friend di - vine, Wont you love him too?
 2. Oh, how dear his name to me, Wont you love him too?
 3. Heav - y - lad - en, care - oppressed, Wont you love him too?
 4. Cast your bur - den at his feet, Wont you love him too?

I am his and he is mine, Wont you love him too?
 None can save your soul but he, Wont you love him too?
 How he longs to give you rest, Wont you love him too?
 There is par - don pure and sweet, Wont you love him too?

CHORUS.

Wont you love my Je - sus, My pre-cious, precious Je - sus?

Wont you love my Je - sus? He is waiting now for you.

Holy, Holy, Holy!

143

"They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty."—Rev. iv. 8.

REGINALD HEBER.

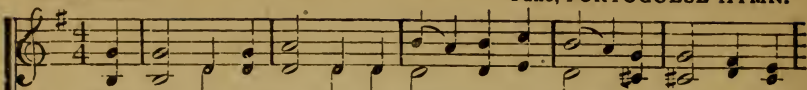
JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore thee.
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! though the darkness hide thee,
4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - migh - ty!

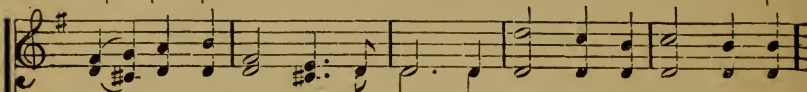
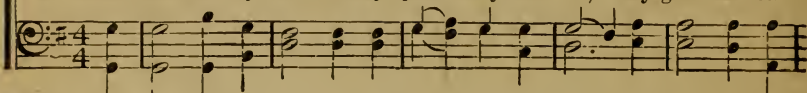
Grate - ful - ly a - dor - ing our song shall rise to thee;
 Cast - ing down their golden crowns a - round the glass - y sea;
 Though the eyes of sin - ful man thy glo - ry may not see,
 All thy works shall praise thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and might - y!
 Cher - u - bim and se - ra - phim fall - ing down be - fore thee,
 On - ly thou art ho - ly, there is none be - side thee
 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and might - y!

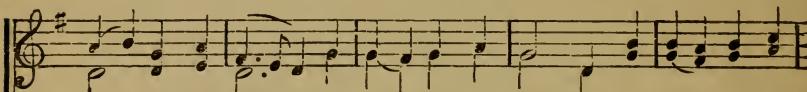
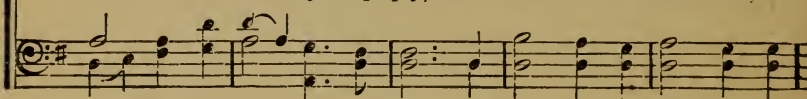
God in three per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
 Which wert and art and ev - er - more shall be.
 Per - fect in power, in love and pur - i - ty.
 God in three per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!



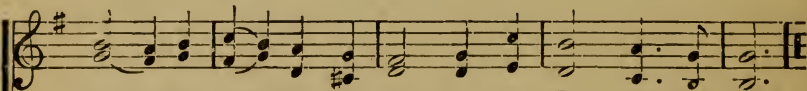
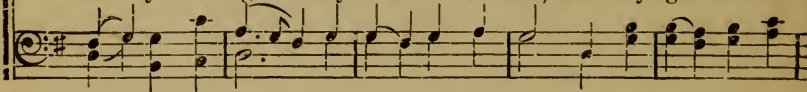
1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed, For I am thy
3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of
4. "When thro' fie-ry tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace all suf-



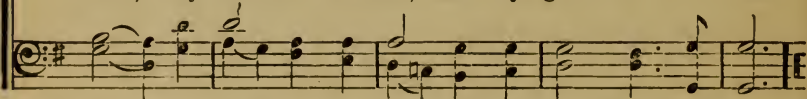
faith in his ex-cel-lent word! What more can he say, than to
 God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
 sor-row shall not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy
 fi-cient, shall be thy sup-ply, The flame shall not hurt thee; I



you he hath said, To you, who for re-fuge to Je-sus have
 cause thee to stand, Up-held by my gracious, om-ni-po-tent
 tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deepest dis-
 on-ly de-sign Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re-



fled? To you, who for re-fuge to Je-sus have fled?
 hand, Up-held by my gracious, om-ni-po-tent hand.
 tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
 fine, Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re-fine.



5 "E'en down to old age all my people
 shall prove [love;
 My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable
 And when hoary hairs shall their tem-
 ples adorn, [be borne.
 Like lambs they shall still in my bosom

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned
 for repose,
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
 That soul, though all hell should en-
 deavor to shake,
 I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

Redeemed, Praise the Lord.

145

ABBIE MILLS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O happy day! what a Sav-iour is mine! I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
2. O clap your hands, all ye people of God, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
3. Thanks be to God for the great vict'ry given, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
4. Glory to God, I would shout ev-ermore, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!

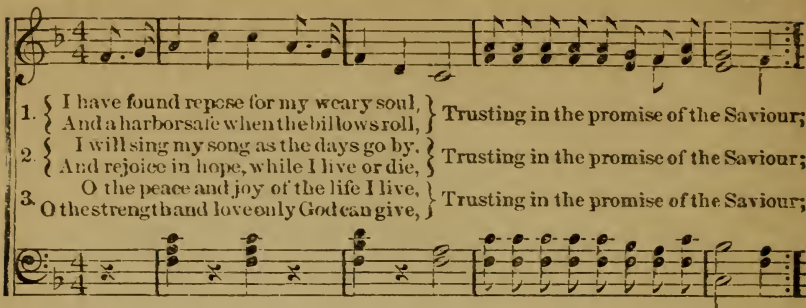
All to his pleasure I glad-ly re-sign, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
 Let ev'ry tongue speak his mercy abroad, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
 Now I am free; ev'ry chain has been riven,—I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
 O for a voice that could reach ev'ry shore, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!

Key C.

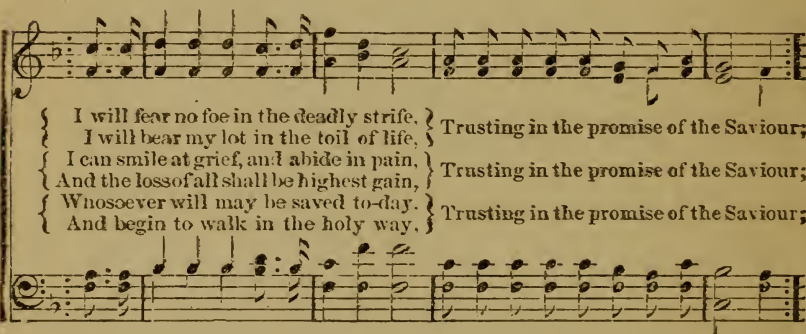
Jesus has taken my burden away; Jesus has turned all my night into day;
 His loving-kindness is bet-ter than gold; He doth bestow more than my cup can hold;
 Out of the pit, and the mire, and the clay, Jesus has borne me in triumph away;
 Help me, ye ransom'd, awake, ev'ry string, Let earth rejoice and the whole heavens ring,

Use first four lines as Chorus. D. U.

Jesus has come to my heart,—come to stay,—I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
 Wondrous Salvation, that ne'er can be told,—I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
 Safe on the rock I am standing to-day,—I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
 While we the chorus u-ni-ted-ly sing, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!

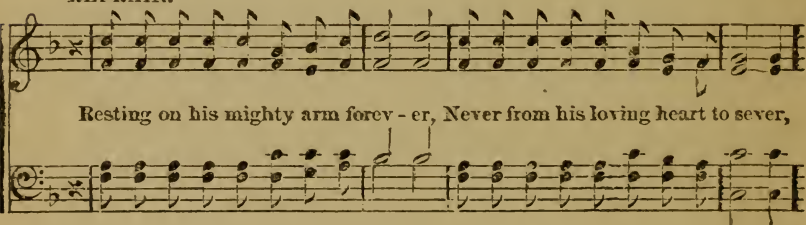


1. { I have found repose for my weary soul, } Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;
 And a harboursafe when the billows roll, }
 2. { I will sing my song as the days go by, } Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;
 And rejoice in hope, while I live or die, }
 3. { O the peace and joy of the life I live, } Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;
 O the strength and love only God can give, }

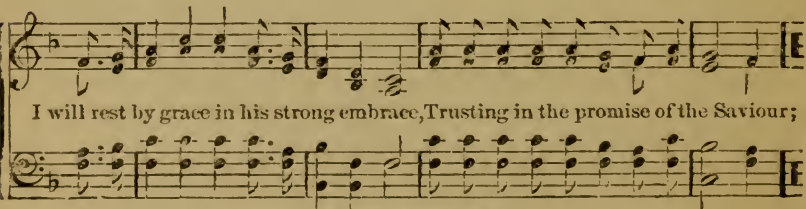


{ I will fear no foe in the deadly strife, } Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;
 I will bear my lot in the toil of life, }
 { I can smile at grief, and abide in pain, } Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;
 And the loss of all shall be highest gain, }
 { Whosoever will may be saved to-day, } Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;
 And begin to walk in the holy way, }

REFRAIN.



Resting on his mighty arm forev - er, Never from his loving heart to sever,



I will rest by grace in his strong embrace, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;

Come to Jesus.

147

J. H. S.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord;
 2. For Je - sus shed his pre-cious blood Rich blessings to be-stow;
 3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;

Fine.
 And he will sure - ly give you rest, By trusting in his word.
 Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That washes white as snow.
 Be - lieve in him, with-out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.

D. S.—He will save you, he will save you, He will save you now.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus now!
Second Chorus.
 On - ly trust him, on - ly trust him, On - ly trust him now;

4 O Jesus, blessed Jesus, dear,
 I'm coming now to thee;
 Since thou hast made the way so clear,
 And full salvation free.

5 Come, then, and join this holy band,
 And on to glory go;
 To dwell in that celestial land
 Where joys immortal flow.

by permission.

Come, Humble Sinner.

Tune above

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
 A thousand thoughts revolve,
 Come, with your guilt and fear oppress,
 And make this last resolve:—</p> <p>2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
 Like mountains round me close;
 I know his courts, I'll enter in,
 Whatever may oppose.</p> <p>3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
 And there my guilt confess;</p> | <p>• I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
 Without his sovereign grace.</p> <p>4 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
 Perhaps will hear my prayer;
 But, if I perish, I will pray,
 And perish only there.</p> <p>5 I can but perish, if I go;
 I am resolved to try:
 For if I stay away I know
 I must forever die. —EDMUND JONES.</p> |
|--|---|

1. There's a stranger at the door, Let him in,
 2. O - pen now to him your heart, Let him in,
 3. Hear you now his lov - ing voice? Let him in,
 4. Now admit the heavenly Guest, Let him in,

Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in,

He has been there oft be - fore, Let him in;
 If you wait he will de - part, Let him in;
 Now, oh, now make him your choice, Let him in,
 He will make for you a feast, Let him in,

Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in,

Let him in ere he is gone, Let him in the Ho - ly One,
 Let him in, he is your Friend, He your soul will sure de - fend,
 He is stand - ing at the door, Joy to you he will re - store,
 He will speak your sins for - given, And when earth ties all are riven,

Je - sus Christ, the Father's Son, Let him in.
 He will keep you to the end, Let him in.
 And his name you will a - dore, Let him in.
 He will take you home to heaven, Let him in.

Let the Saviour in. let the Saviour in.

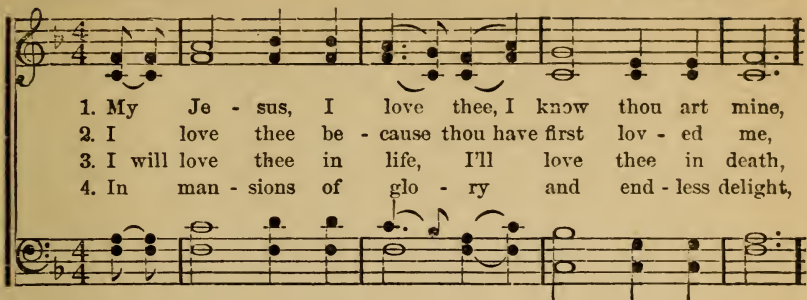
My Jesus, I Love Thee.

149

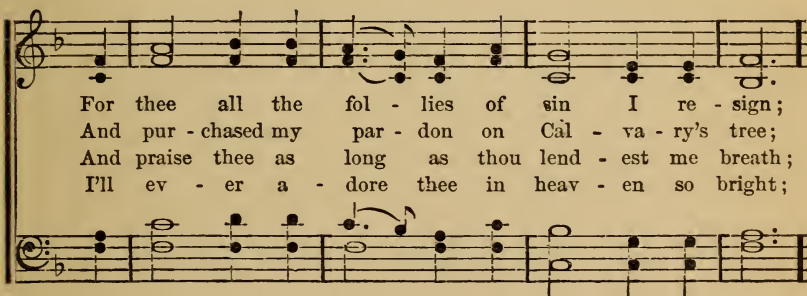
"London Hymn Book."

"Mine are thine and thine are mine."
John xvii. 10.

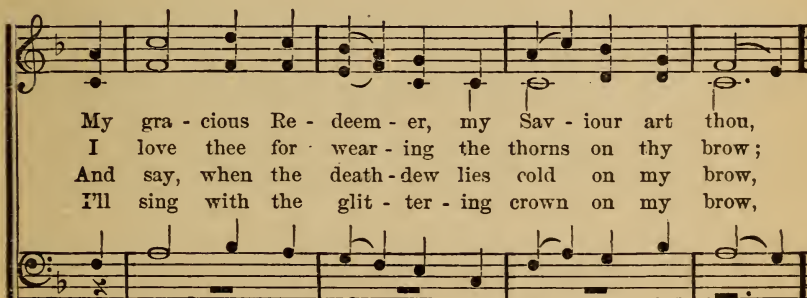
A. J. GORDON. By per.



1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine,
2. I love thee be - cause thou have first lov - ed me,
3. I will love thee in life, I'll love thee in death,
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less delight,



For thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
And pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
And praise thee as long as thou lend - est me breath;
I'll ev - er a - dore thee in heav - en so bright;



My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art thou,
I love thee for wear - ing the thorns on thy brow;
And say, when the death - dew lies cold on my brow,
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,



If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

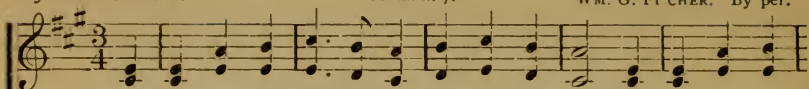
Whiter than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

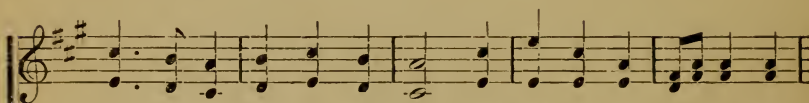
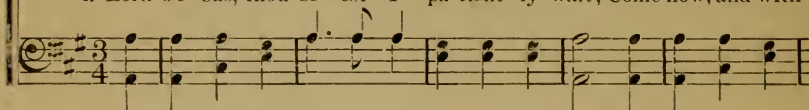
"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow"

Psalm li. 7.

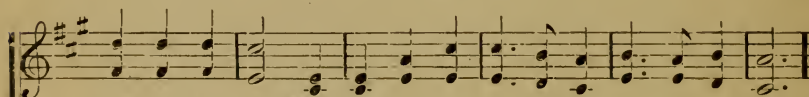
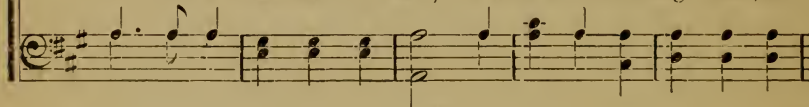
WM. G. FICHER. By per.



1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want thee for-
2. Lord Je-sus, look down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to
3. Lord Je-sus, for this I most humbly en-treat; I wait, blessed
4. Lord Je-sus, thou se-est I pa-tient-ly wait; Come now, and with



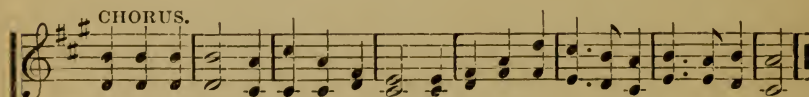
ev-er, to live in my soul; Break down ev-'ry i-dol, cast
make a com-plete sac-ri-fice; I give up my-self, and what-
Lord, at thy cru-ci-fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I
in me a new heart cre-ate; To those who have sought thee, thou



out ev-'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
ev-er I know—Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
see thy blood flow—Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
nev-er said'st No—Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.

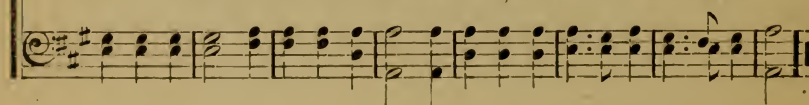


CHORUS.



Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;

Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

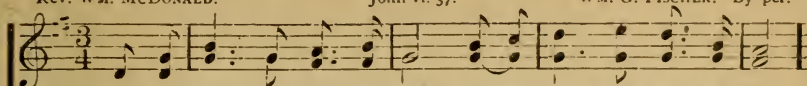


I am Coming to the Cross.

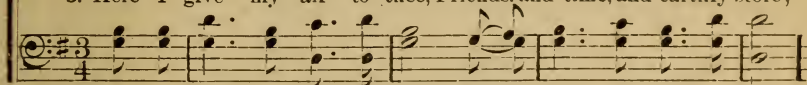
Rev. Wm. McDONALD.

John vi. 37.

Wm. G. FISCHER. By per.

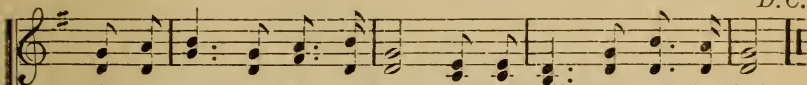


1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
 2. Long my heart has sighed for thee, Long has e - vil reigned within;
 3. Here I give my all to thee, Friends, and time, and earthly store;

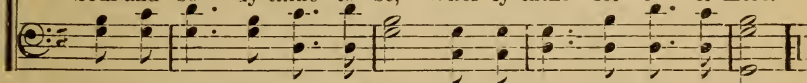


CHO.— I am trust - ing, Lord, in thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

D. C.



I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
 Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me.— "I will cleanse you from all sin."
 Soul and bo - dy thine to be,— Whol - ly thine for ev - er - more.



Humbly at thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

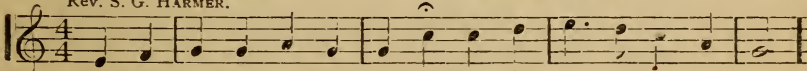
- 4 In thy promises I trust,
 Now I feel the blood applied:
 I am prostrate in the dust,
 I with Christ am crucified.

- 5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
 Perfected in him I am;
 I am every whit made whole:
 Glory, glory to the Lamb.

Rest for the Weary.

Rev. S. G. HARMER.

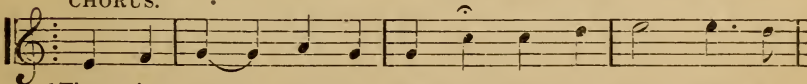
Rev. Wm. McDONALD.



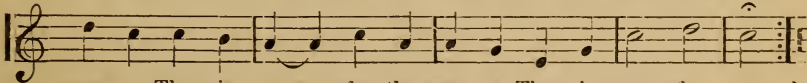
1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry There re - mains a land of rest;
 2. Pain or sickness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
 3. Death itself shall then be vanquished, And his sting shall be withdrawn:
 4. Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glo - ry: Shout your triumph as you go;



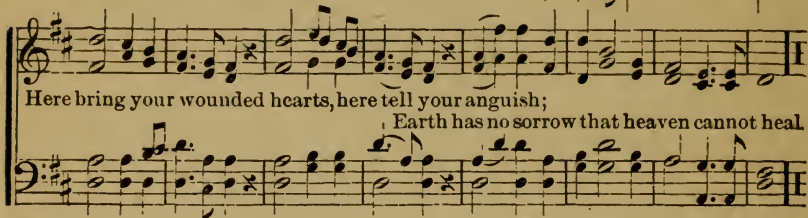
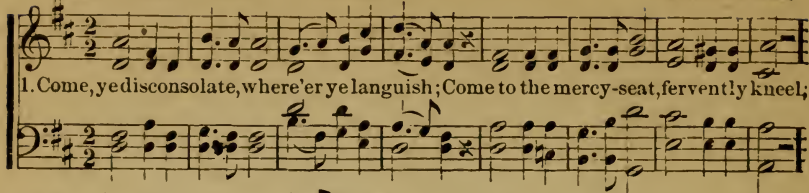
There my Saviour's gone be - fore me. To ful - fil my soul's request.
 But in that ce - les - tial cen - tre, I a crown of life shall wear.
 Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed! Hail with joy the ris - ing morn.
 Zi - on's gates will o - pen for you, You shall find an entrance through.
 CHORUS.



{ There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the
 { On the oth - er side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of



wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you—
 E - den, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you. }

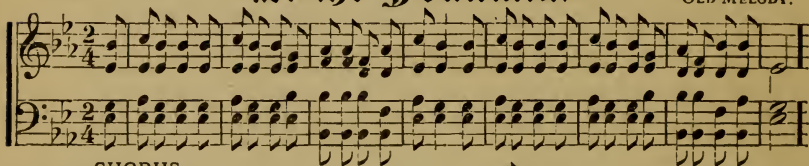


2 Joy of the desolate, light of the stray-
ing,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly say-
ing,
"Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot
cure."

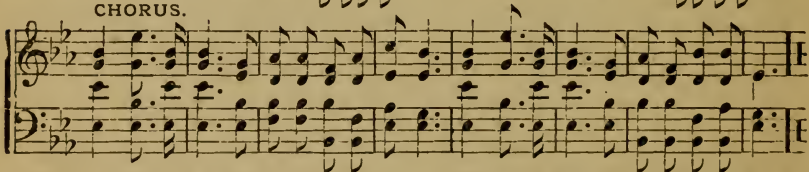
3 Here see the bread of life; see waters
flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure
from above; [knowing
Come to the feast of love; come, ever
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can
[remove.

At the Fountain.

OLD MELODY.



CHORUS.



1 Of him who did salvation bring,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
I could forever think and sing,
I'm on my journey home.

CHO—Glory to God,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
Glory to God,
I'm on my journey home.

2 Ask but his grace and lo! 'tis given,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
Ask and he turns your hell to heaven,
I'm on my journey home.

3 Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul,
I'm at the fountain drinking,

Jesus, thy balm will make me whole,
I'm on my journey home.

4 Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
I meet the object of my love,
I'm on my journey home.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
I drink and yet am ever dry,
I'm on my journey home.

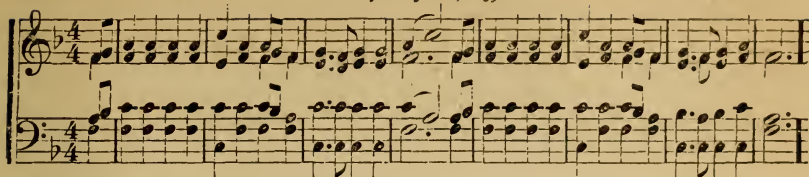
CHO.—Glory to God,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
Glory to God,
My soul is satisfied.

155 We'll Work till Jesus Comes.

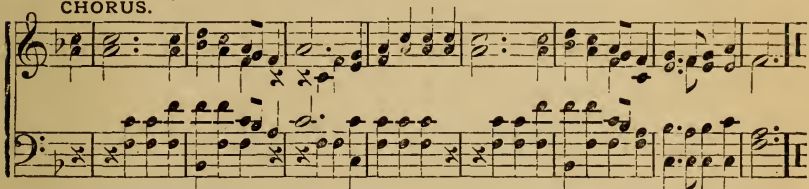
Mrs. ELIZABETH MILLS.

Arr. by W. J. K., 1859.

Dr. WM. MILLER.



CHORUS.



1 O land of rest for thee I sigh,
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armor by
And dwell in peace at home?

CHO.—We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
And we'll be gather'd home.

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful sheltering dome,

This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

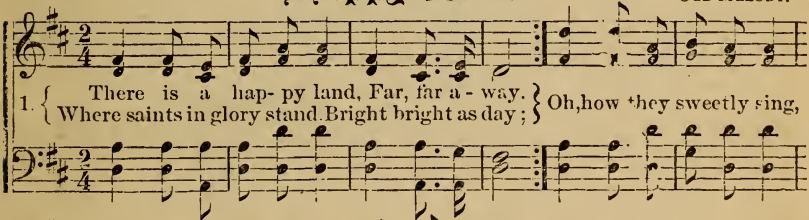
3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succor on his breast
Till he conduct me home.

4 I sought at once my Saviour's side,
No more my steps shall roam;
With him I'll brave death's chilling
And reach my heavenly home. [tide,

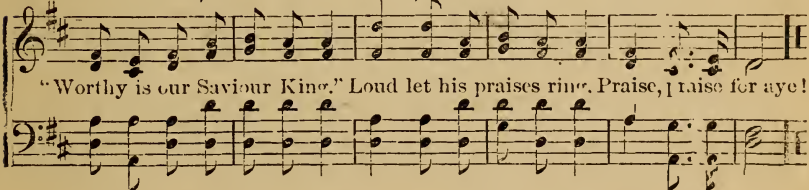
156

Happy Land.

OLD MELODY.



1. { There is a hap- py land, Far, far a - way. } Oh, how they sweetly sing,
{ Where saints in glory stand. Bright bright as day; }

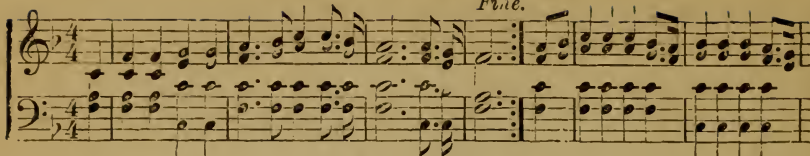


"Worthy is our Saviour King." Loud let his praises ring. Praise, I raise for aye!

2 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
On, then, to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright, above the sun,
Reign evermore.

3 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will you doubting stand?
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be
When from sin and sorrow free;
Lord, we shall dwell with thee.
Blest evermore.

Will You Go?

Fine.*D. C.*

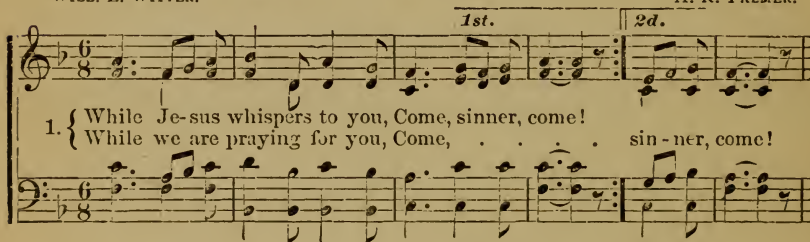
1 We're trav'ling home to heaven above,
Will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love;
Will you go?
Millions have reached that blest abode,
Anointed kings and priests to God;
And millions more are on the road;
Will you go?

2 We're going to walk the plains of light,
Will you go?
Far, far from curse and death and night;
Will you go?
The crown of life we then shall wear,
The conqueror's palm we then shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share;
Will you go?
3 The way to heaven is straight and
Will you go? [plain;
Repent, believe, be born again;
Will you go?
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
"Take up your cross and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see."
Will you go?

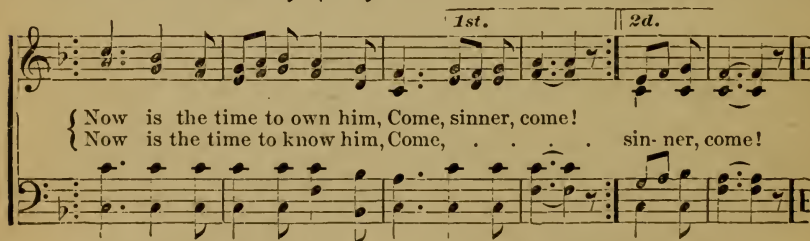
158 While Jesus Whispers to You.

WILL. E. WITTER.

H. R. PALMER.



1. { While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come!
While we are praying for you, Come, . . . sin-ner, come!



{ Now is the time to own him, Come, sinner, come!
{ Now is the time to know him, Come, . . . sin-ner, come!

2 Are you too heavy laden?
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will bear your burden,
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will not deceive you,
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus can now redeem you,
Come, sinner, come!

3 Oh, hear his tender pleading,
Come, sinner, come!
Come and receive the blessing,
Come, sinner, come!
While Jesus whispers to you,
Come, sinner, come!
While we are praying for you,
Come, sinner, come!

Crown Him.

Rev. THOS. KELLY.

"Thou hast crowned him with glory and honor."

Psalm viii 5.

Arr. by GEO. G. STEEBINS. By per
Fine.

1. { Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious, See the "Man of sorrows" now, }
 { From the fight re - turn vic - to - rious, Ev - 'ry knee to him shall bow. }
 2. { Crown the Sav - iour! an - gels crown him, Rich the trophies Jesus brings, }
 { In the seat of power enthrone him, While the vault of heaven rings. }

D. C.—Crown him! crown him, angels crown him! Crown the Saviour King of kings.

REFRAIN.

Crown him! crown him, angels crown him! Crown the Saviour King of kings;

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim,
 Saints and angels crowd around him,
 Own his title, praise his name.

4 Hark! the bursts of acclamation!
 Hark! these loud, triumphant chords,
 Jesus takes the highest station,
 Oh, what joy the sight affords!

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER.

L. MASON.

- 1 My faith looks up to thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Saviour divine!
 Now hear me while I pray;
 Take all my guilt away;
 Oh, let me from this day
 Be wholly thine!
- 2 May thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart,
 My zeal inspire!

As thou hast died for me,
 Oh, may my love to thee
 Pure, warm, and changeless be—
 A living fire!

- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be thou my guide;
 Bid darkness turn to day,
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll,
 Blest Saviour! then, in love,
 Fear and distrust remove;
 Oh, bear me safe above—
 A ransomed soul!

He is Calling.

Arr. by S. J. VAN.

1. { There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea :
There's a kindness in his justice Which is more than } li - ber - ty.

CHORUS.

He is call - ing, "Come to me!" Lord, I'll gladly haste to thee.

- 2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good ;
There is mercy with the Saviour ;
There is healing in his blood.
- 3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind ;

And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderful and kind.

- 4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word ;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

The Golden Key.

"Prayer is the key to unlock the door, and the bolt to shut in the night."

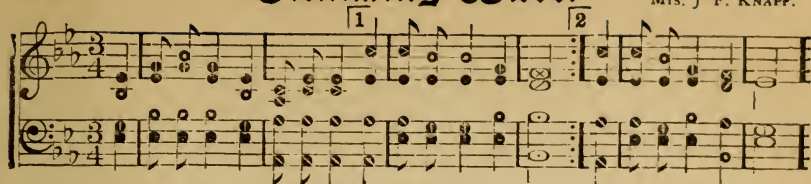
J. R. S.

1. Prayer is the key For the bending knee To open the morn's first hours ;
2. Not a soul so sad, Nor a heart so glad, When cometh the shades of night,
3. Take the golden key In your hand and see, As the night tide drifts away,

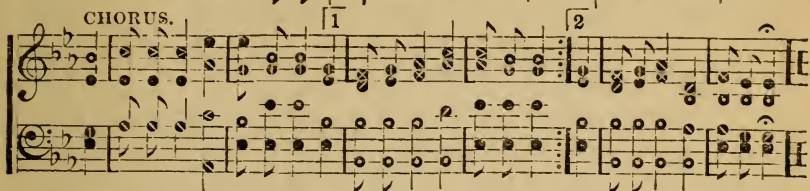
See the incense rise To the star - ry skies, Like per - fume from the flow'rs.
But the daybreak song Will the joy prolong, And some darkness turn to light.
How its blessed hold Is a crown of gold, Thro' the weary hours of day.

- 4 When the shadows fall,
And the vesper call
Is sobbing its low refrain,
'Tis a garland sweet
To the toil dent feet,
And an antidote for pain.

- 5 Soon the year's dark door
Shall be shut no more :
Life's tears shall be wiped away
As the pearl gates swing,
And the gold harps ring,
And the sun unsheathe for aye.



CHORUS.



1 OH, now I see the cleansing wave!
The fountain deed and wide;
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to his wounded side.

2 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world of sin, [white,
With heart made pure and garments
And Christ enthroned within.

Cho.—The cleansing stream, I see, I see!
I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!
Oh, praise the Lord! it cleanseth me;
It cleanseth me—yes, cleanseth me.

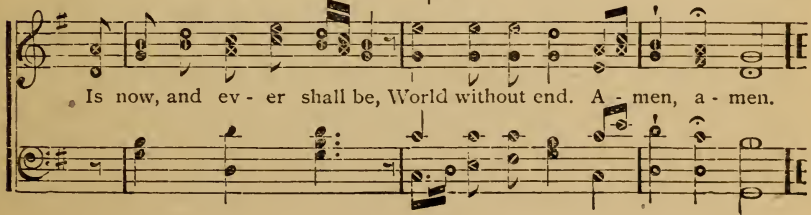
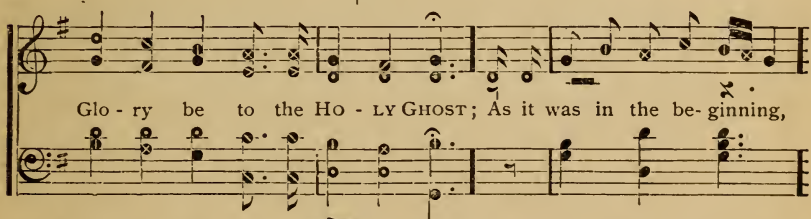
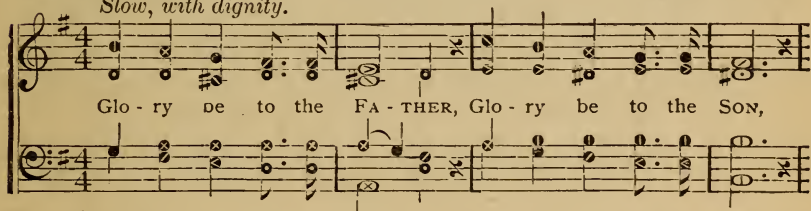
3 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus, know,
My Jesus crucified.

Doxology.

Words arr. by B. M. A.

Melody by J. R. S.

Harmony by W. J. K.

Slow, with dignity.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Moderato.

1. Stepping-stones to Je-sus All our joys may be, Used with glad thanksgiving
 2. Stepping-stones to Je-sus, Leading to his feet, Are the lit-tle tri-als,
 3. Stepping-stones to Je-sus, All the pure delight In his works of beauty,
 4. Stepping-stones to Jesus, Blessed means of grace; Prayer and sweet communion

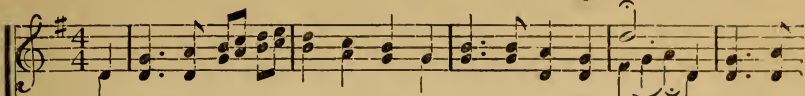
For his love so free. Many, many blessings In our pathway fall, Stepping-stones to
 Which we daily meet; Ev'ry need that presses, Ev'ry vexing care, Ev'ry dis-ap-
 All things fair and bright. Ev'ry sweet affection, Tender human love, Brought in conse-
 In the sacred place; Ev'ry self-denial For the Master's cause, Each renewed o-

CHORUS.

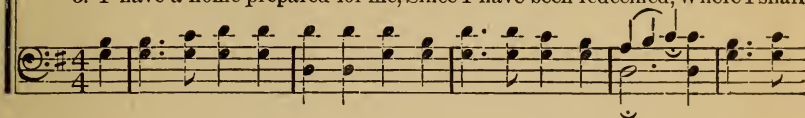
Jesus We may find them all. Looking for the stepping-stones
 pointment, Ev'ry cross we bear. Placed along life's way;
 cration To the Friend above.
 beying Of his ho-ly laws.

Looking for the stepping-stones, We find them ev'ry day; Stepping-stones to Je-sus,

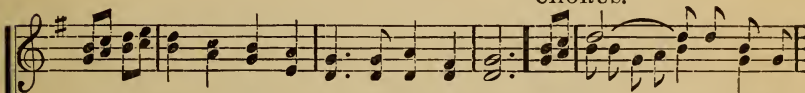
p *poco rit.* *ad lib.*
 Stepping-stones to Jesus, Looking for the stepping-stones, We find them ev'ry day.



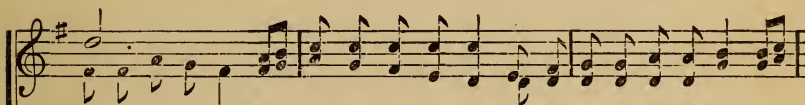
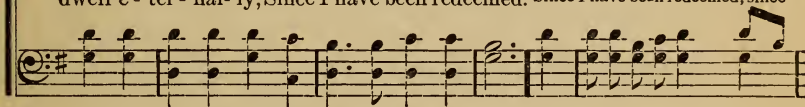
1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been redeemed, Of my Re-
2. I have a Christ that satis-fies, Since I have been redeemed, To do his
3. I have a Witness bright and clear, Since I have been redeemed, Dispelling
4. I have a joy I can't express, Since I have been redeemed, All thro' his
5. I have a home prepared for me, Since I have been redeemed, Where I shall



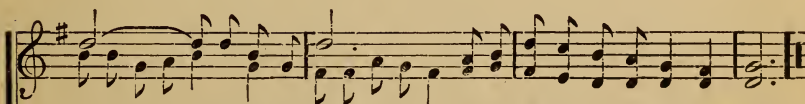
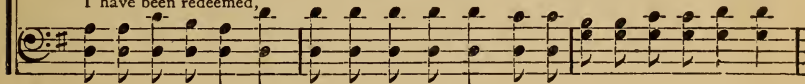
CHORUS.



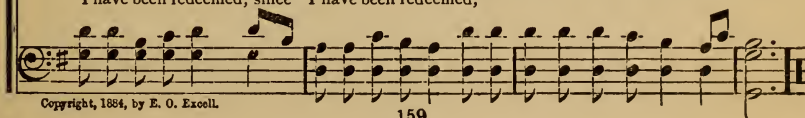
deemer, Saviour King, Since I have been redeemed. Since I . . . have been re-
 will my highest prize, Since I have been redeemed.
 every doubt and fear, Since I have been redeemed.
 blood and righteousness, Since I have been redeemed.
 dwell e - ter - nal - ly, Since I have been redeemed. Since I have been redeemed, since



deemed, Since I have been redeemed, I will glory in his name, Since
 I have been redeemed,



I . . . have been redeemed, I will glory in the Saviour's name.
 I have been redeemed, since I have been redeemed,

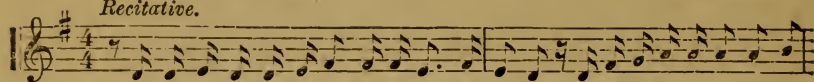


167 But the Lord is Mindful of His Own.

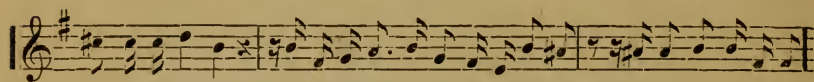
From th: "Oratorio of St. Paul."

MENDELSSOHN.

Recitative.

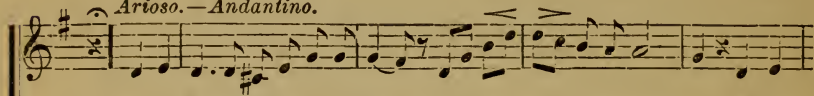


And he journey'd with companions towards Damascus, and had authority and com-

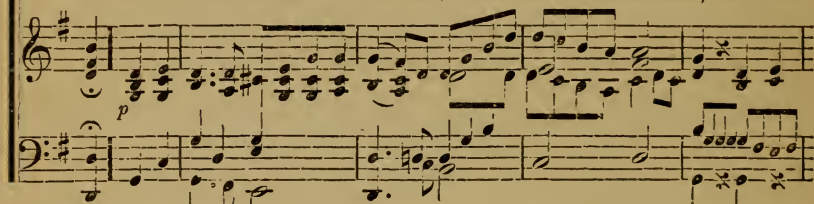


mand from the High Priest, that he might bring them bound, men and women, unto Jerusalem.

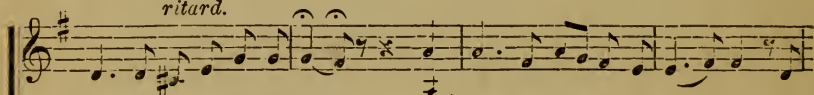
Arioso. — Andantino.



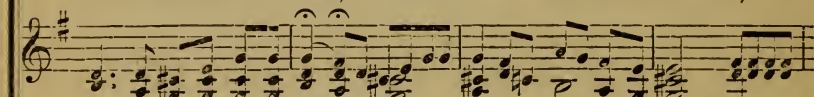
But the Lord is mindful of his own, he remembers his children, But the



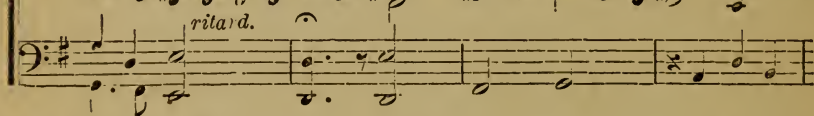
ritard.



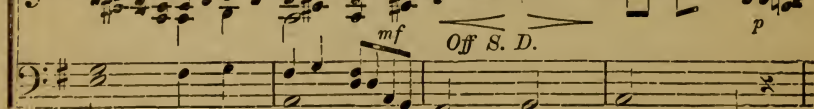
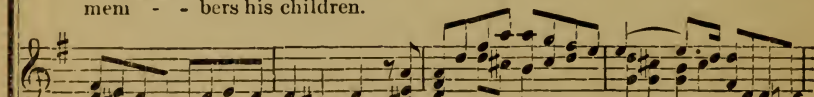
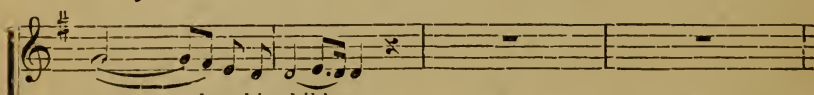
Lord is mindful of his own, the Lord remembers his children, re-



ritard.



mem - - bers his children.



But the Lord is Mindful.—CONCLUDED. 168

cres.

Bow down before him, ye mighty, for the Lord is near us!

Add Viol. & S. D. *cres.*

cres. *f*

Bow down before him, ye mighty, for the Lord is near

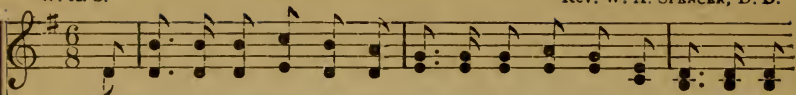
cres. *f* *dim.*

us! yes, the Lord is mindful of his own; He remembers his chil-

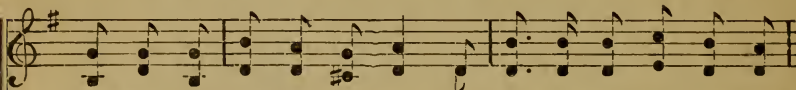
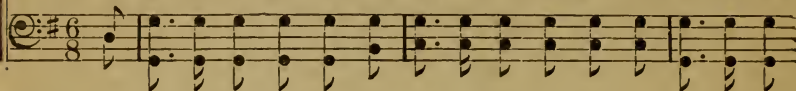
cres. *f*

dren; Bow down before him, ye mighty, for the Lord is near us!

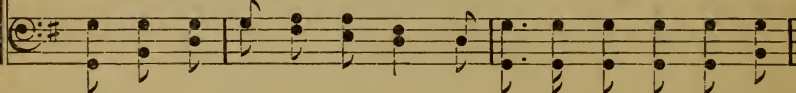
cres. *f* *dim.*



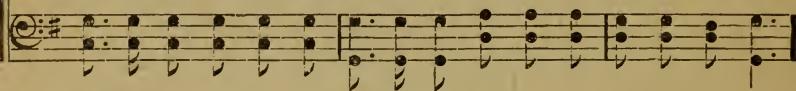
1. The seed I have scattered in spring-time with weeping, And watered with
2. An- oth- er may reap what in spring-time I've planted, An- oth- er re-
3. The thorns will have choked, and the summer sun blasted The most of the



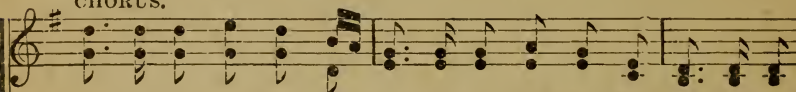
tears and with dews from on high; An - oth - er may shout when the
joice in the fruit of my pain,—Not know-ing my tears when in
seed which in spring-time I've sown; But the Lord who has watched while my



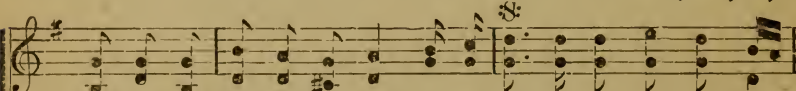
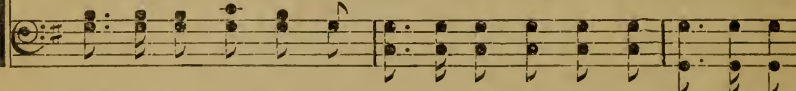
har-vesters reaping Shall gather my grain in the "sweet by and by."
summer I faint-ed While toiling sad-heart-ed in sunshine and rain.
wea-ry toil last-ed Will give me a har-vest for what I have done.



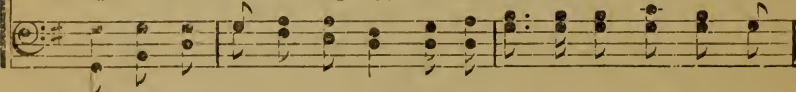
CHORUS.



O - ver and o - ver, yes, deep - er and deep - er My heart is pierced



through with life's sor-row-ing cry, But the tears of the sow - er and



Harvest Time.—CONCLUDED.

Fine.

songs of the reap-er shall min- gle to - geth-er in joy by and by.

D. S.

By and by, by and by, By and by, by and by, Yes, the

170

Saviour, Pilot Me.

J. E. GOULD.

Fine.

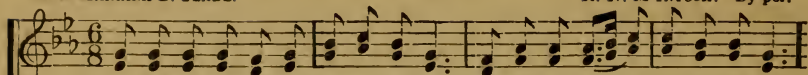
D. C.

1 Jesus, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
Chart and compass came from thee:
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

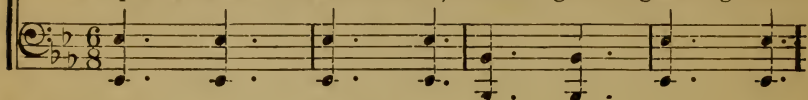
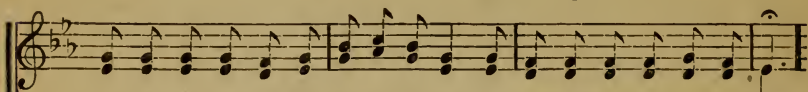
2 When the Apostles' fragile bark
Struggled with the billows dark,
On the stormy Galilee,
Thou did'st walk across the sea;
And when they beheld thy form,
Safe they glided through the storm.

3 As a mother stills her child
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey thy will
When thou say'st to them "Be still."
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

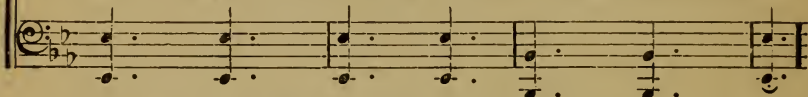
4 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on thy breast,
May I hear thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."



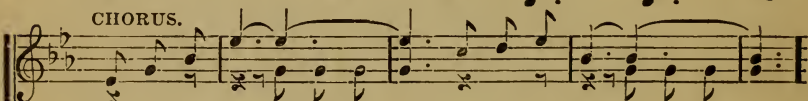
1. Up to the bounti-ful Giv-er of life,—Gathering home! gathering home
 2. Up to the city where falleth no night,—Gathering home! gathering home!
 3. Up to the beautiful mansions above,—Gathering home! gathering home!

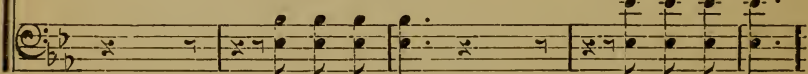
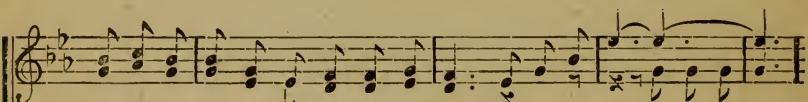
Up to the dwelling where cometh no strife, The dear ones are gathering home.
 Up where the Saviour's own face is the light, The dear ones are gathering home.
 Safe in the arms of his in-finite love, The dear ones are gathering home.



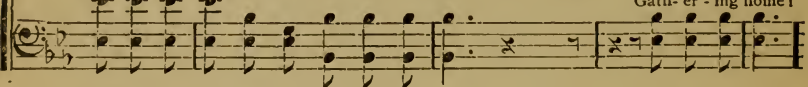
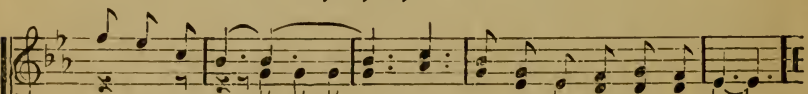
CHORUS.



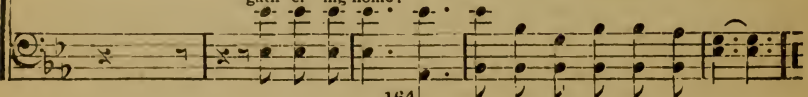
Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!
 Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!

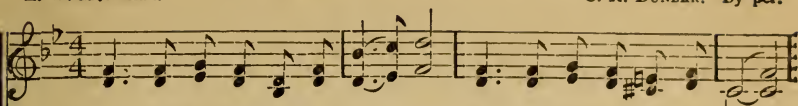



Nev-er to sorrow more, never to roam; Gathering home!
 Gath-er-ing home!

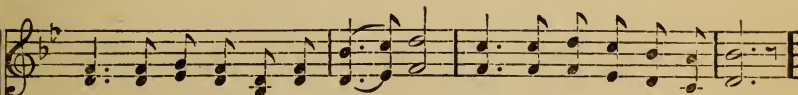



gath-er-ing home! God's children are gather-ing home.
 gath-er-ing home!

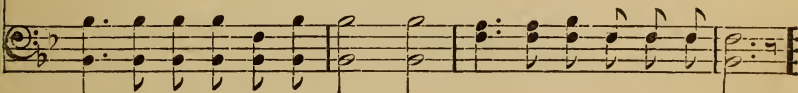




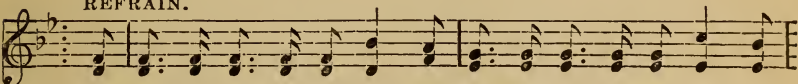
1. O ye wand'ers, come to Je - sus, He is call-ing you to - day;
2. You are need - y, lost, and wea - ry; You are sick and wounded sore;
3. Do not think your works have merit, Cast your deadly goodness down;
4. Do not wait until you're bet - ter, For you sure - ly will be lost;



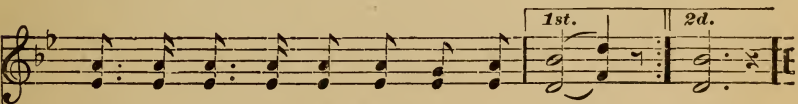
By his sovereign grace he frees us: Come, be saved while now you may.
 Long have trod the way most dreary; Can you ev - er need him more?
 Not by these can you in - her - it Life e - ternal—heaven's crown.
 Come, he'll break sin's ev'ry fet - ter; Come, at once, at an - y cost.



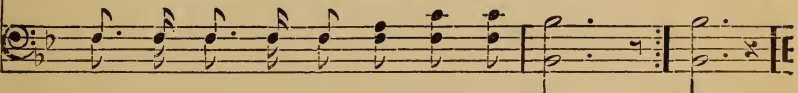
REFRAIN.



Why don't you come to Je - sus? He's wait - ing to receive you, Why



don't you come to Je - sus and be saved? saved?

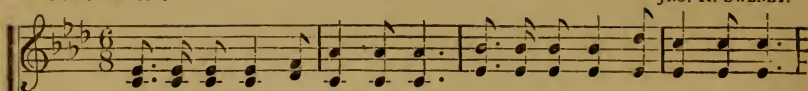


5 He from heaven came to save you,
 Hung upon th'-accursed tree,
 'Rose from death to justify you,
 Waits to intercede for thee.

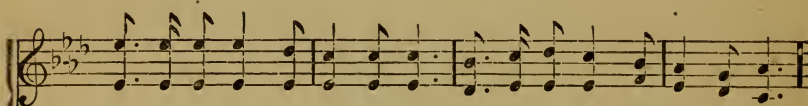
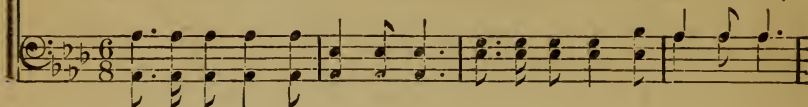
6 Yield just now, in glad submission,
 In repentance, faith, and love;
 He will grant you full remission,
 Take you to his home above.

E. E. HEWITT.

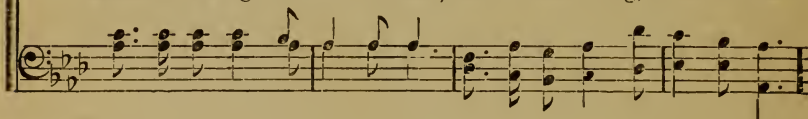
JNO. R. SWENEY.



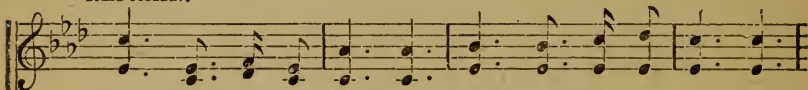
1. More about Je-sus would I know, More of his grace to oth-ers show ;
2. More about Je-sus let me learn, More of his ho - ly will discern ;
3. More about Je-sus ; in his word, Holding communion with my Lord ;
4. More about Je-sus ; on his throne, Riches in glo - ry all his own ;



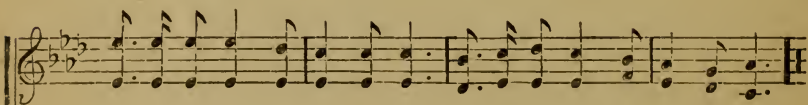
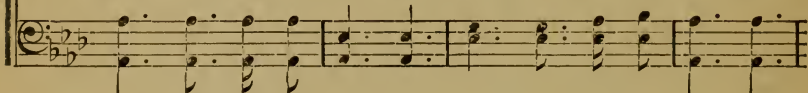
More of his sav-ing ful-ness see, More of his love who died for me.
 Spir - it of God, my teacher be, Showing the things of Christ to me.
 Hearing his voice in ev - 'ry line, Making eacn faithful say - ing mine.
 More of his kingdom's sure increase ; More of his coming, Prince of Peace.



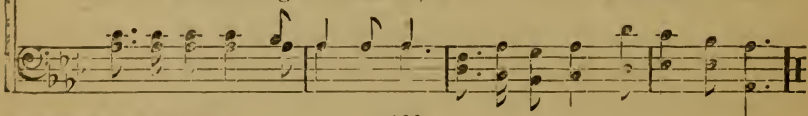
REFRAIN.

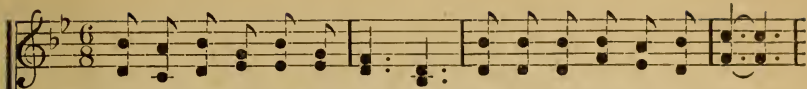


More, more a-bout Je - sus, More, more a-bout Je - sus ;


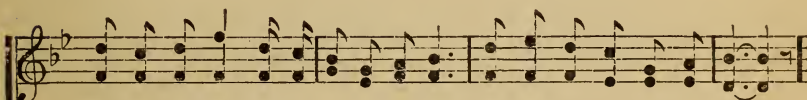


More of his sav-ing ful-ness see, More of his love who died for me.

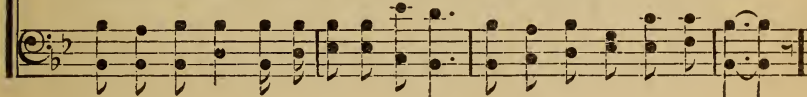




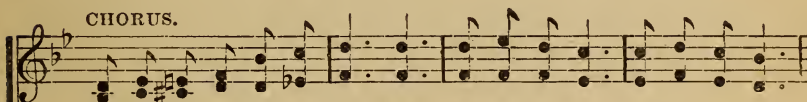
1. When in the tempest he'll hide us, When in the storm he'll be near;
2. When in my sorrow he found me, Found me, and bade me be whole,
3. Why are you doubting and fearing, Why are you still under sin?
4. You say, "I-am weak, I am helpless, I've tried again and again;" Well,

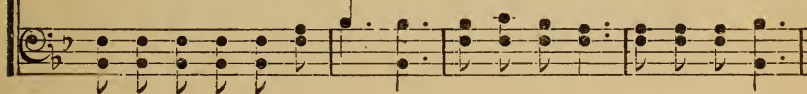

All the way 'long he will carry us on,—Now we have nothing to fear.
 Turn'd all my night into heavenly light, And from me my burden did roll.
 Have you not found that his grace doth abound, He's mighty to save, let him in!
 This may be true, but it's not what *you* do, 'Tis *he* who's the "mighty to save."



CHORUS.



Je-sus is strong to de-liv-er, Mighty to save, mighty to save!

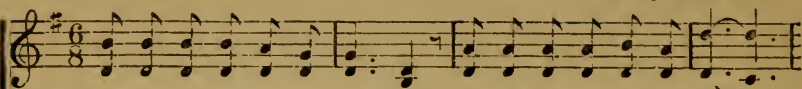



Je-sus is strong to de-liv-er, Je-sus is mighty to save!

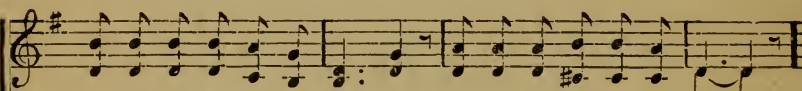
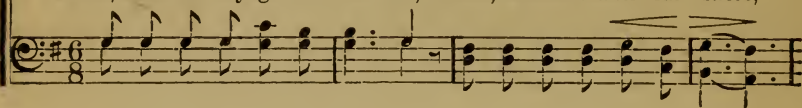


FRANCIS A. SIMKINS.

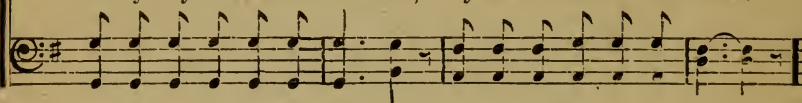
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



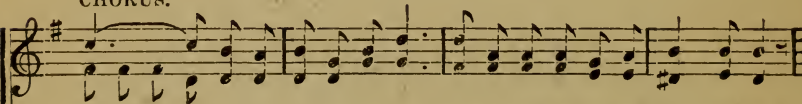
1. Dark are the waters be - fore me,—Loud is the voice of the gale;
2. Onward I move o'er the wa - ters, Lu - rid the lightning's fierce glare.
3. Per - il is in the dark wa - ters,— Safety beyond the deep ;
4. Ah, when the voyage is ov - er, There, on that beanti - ful shore,



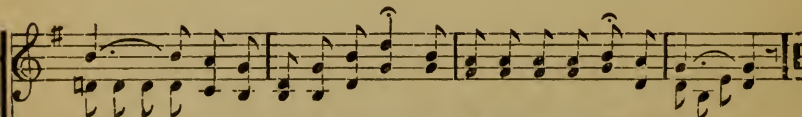
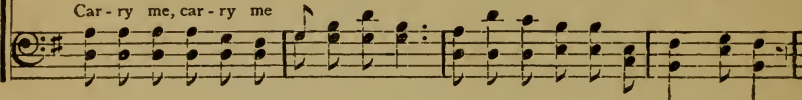
Storm-cloud and tempest are o'er me, Boatman! oh, list to my hail.
 An - gry the surges beneath me,—Boatman! lo, dan - ger is there.
 Father! oh, let me not per - ish—Thou who art mighty to save.
 Safe - ly beyond the dark wa - ters, Joy shall be mine ev - er - more.



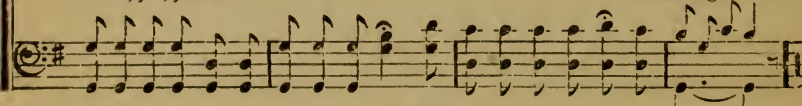
CHORUS.



Car - - - ry me over the tide, Dark are the waters, and deep and wide;
 Car - ry me, car - ry me



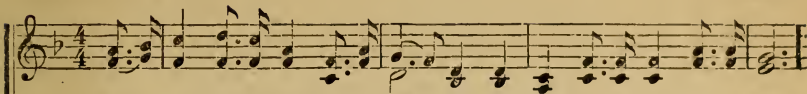
Yon - - der, just over the sea, My mansion is waiting for me.
 Yonder, yes, yonder is waiting for me.



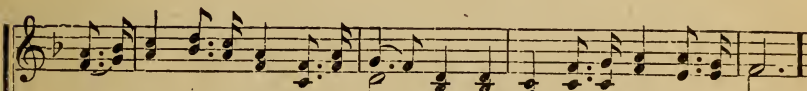
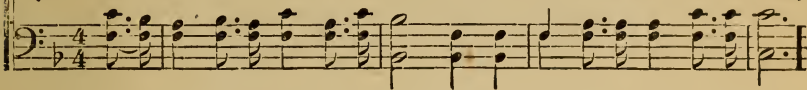
We will Gather the Wheat.

HARRIET B. M'KEEVER.

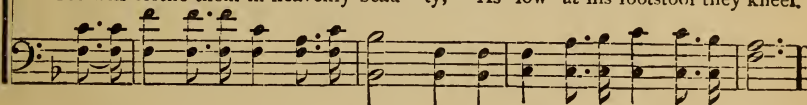
JNO. R. SWIFT.



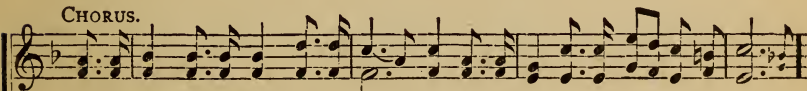
1. When Je- sus shall gather the na - tions Be- fore him at last to ap- pear,
2. Shall we hear, from the lips of the Saviour, The words, ' Faithful servant, well done;'
3. He will smile when he looks on his children, And sees on the ransomed his seal;



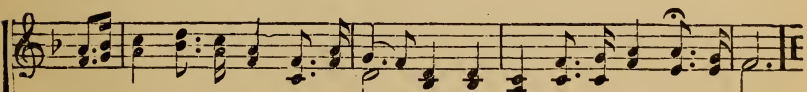
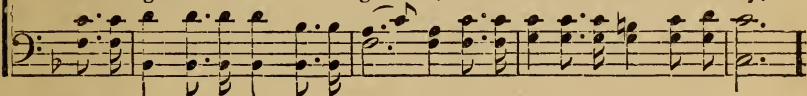
Then how shall we stand in the judgment, When summoned our sentence to hear?
 Or, trembling with fear and with anguish, Be banished away from his throne.
 He will clothe them in heavenly beau - ty, As low at his footstool they kneel.



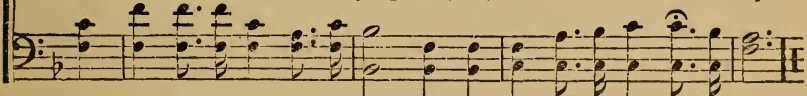
CHORUS.



He will gather the wheat in his gar - ner, But the chaff will he scatter a-way;



Then how shall we stand in the judgment, Oh, how shall it be in that day?



- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>4 Then let us be watching and waiting,—
 Our lamps burning steady and bright,—
 When the Bridegroom shall call to the wed—
 Our spirits made ready for flight. [ding]</p> | <p>5 Thus living with hearts fixed on Jesus,
 In patience we wait for the time,
 When, the days of our pilgrimage ended,
 We'll bask in his presence divine</p> |
|--|---|

Going away Unsaved.

"Ye will not come to me that ye might have life"—JOHN v: 40.

Words arranged,

D. B. TOWNER. By per.

1. Some go a - way from the house to-night, Pu - ri - fied from sin,
 2. Some go a - way from the house of God, Filled with joy and peace,
 3. Some go a - way from the house to-night, Bow'd with guilt and shame,

Others re - ject the gracious light, And go a - way un - clean;
 Others de - spise the precious blood That brings the soul re - lease.
 Others re - ceiv - ing life and light, Con - fess the Saviour's name;

Lov - ing - ly still the Saviour stands, Pleading with thy heart,
 Nev - er a - gain the Saviour dear May be of - fered thee,
 Hap - py are they who share his grace, Trusting in his word;

Patient - ly knocks with bleeding hands, Un - wil - ling to de - part.
 Nev - er a - gain thy soul may hear The Spir - it's ten - der plea.
 Give him thy heart and leave the place Re - joic - ing in the Lord.

D.S.—Go - ing a - way from glo - rious light, From par - don, life and God.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Going a - way unsaved to-night, A - way from redeem - ing blood;

Christ is All.

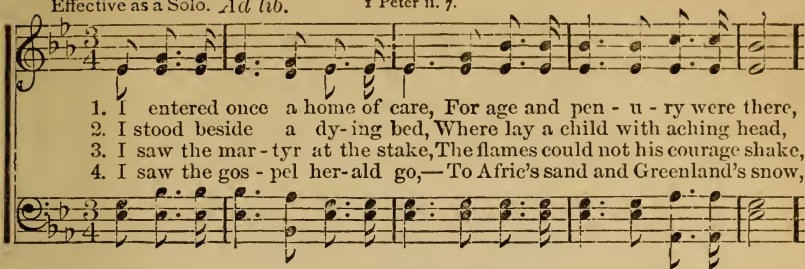
178

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."

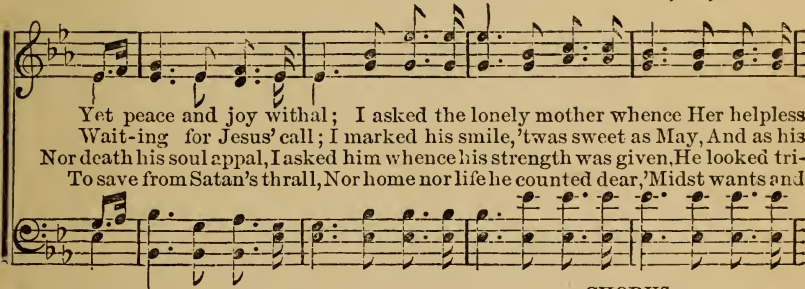
W. A. WILLIAMS.

Effective as a Solo. *Ad lib.*

1 Peter ii. 7.

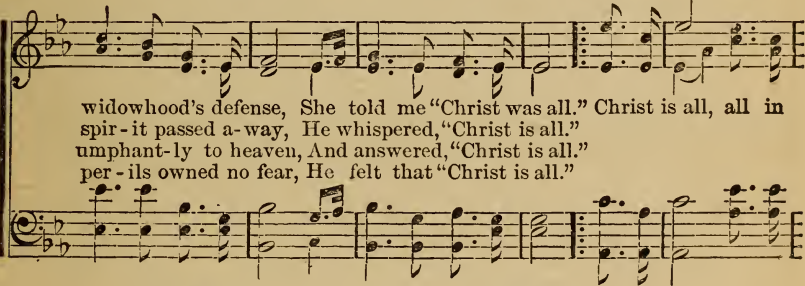


1. I entered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were there,
 2. I stood beside a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with aching head,
 3. I saw the mar - tyr at the stake, The flames could not his courage shake,
 4. I saw the gos - pel her - ald go, — To Afric's sand and Greenland's snow,



Yet peace and joy withal; I asked the lonely mother whence Her helpless
 Wait - ing for Jesus' call; I marked his smile, 'twas sweet as May, And as his
 Nor death his soul appal, I asked him whence his strength was given, He looked tri -
 To save from Satan's thrall, Nor home nor life he counted dear, 'Midst wants and

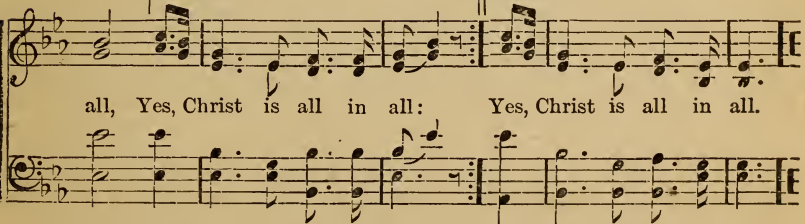
CHORUS.



widowhood's defense, She told me "Christ was all." Christ is all, all in
 spir - it passed a - way, He whispered, "Christ is all."
 umphant - ly to heaven, And answered, "Christ is all."
 per - ils owned no fear, He felt that "Christ is all."

1st time.

2d time.



all, Yes, Christ is all in all: Yes, Christ is all in all.

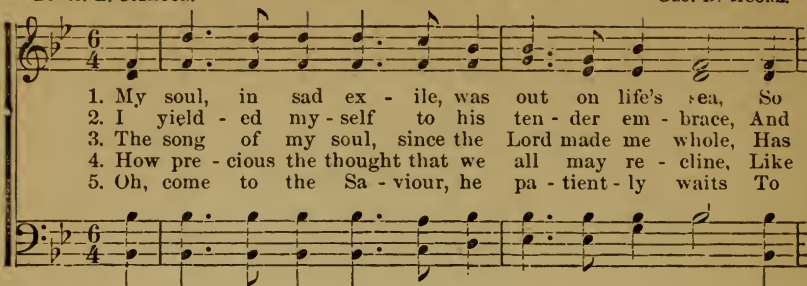
5 I dreamed that hoary time had fled,
 And earth and sea gave up their dead,
 A fire dissolved this ball,
 I saw the church's ransomed throng,
 I heard the burden of their song,
 'Twas "Christ is all in all."

6 Then come to Christ, oh, come to-day,
 The Father, Son, and Spirit say;
 The Bride repeats the call,
 For he will cleanse your guilty stains,
 His love will soothe your weary pains,
 For "Christ is all in all."

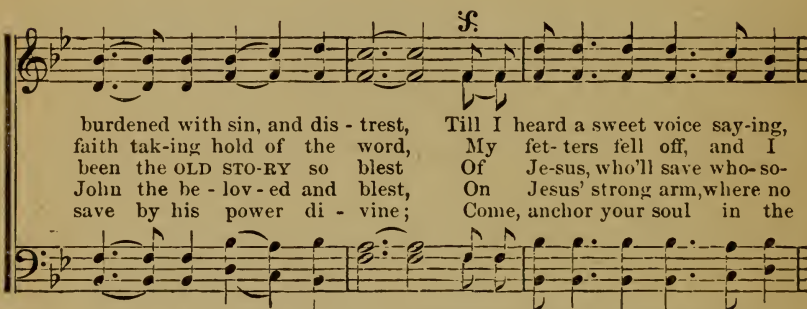
The Haven of Rest.

Dr H. L. GILMOUR.

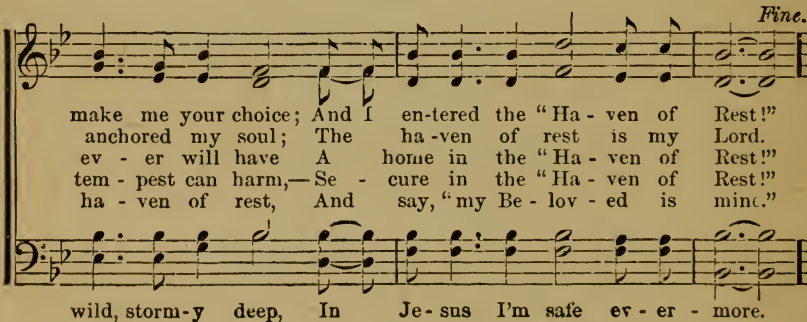
GEO. D. MOORE.



1. My soul, in sad ex - ile, was out on life's sea, So
 2. I yield - ed my - self to his ten - der em - brace, And
 3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has
 4. How pre - cious the thought that we all may re - cline, Like
 5. Oh, come to the Sa - viour, he pa - tient - ly waits To



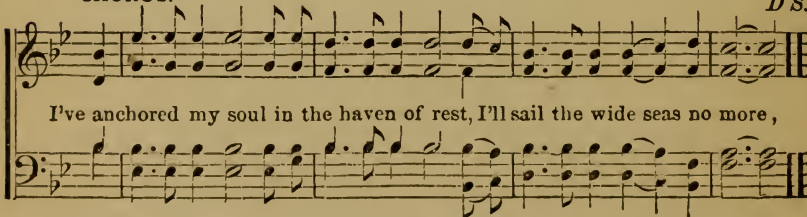
burdened with sin, and dis - tress, Till I heard a sweet voice say - ing,
 faith tak - ing hold of the word, My fet - ters fell off, and I
 been the OLD STO - RY so blest Of Je - sus, who'll save who - so -
 John the be - lov - ed and blest, On Je - sus' strong arm, where no
 save by his power di - vine; Come, anchor your soul in the

D.S.—The tempest may sweep o'er the


make me your choice; And I en - tered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 anchored my soul; The ha - ven of rest is my Lord.
 ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 tem - pest can harm, — Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 ha - ven of rest, And say, "my Be - lov - ed is mine."

wild, storm - y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

D.S.


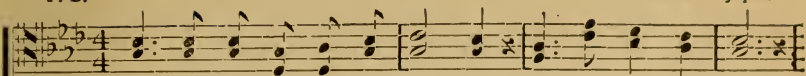
I've anchored my soul in the haven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more,

Thou art Drifting.

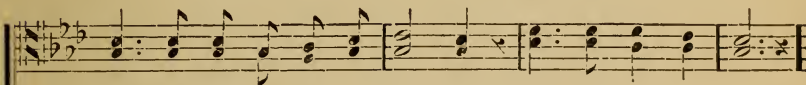
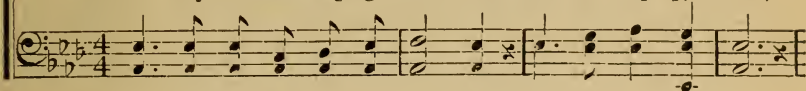
FOR MALE VOICES.

P. B.

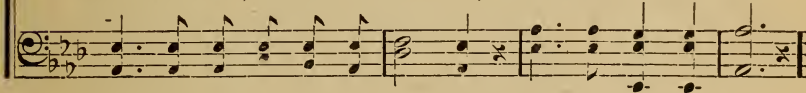
P. BILHORN. By per.



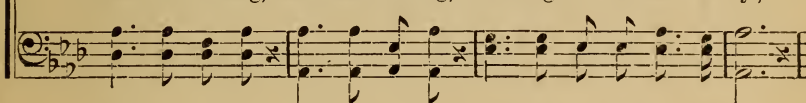
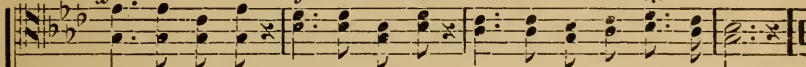
1. Thou art drifting down life's riv - er, Drifting t'ward a sea,
2. At its mouth lie rocks tremen - dous, Blacker than de - spair,
3. Hark! the wild white waves are foaming, Hungry, fierce, and bold,
4. But beyond these raging bil - lows Lies a hap - py shore,



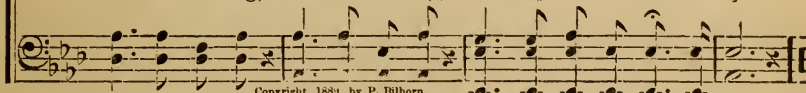
From whose shore no bark re - turn - eth, 'Tis E - ter - ni - ty.
 Many a no - ble bark, my broth - er, Has been shipwrecked there.
 O'er the shattered ves - sel dash - ing, Dreadful, i - cy, cold.
 Where the saints, redeemed thro' Je - sus, Dwell for - ev - er - more.

CHORUS. *ff**f**m*

Thou art drifting, thou art drifting, Drifting to E - ter - ni - ty;

*ff**f**m*

Thou art drifting, thou art drifting, Drifting to E - ter - ni - ty.



Copyright, 1889, by P. Bilhorn.

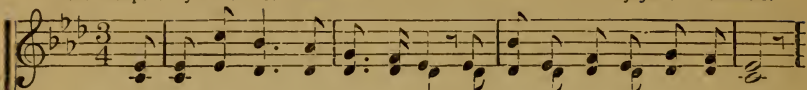
5 O my friend, thy bark shall never
 Reach that happy shore
 Till the Lord becomes your Pilot,
 He will guide thee o'er.

6 Call him with entreaty urgent,
 Call him near thy side,
 Then o'er roughest, darkest billows,
 Safely thou shalt glide.

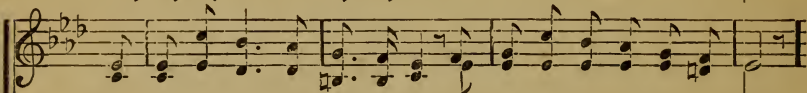
Oh, Happy Day!

Words adapted by Mrs. I. S. KREBS.

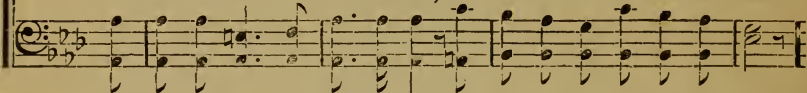
Arr. by JNO. R. SWENEY.



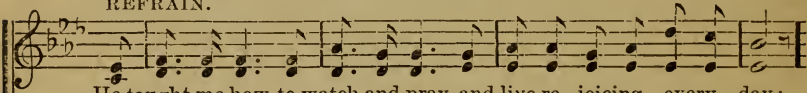
1. Oh, happy day that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God!
2. Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows To him who merits all my love!
3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
4. Now rest, my long - di - vid - ed heart; Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
5. High heav'n, that heard the solemn vow, That vow renewed shall daily hear,



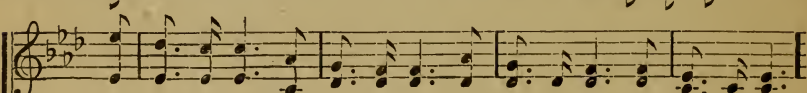
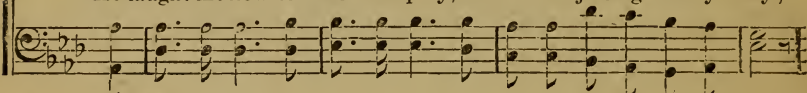
Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all a-broad.
 Let cheerful anthems fill his house, While to that sacred shrine I move.
 He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice di-vine.
 Nor ev - er from thy Lord depart, With him of ev - 'ry good possessed.
 Till in life's lat - est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.



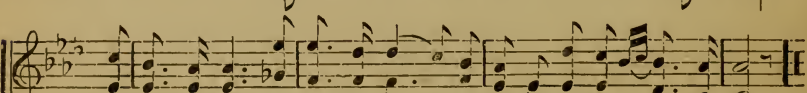
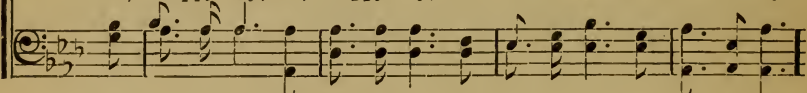
REFRAIN.



He taught me how to watch and pray, and live re-joicing every day;



Oh, happy day, oh, happy day, When Jesus washed my sins a-way!



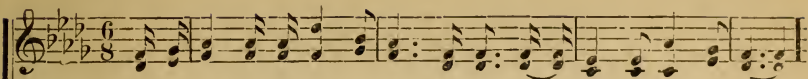
Oh, happy day, oh, happy day, When Jesus washed my sins a-way!



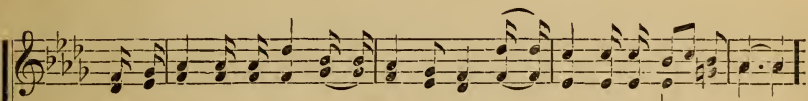
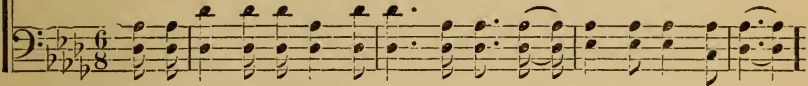
182 Is it Well with Your Soul?

P. H. ROBLIN.

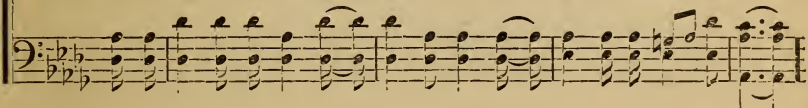
P. BILHORN. By per.



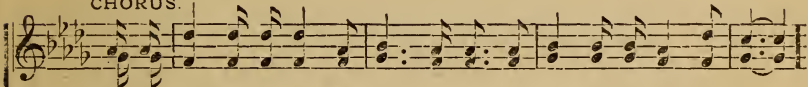
1. Is it well with your soul to-day, brother? With your soul, your soul to-day?
2. If the summons of death should fall, brother? Should fall, should fall to-day?
3. If you still will refuse his love to choose, His love, his love to you,
4. There's a promise of life for you, brother, For you, for you to-day,



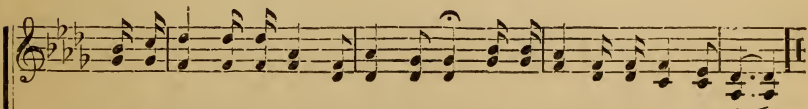
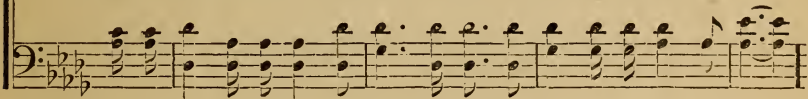
Are your sins all forgiven of God in heaven? Is it well with your soul to-day?
 Are you ready to meet at the judgment seat, If the summons should fall to-day?
 He may never repeat that call so sweet, Oh, then, brother, what will you do?
 If you'll trust in the blood of the Lamb of God, He will wash all your sins away.



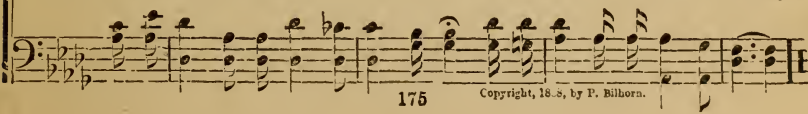
CHORUS.



There's a fountain that's set for you, brother, A fountain of life for you;



You may wash and be clean from ev'ry stain; Is it well with your soul to-day?

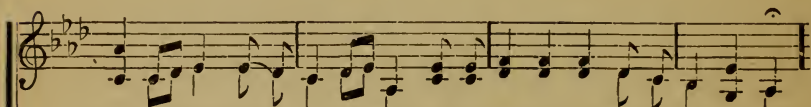
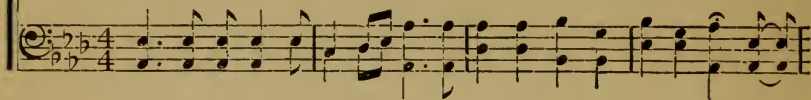


I. S. K.

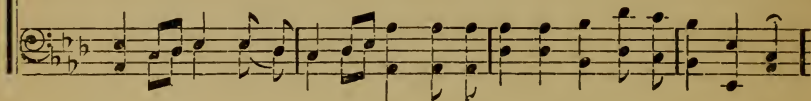
Mrs. I. S. KRESS.



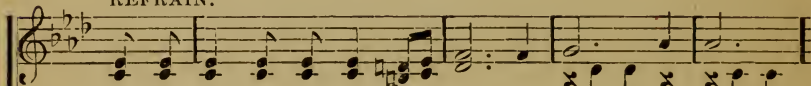
1. Harken, sinner! a day will come When God will judge you, everyone; For the
2. Listen, sinner! a night will come A night of woe for everyone; 'Twill
3. Harken, sinner! the path you take Leadstodeath, totheburninglake; Where
4. Harken, sinner! and turn to-day, For God calls now, he soon will say, De-



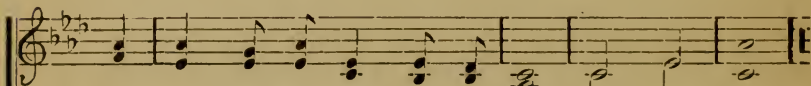
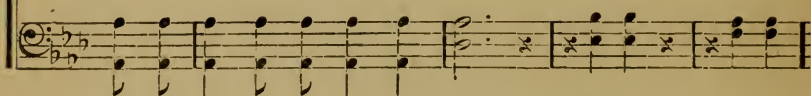
sins of night, and the sins of day, For the years of life you have thrown away.
 follow the day of the Son of God, Who will judge each one for the path they trod.
 mem'ry burns, where remorse, despair, Is the harvest you reap from sowing here.
 part to the place where the wicked dwell, To the awful place,—the place called hell.



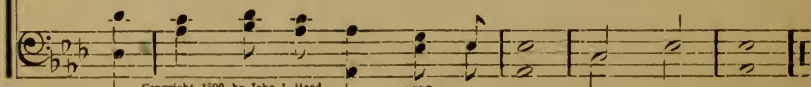
REFRAIN.



For the wag - es of sin is death, is death... is death, ..
 is death, is death,



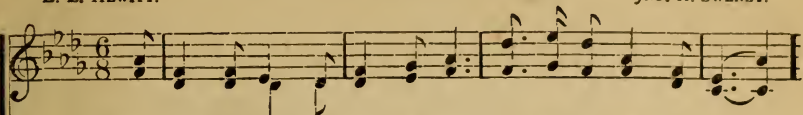
Un - less you are hid in the Rock that was cleft.



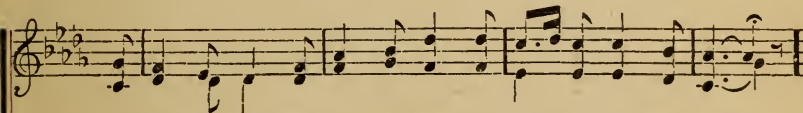
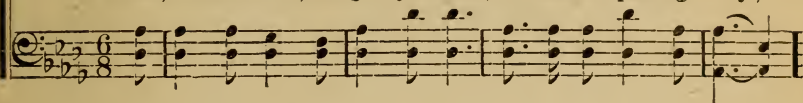
Jesus is Passing By.

E. E. HEWITT.

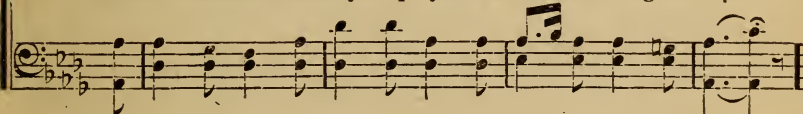
JNO. R. SWENEY.



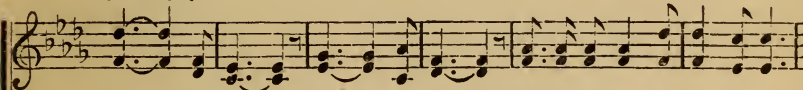
1. Come, contrite one, and seek his grace, Je - sus is passing by;
2. Come, hungry one, and tell your need, Je - sus is passing by;
3. Come, wea - ry one, and find sweet rest, Je - sus is passing by;
4. Come, burdened one, bring all your care, Je - sus is passing by;



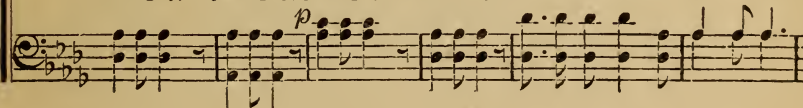
See in his rec - on - cil - ed face The sunshine of the sky.
 The Bread of Life your soul will feed, And ful - ly sat - is - fy.
 Come where the longing heart is blessed, And on his bos - om lie.
 The love that list - ens to your prayer Will "no good thing" de - ny.



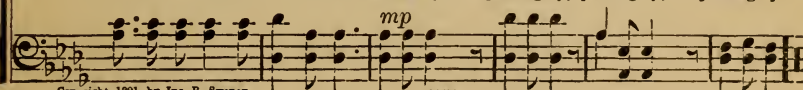
CHORUS.



Pass - ing by, . . pass - ing by, . . Hasten to meet him on the way,
 Passing by, passing by, passing by, passing by,



Jesus is passing by to-day, Pass - ing by, . . pass - ing by.
 Passing by, passing by, passing by, passing by.



Come unto Me.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

SOLO.

Come unto me, all ye that labor, Come unto me, all ye that

Inst.

labor and are heav-y laden, and are heav-y laden, And I will give you

rest, and I will give you rest: Come un-to me, Come un-to

CHORUS.

1. Just as I am,
2. Just as I am,

me, all ye that la-bor and are heav-y la-den, Come un-to

without one plea But that thy blood was shed for me.
and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot,

Come unto Me.—CONTINUED.

ad lib. *Fine.*

me, come unto me, Come, and I will give you rest, will give you rest.

And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come.
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come.

p SOLO. *m*

Take my yoke upon you, Take my yoke upon you, And

cres - - - *cen* - - - *do.* *p*

learn of me, and learn of me; For

mf

I am meek and low-ly, For I am meek and low-ly; And

Come unto Me.—CONCLUDED.

ad lib. *D. S.*

ye shall find rest, . . . ye shall find rest, . . . unto your souls.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the voice staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

186

Awake, Sinful Heart.

Mrs. McL. HAUGHEY.

C. SEIDEL. Arr. by J. R. S.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the voice staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

1. Awake, sinful heart, the Saviour is near, He calls you to believe, he is
2. Awake, sinful heart, the hour draws near, When we shall lay down all
3. Awake, sinful heart, for Jesus now calls, Saying, come to the arms of

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the voice staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

ready to receive; Rejoice that he came, believe on his name; A-
our la- bors here; Come while 'tis day, Christ is the way; A-
God's gracious love; Then he will be a Saviour to thee; A-

rit.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the voice staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

wake, sinful heart, awake sinful heart, . . . while his sunshine is here.
wake, sinful heart, awake sinful heart, . . . there's no time to de- lay.
wake, sinful heart, awake sinful heart, . . . for his cross is the way.

Rouse, Ye Saints.

C. H. YATMAN.

P. BILHORN. By per.

1. Rouse, ye saints, the world is dying, We must work while it is day;
 2. Wake, ye men, let us be doing, While the sun is in the sky;
 3. Je - sus, Saviour, help our spirits, That we nev - er wea - ry be

Sin - ners lost to us are cry - ing For the strait and narrow way.
 Let us seek the weak and er - ring, Precious souls that soon may die.
 Leading sin - ners to the Fountain Ev - er flow - ing, full and free.

We will work from morn till night, By the Spir - it's pow'r and might,

Lead - ing men un - to the Light, Bless - ed Light of Day!

Will You be There?

Mrs. I. S. KRESS.

Arr. by JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Beyond this life of hopes and fears, Beyond this world of
 2. Up - on that bright e - ter - nal shore Earth's bitter curse is
 3. Our Saviour once as mor - tal child, As mortal man, by

griefs and tears, There is a re - gion, a region fair, Oh, tell me,
 known no more. No pain, no grief, no sor - row nor care, Tell me, oh,
 man re - viled—There many glo - rious crowns doth wear; Promise the

will you, will you be there? It knows no change and no de - cay,
 tell me, will you be there? No drooping form, no tear - ful eye,
 Master that you'll be there! While thousand thousands swell the strain

No night, but one un - end - ing day; It's glorious gates are closed to sin,
 No hoary head, no wea - ry sigh, But joys which mortals may not know,
 Of glory to the Lamb once slain. Helped by the Ho - ly Spirit's power,

Naught that de - files, can en - ter in To mar its grandeur, its beauty
 Like a calm riv - er ever flow; Promise me, O sinner, that you'll be
 I will this day, this very hour—Turn from my sins un - to Christ the

Will You be There?—CONCLUDED.

rare; Tell me, O sin - ner, will you be there? Say, will you be there?
 there, Helped by God's Spirit, that you'll be there, That you will be there.
 Lord; Trust Christ my Saviour, then will be there, With him reign up there.

189

So Near the Door.

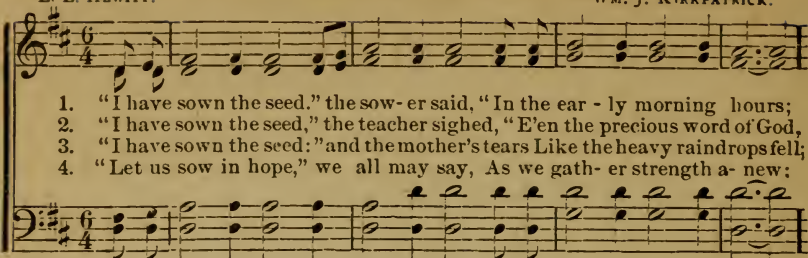
Mrs. O. F. WALTON, and Mrs. I. S. K.

Mrs. I. S. KREBS.

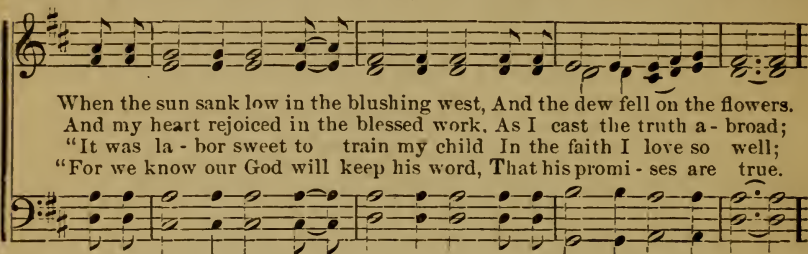
1. So near to the door, and the door stood wide, Close to the port, but not inside!
2. So near to the cross where the Saviour died, So near the voice of the Crucified;
3. Here in the house of God and his power, Here where he pleads with thee this hour;

Near to the fold, yet not with - in, Almost resolved to give up sin!
 Close to the arms held out to thee, Wilt thou refuse to bow the knee?
 Now, when his love is made so plain, Take him and save your soul from stain!

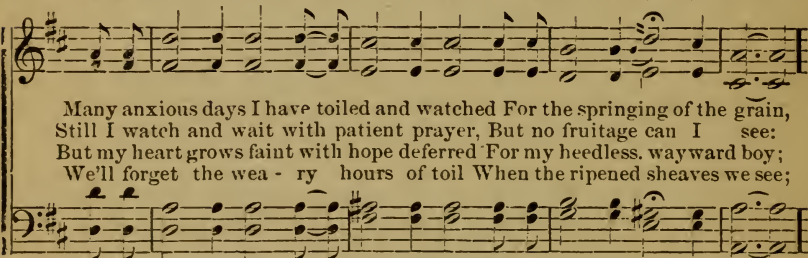
Almost persuaded to count the cost, Almost a Christian, and yet lost?
 Je - sus is here, in - vit - ing now, Oh, wilt thou not be - fore him bow?
 Give up yourself, your all, for him, Trust him to cleanse your heart from sin.



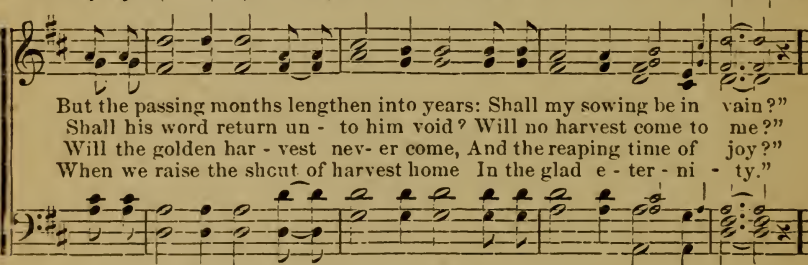
1. "I have sown the seed," the sow-er said, "In the ear-ly morning hours;
2. "I have sown the seed," the teacher sighed, "E'en the precious word of God,
3. "I have sown the seed;" and the mother's tears Like the heavy raindrops fell;
4. "Let us sow in hope," we all may say, As we gath-er strength a-new;



When the sun sank low in the blushing west, And the dew fell on the flowers.
 And my heart rejoiced in the blessed work, As I cast the truth a-broad;
 "It was la-bor sweet to train my child In the faith I love so well;
 "For we know our God will keep his word, That his promi-ses are true.

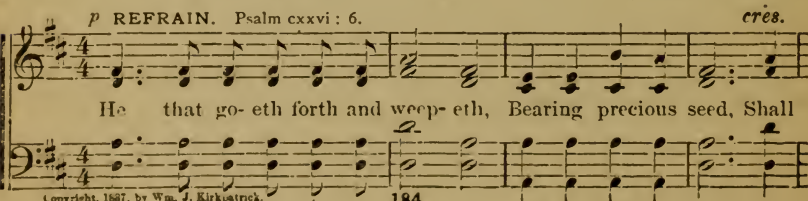


Many anxious days I have toiled and watched For the springing of the grain,
 Still I watch and wait with patient prayer, But no fruitage can I see;
 But my heart grows faint with hope deferred For my heedless, wayward boy;
 We'll forget the wea-ry hours of toil When the ripened sheaves we see;



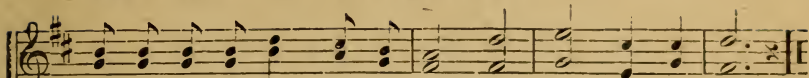
But the passing months lengthen into years: Shall my sowing be in vain?"
 Shall his word return un-to him void? Will no harvest come to me?"
 Will the golden har-vest nev-er come, And the reaping time of joy?"
 When we raise the shout of harvest home In the glad e-ter-ni-ty."

p REFRAIN. Psalm cxxvi: 6. *cres.*



He that go-eth forth and weep-eth, Bearing precious seed, Shall

Waiting for the Harvest.—CONCLUDED.



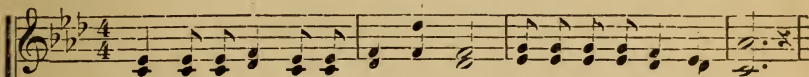
doubtless come a - gain with re - joic - ing, bring - ing his sheaves.

191 Fed upon the Finest of the Wheat.


F. A. G.

Ps. lxxxi: 16.

F. A. GRAVES.




1. Hun - gry, Lord, for thy word of truth, Sitting at my Saviour's feet;
2. Work for the Mas - ter I will do, Trusting in his strength so great;
3. Then to the har - vest let us go, Bugles sounding no retreat;

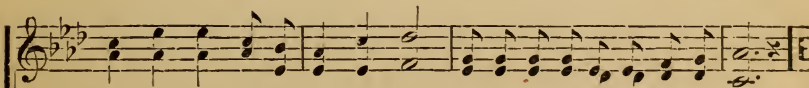


Ris - ing, gleanings, just like Ruth, Feed me on the finest of the wheat.
 Liv - ing in his pastures new, Feed me on the finest of the wheat.
 Workers for Je - sus, he wants you Fed up - on the finest of the wheat.

CHORUS.



Bread of life it is now to me, Hon - ey, milk and meat;



In thy love I will ev - er be Fed upon the finest of the wheat.

Home at Last.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Melody by M. LINDSAY.

Arr. by W. J. K.

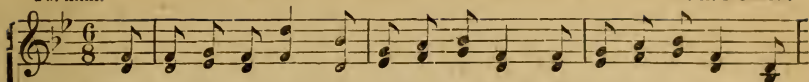
1. Hark the song of ho - ly rap - ture, Hear it break from yonder strand,
 2. Oh, the long and sweet re-un - ion, Where the bells of time shall cease,
 3. Look beyond, the skies are clear - ing; See, the mist dis-solves a - way;

Where our friends for us are wait - ing, In the gold - en, sum - mer land;
 Oh, the greet - ing, endless greet - ing, On the ver - nal heights of peace;
 Soon our eyes will catch the dawning Of a bright, ce - les - tial day;

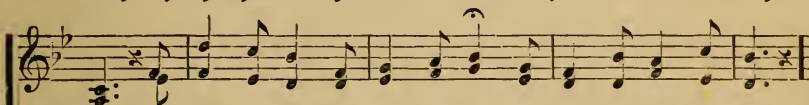
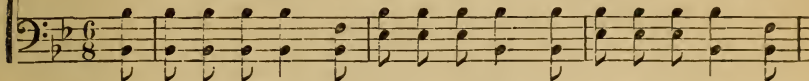
They have reach'd the port of glo - ry, O'er the Jor - dan they have passed,
 Where the hop - ing and des - pond - ing Of the wea - ry heart are past,
 Soon the shadows will be lift - ed That around us now are cast.

And with mil - lions they are shout - ing, Home at last, home at last:
 And we en - ter life e - ter - nal, — Home at last, home at last:
 And re - joic - ing we shall gath - er Home at last, home at last:

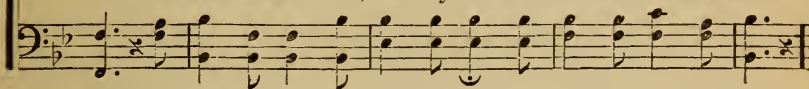
And with mil - lions they are shout - ing, Home at last, home at last.
 And we en - ter life e - ter - nal, — Home at last, home at last.
 And re - joic - ing we shall gath - er Home at last, home at last.



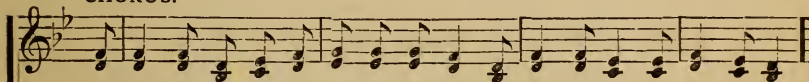
1. The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want, He maketh me down to
2. My soul crieth out: "restore me again, And give me the strength to
3. Yea, tho' I should walk in the valley of death, Yet why should I fear from



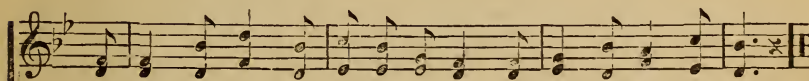
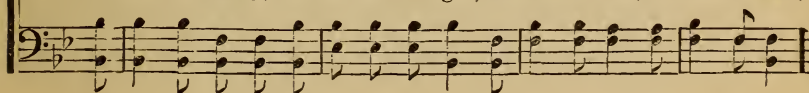
lie In pastures green, He leadeth me The qui - et wa - ters by.
take The narrow path of righteousness, E'en for his own name's sake."
ill? For thou art with me, and thy rod And staff me comfort still.



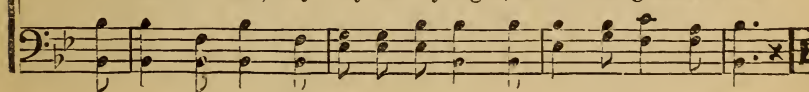
CHORUS.



His yoke is eas - y, His burden is light, I've found it so, I've found it so;



He lead - eth me, by day and by night, Where living waters flow.



195

Jesus, I my Cross have taken.

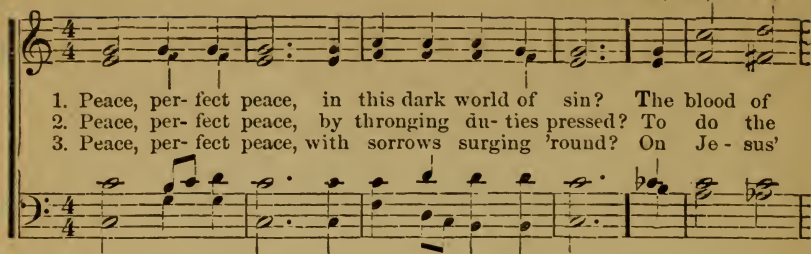
Tune on opposite page.

- 1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Perish ev'ry fond ambition,
All I've sought and hoped, and known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
'Thou art not, like man, untrue;

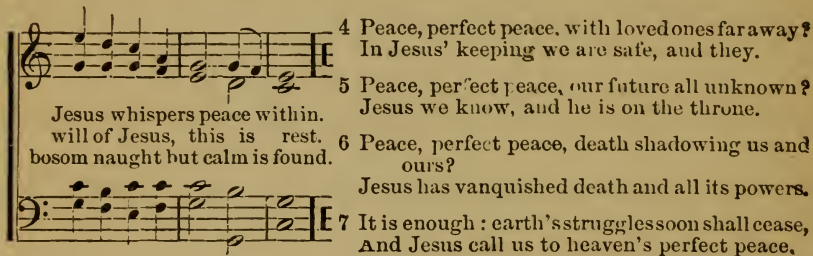
- And, while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate and friends may shun me:
Show thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In thy service, pain is pleasure;
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee, "Abba Father;"
I have stayed my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

Peace, Perfect Peace.

PAX TECUM, 10s., 2 lines.



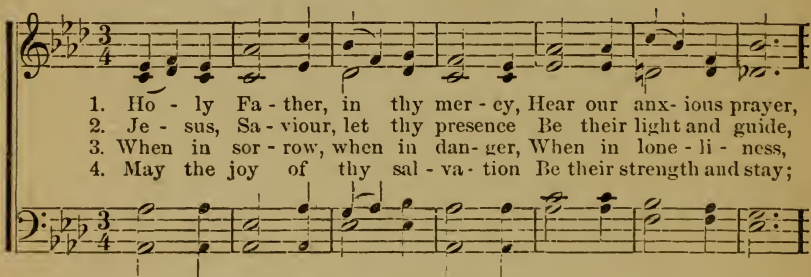
1. Peace, per- fect peace, in this dark world of sin? The blood of
 2. Peace, per- fect peace, by thronging du- ties pressed? To do the
 3. Peace, per- fect peace, with sorrows surging 'round? On Je- sus'



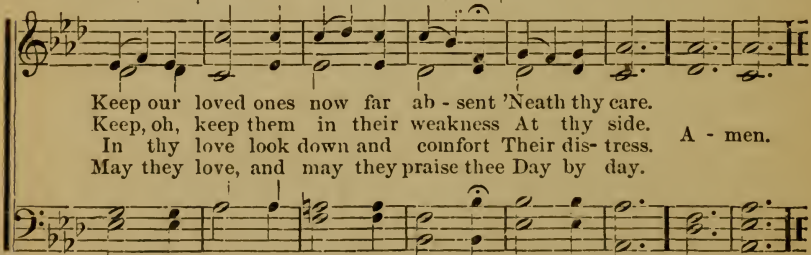
Jesus whispers peace within.
 will of Jesus, this is rest.
 bosom naught but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
 In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.
 5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
 Jesus we know, and he is on the throne.
 6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and
 ours?
 Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.
 7 It is enough : earth's struggle soon shall cease,
 And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

Prayer for Absent Friends.



1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, in thy mer - cy, Hear our anx - ious prayer,
 2. Je - sus, Sa - viour, let thy presence Be their light and guide,
 3. When in sor - row, when in dan - ger, When in lone - li - ness,
 4. May the joy of thy sal - va - tion Be their strength and stay;



Keep our loved ones now far ab - sent 'Neath thy care.
 Keep, oh, keep them in their weakness At thy side.
 In thy love look down and comfort their dis - tress.
 May they love, and may they praise thee Day by day.

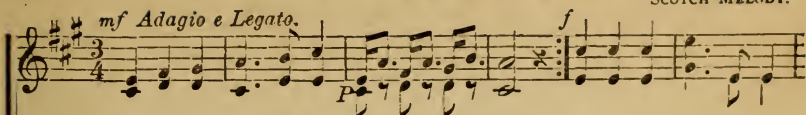
A - men.

5 Holy Spirit, let thy teaching
 Sanctify their life,
 Send thy grace that they may conquer
 In the strife.

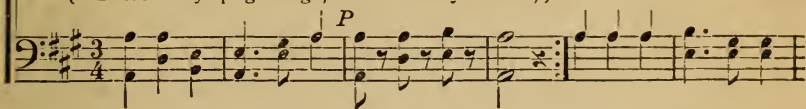
6 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
 God the One in three, [them
 Bless them, guide them, save them, keep
 Near to thee. Amen.

Heaven is My Home.

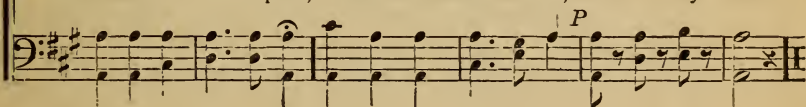
SCOTCH MELODY.



1. { I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home; } Danger and sorrow stand
 Earth is a desert drear, Heav'n is my home; }
2. { What tho' the tempest rage? Heav'n is my home; } Time's cold and wintry
 Short is my pilgrimage, Heav'n is my home; } blast



Round me on ev'ry hand; Heav'n is my Fatherland, Heav'n is my home.
 Soon will be o-verpast; I shall reach home at last; Heav'n is my home.



3 Peace! O my troubled soul,
 Heav'n is my home;
 I soon shall reach the goal;
 Heav'n is my home;
 Swiftly the race I'll run,
 Yield up my crown to none;
 Forward! the prize is won;
 Heav'n is my home.

4 There, at my Saviour's side,
 Heav'n is my home;
 I shall be glorified;
 Heav'n is my home;
 There are the good and blest,
 Those I loved most and best,
 There, too, I soon shall rest,
 Heav'n is my home.

Nearer, My God! to Thee.

1 Nearer, my God! to thee,
 Nearer to thee!
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me!
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God! to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

2 Though like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone,
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God! to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear,
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that thou sendest me,
 In mercy given;

Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God! to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
 Bright with thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God! to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

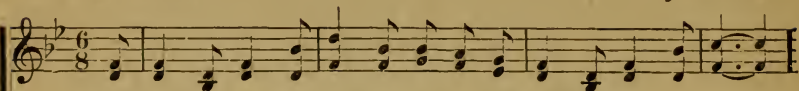
5 Or if, on joyful wing
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God! to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

We'll Never Say Good By.

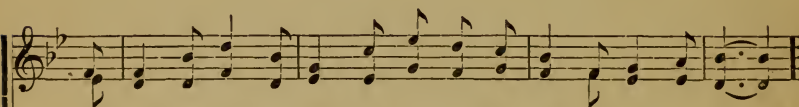
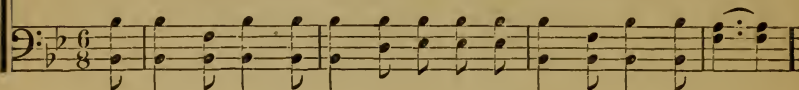
"We shall never say 'good by' in heaven."—The words of a dying Christian woman.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

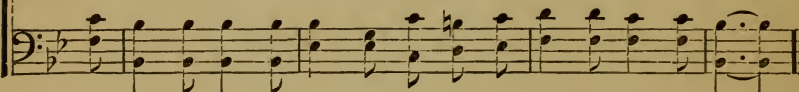
J. H. TENNEY.



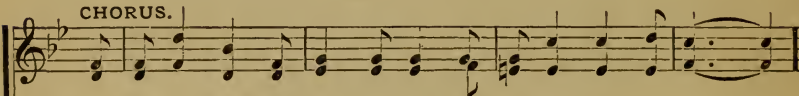
1. Our friends on earth we meet with pleasure, While swift the moments fly,
2. How joyful is the thought that lingers, When loved ones cross death's sea,
3. No parting words shall e'er be spoken In that bright land of flowers,



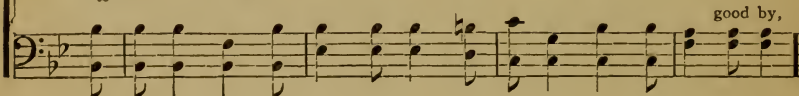
Yet ev - er comes the thought of sadness That we must say good by.
That when our la - bors here are end - ed, With them we'll ev - er be.
But songs of joy, and peace, and gladness, Shall ev - ermore be ours.



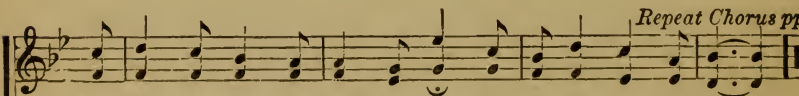
CHORUS.



We'll nev - er say good by in heaven, We'll never say good by, . . .

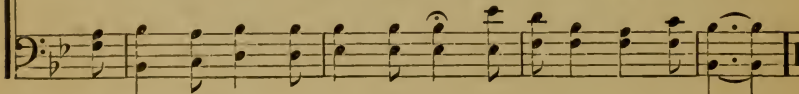


good by,



Repeat Chorus pp

For in that land of joy and song We'll never say good by.



INDEX.

Titles in CAPITALS; First lines in Roman.

HYMN.	HYMN.	HYMN.
ABIDING, 5	Down in the valley with. 53	I entered once a home . 178
A little talk with Jesus, . 131	DOXOLOGY, 164	I have a song I love to. 166
ALWAYS ABOUNDING, . . 8	Do you hear that gentle 129	I have found a balm for. 55
ANCHORED ON THE . . . 62	DRINKING AT THE LIV- 55	I have found a friend di- 142
And he journeyed with. 167		I have found a friend in. 66
Are you drifting down . 40	Each cooing dove and . 75	I have found repose for. 146
Are you ready for the . 6	ENTIRE CONSECRATION 109	I have sown the seed the 190
ARE YOU WASHED IN . 125	EVERY DAY, 90	I hope to meet you all . 35
A ruler once came to Je- 23		I'LL LIVE FOR HIM, . . 51
ARE YOU COMING . . . 126	Far out on the desolate . 19	I love my Saviour, his . 4
Are you weary, are you. 28	FED UPON THE FINEST 191	I'm but a stranger here.. 198
A SHELTER IN THE . . . 133	FILL ME NOW, 25	In the Christian's home. 152
A SINNER LIKE ME, . . 59	FOLLOW ON, 53	IN THE MORNING, . . . 16
AT THE CROSS, 52	Friends of yore have . 15	In the shadow of his . 54
AT THE CROSS I'LL A- . 88		In thy cleft, O Rock of. 1
AT THE FOUNTAIN, . . . 154	GATHERING HOME, . . 171	Into his image to grow, . 96
AT THE GOLDEN LAND- 15	GIVE ME JESUS, 37	In vain in high and holy 18
At the sounding of the. 68	GLORIOUS FOUNTAIN, . 73	I praise the Lord that . 97
Awake, awake, O Zion,. 118	Glory be to the Father, . 164	Is it well with your soul. 182
Awake, sinful heart, the 186	GLORY TO GOD, HAL- . 128	IS MY NAME WRITTEN . 32
	Glory to Jesus who died 46	IS NOT THIS THE LAND 31
Be earnest, my brothers, 8	God be with you till we. 64	Is there any one here . 94
BEHOLD THE BRIDE- . . 6	God loved the world so 42	IS YOUR LAMP BURNING 33
BEHOLD, THE FIELDS . . 114	GOING AWAY UNSAVED 177	IT REACHES ME, 102
Beyond this life of hopes 188	Great is the Lord, who . 78	I want to be a worker . 20
Blessed assurance, Jesus 30		I was once far away . 59
Blessed be the fountain. 115	HAPPY LAND, 156	I WILL SHOUT HIS . . . 100
Blessed Saviour, my sal- 36	HAPPY TIDINGS, 60	I WILL TRUST IN THEE 115
BRINGING IN THE. . . . 104	HEAR AND ANSWER . 101	
Brother for Christ's . . 21	Hearken, sinner! a day 183	Jesus, I come to thee, . 91
BUT THE LORD IS . . . 167	HEAVEN IS MY HOME, . 198	JESUS IS GOOD TO ME, . 4
BY THE GRACE OF GOD 58	Hark, hark, my soul, an- 113	JESUS IS PASSING BY, . 184
	Hark the song of holy . 193	JESUS IS STRONG TO DE- 174
Called to the feast by . 110	HARVEST TIME, 169	Jesus, Lover of my soul 84
CALVARY, 70	Have you been to Jesus 125	Jesus, my Lord, to thee. 79
Cast thy bread upon the 12	Hear the footsteps of Je- 72	Jesus my Saviour to . 93
CAST THY BURDEN ON . 17	HE CAME TO SAVE ME,. 112	JESUS OF NAZARETH . 61
CHRIST AROSE, 98	HE COMES, 118	JESUS SAVES, 85
CHRIST IS ALL, 178	HE IS CALLING, 161	Jesus, Saviour, pilot me, 170
COME AND SEE, 111	HELP JUST A LITTLE, . 21	Jesus, the rock on which 117
Come, contrite one, and 184	Here in thy name we . 123	Jesus when he left the . 137
Come, every soul by sin. 147	HE SAVES, 29	JESUS WILL MEET YOU. 121
Come, humble sinner, in 147	HE WILL GATHER THE 176	JOY IN ZION, 38
Come, sinners, to the . 122	HIDE THOU ME, 1	Just as I am, without . 79
Come to Calv'ry's mount 121	HIDING IN THEE, 80	
COME TO JESUS, 147	HIS YOKE IS EASY, . . 194	KEEP STEP EVER, 95
Come unto me, all ye . 185	Holy Father in thy mer- 197	
Come, ye disconsolate, . 153	Holy, holy, holy, Lord . 143	Leading souls to Jesus . 43
COMING TO-DAY, 56	HOME AT LAST, 193	LEAD ME, SAVIOUR, . . 65
CONSECRATION, 77	Hover o'er me, Holy . 25	LEANING ON JESUS, . . 140
CLEANSING WAVE, . . . 163	How firm a foundation,. 144	LET HIM IN, 148
CLINGING TO THE. . . . 106	Hungry, Lord, for thy . 191	Let the children of Zion 38
CROWN HIM, 159		Light after darkness, . 41
	I am coming to the cross 151	LITTLE ONES LIKE ME,. 137
Dark are the waters be- 175	I am dwelling on the . 31	Look up! behold, the . 114
DO SOMETHING, 120	I am praying, blessed . 101	Look, ye saints, the sight 159

Lord, I care not for . . . 32	REDEEMED, PRAISE . . . 145	Though there may be . . . 90
Lord Jesus, I long to be 150	Repeat the story o'er . . . 11	Tho' your sins be as . . . 83
Low in the grave he lay, 98	REST FOR THE WEARY, 152	Through the gates of . . . 58
	Resting in the love of . . . 62	Tidings, happy tidings, . . 60
MARCHING ON, . . . 45	Rise up, and hasten! my 67	'Tis the blessed hour of. 47
MEET IN THE MORNING 116	Rouse, ye saints, the . . . 187	To thy cross, dear Christ 69
MEET ME THERE, . . . 130		Touch and cleanse me, . 138
MEMORIES OF GALILEE 75	Saviour, blessed Saviour 105	TRIUMPH BY AND BY, . 124
'Mid scenes of confusion 27	Saviour, lead me, lest I. 65	TRUSTING IN THE . . . 146
More about Jesus would 173	SAVIOUR, PILOT ME, . . 170	Trustingly, trustingly, . . 77
MORE FAITH IN JESUS, 39	SAY, ARE YOU READY!. 3	Trying to walk in the . . . 34
My body, soul, and spirit 77	Say, is your lamp burn-. 37	
My brother we are trav- 114	SEEKING FOR ME, . . . 93	Up to the bountiful Giv- 171
My faith looks up to . . 160	SEEKING TO SAVE, . . . 87	Use me, O my gracious . 127
My Father is rich in . . 57	Should the death angel. 7	
My Jesus, I love thee, . 149	SHOWERS OF BLESSING, 123	WAITING FOR THE . . . 190
My life, my love I give . 51	SINCE I HAVE BEEN . . 166	Walk in the light the . . 99
MY SHEPHERD, . . . 136	Sing glory to God in the 29	We are marching on- . . 116
My soul, be on thy guard 82	Some go away from the. 177	We are never, never . . 128
My soul for light and . . 5	SOME SWEET DAY, . . . 26	We are pilgrims looking 16
My soul in sad exile . . 179	Sometimes the sky is . . 14	Weary pilgrim on life's . 17
	So near the door, and . . 189	Weary with walking a- . 140
Nearer, my God! to thee 199	Sound the battle-cry, . . 22	We have heard a joyful . 85
NEVER ALONE, . . . 19	Sowing in the morning, . 104	We know not our path . 119
NOTHING BUT THE . . . 74	Speak to me, Jesus, . . 48	WE'LL WORK TILL JE- . 155
	STEPPING IN THE, . . . 34	WE'LL NEVER SAY . . . 200
Of him who did salva- . . 154	Stepping-stones to Jesus 165	We're traveling home to 157
O happy day! what a . . 145	SWEET HOME, . . . 27	We shall have a new . . 135
Oh, happy day that . . 181	SWEET PEACE, THE . . . 81	We shall reach the river 26
Oh, bliss of the purified 49		WHAT A GATHERING . . 68
Oh, I often sit and pon- 50	TAKE ME AS I AM, . . . 79	What can wash away my 74
Oh, now I see the . . . 163	Take my life and let it . 109	What means this eager, . . 61
OH, SING OF HIS . . . 49	TELL IT TO JESUS, . . . 28	WHAT'S THE NEWS, . . . 63
Oh, this uttermost salva- 102	Tell me the story of Je- 107	WHAT TIME I AM A- . . 14
OH! 'TIS GLORY IN MY 69	Tenderly the Shepherd, . 87	What will you do with . . 76
Oh, to have the mind of 108	THAT GENTLE WHIS- . . 129	Whene'er we meet we . . 63
O Jesus, Lord, thy dy- . . 52	THE CHILD OF A KING 57	When I'm happy hear . . 37
O Jesus, Saviour, I long 88	THE FIRM FOUNDATION 144	When in the tempest . . 174
O land of rest, for thee, 155	THE FUTURE, . . . 50	When Jesus laid his . . 112
O, my heart is full of . . 106	THE GOLDEN KEY, . . . 162	When Jesus shall gather 176
On Calvary's brow my . . 70	The Great Physician, . . 82	When my Saviour I . . . 86
One more day it's twi- . . 9	THE HALF WAS NEVER 11	WHEN THE KING, . . . 110
On Jordan's stormy . . 103	THE HAVEN OF REST, . . 179	When we enter the por-. 89
On let us go where the . . 132	THE LAND JUST ACROSS 103	While Jesus whispers to 158
Only a beam of sunshine 134	THE LILY OF THE VAL- 66	While struggling through 39
On the happy, golden . . 130	The Lord is my . . . 136, 194	WHITER THAN SNOW, . . 150
O prodigal, don't stay a- 44	The Lord's our Rock, in 133	WHOSOEVER, . . . 97
O safe to the Rock that . . 80	THE MIND OF JESUS, . . 108	WHY DON'T YOU COME 172
O, think of a home over 10	The morning light is . . 139	Why do you wait, dear . . 92
Our friends on earth we. 200	THE NEW NAME, . . . 135	WILL YOU BE THERE?. 188
Out on the desert, look-. 56	THE NEW SONG, . . . 24	WILL YOU GO? . . . 114, 157
OVER JORDAN, . . . 71	THE NUMBERLESS HOST 89	WILT THOU BE MADE . . 72
OVER THERE, . . . 10	The prize is set before us 124	With his dear and loving 71
OVER THE TIDE, . . . 175	There are songs of joy . . 24	With our colors waving. 45
O ye wand'ers, come to 172	There comes to my . . . 81	WONDERFUL LOVE OF. 18
	There is a fountain . . . 73	WON'T YOU LOVE MY . 142
Peace perfect peace, in. 196	There is a happy land, . 156	Would you gain the best 95
PRaise AND MAGNIFY . . 78	There is pardon sweet . 141	
Praise to thee, Mighty . 13	There's a stranger at the 148	YE MUST BE BORN A- . . 23
PRAYER FOR ABSENT . . 197	There's a wideness in . . 161	You ask what makes . . 100
Prayer is the key for the 162	The seed I have scat- . 169	You have heard the gos- 126
	THE VERY SAME JESUS, 122	You're longing to work . 120
Redeemed, how I love . 111	Thou art drifting down . 180	

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